

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 360,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

APRIL 17, 1937.

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3d.



THE QUEEN'S Greatest DAY

Her Part in Colorful Ceremonies of Coronation

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England. By Air Mail.

Queen Elizabeth's part on her greatest day, Coronation Day, is simple compared to the long ritual surrounding the crowning of the King.

Five hours elapse between the time when the King and Queen leave Buckingham Palace to proceed in state to the Abbey and the moment when they reach the Palace again and appear on the balcony.

Only a few minutes of the time are actually occupied with the crowning of the Queen.

THOSE few minutes provide one of the most colorful sequences of a ceremony that is fraught with solemn beauty.

Though the King wears three magnificent robes during the course of the Coronation ceremony, his Consort wears but one.

This she dons with great ceremony at the Palace, and it must fit the dignity of the occasion. Months of skilled work have gone to the making of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation robe. Both the pure white satin of the robe and the Royal purple velvet of the train have been woven from the silk of British silkworms.

Though the cut is completely different, the robe greatly resembles Queen Mary's Coronation robe.

The front and back panels are embroidered in gold thread with the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, the shamrock of Ireland, and other emblems.

Maple and wattle leaves are also there, and Elizabeth has added some of her native heather. Sequins add glitter to the austerity of the gown.

The heavy gold embroideries on the Royal purple velvet, ermine-bordered train include the Arms of all the Dominions.

Queen First

THE Queen will go bareheaded to the Abbey.

On arrival at the Abbey, their Majesties will be received by the Great Officers of State, the Lords, bearing the regalia, bishops carrying the paten, chalice and Bible. They proceed up the nave in



THE QUEEN'S greatest day means more employment for girls, who, like these, are busy on the preparation of Coronation decorations.

procession, the regalia borne before them.

The Queen's procession precedes that of the King.

The most important position in Elizabeth's procession will be occupied by the Duchess of Northumberland, the Queen's Mistress of the Robes.

When the Queen enters Westminster Abbey, and passes through the body of the great church and through the choir to the theatre, the Mistress of the Robes follows



THE Coronation Coach, which will play a traditional part in the great day.

anoint him on head, breast, and hands, making the sign of the Cross and chanting:

"Be thy head anointed with Holy Oil as Kings, priests, and Prophets were anointed."

"Be thy breast anointed with Holy Oil."

"Be thy hands anointed with Holy Oil."

When the King sits again three swords will be handed to him including Curtana, the pointless sword of mercy. He will place them on the altar.

A Peer will offer for one, by tradition, a hundred shillings, and will hold the blade aloft until the ceremony ends.

Bows to King

THE Queen's golden canopy is the same that was held over the King. It has silver eagles embroidered on it, and the fringe and tassels are silver. It is lined with white satin and stitched to four silver poles.

The Archbishop puts the Queen's ring on the fourth finger of her right hand, and, after prayer, taking from the altar the Queen's crown, he reverently puts it upon the Queen's head, reciting the words, "Receive the crown of glory, honor, and joy."

At this moment the peeresses put on the coronets they have held during the whole of the ceremony.

The crown is the last of the regalia to be conferred upon the King, but the Queen receives her crown before the sceptre and the ivory rod with the dove.

She is now invested with these, the sceptre being placed in her right

immediately behind her. She is responsible for the Queen's train, and will herself be attended by a page—her twelve-year-old son.

When the Duchess of Devonshire attended Queen Mary on occasions when orders and decorations were worn, she wore her unique emblem of office, an exquisite miniature of Queen Mary set in diamonds. The Duchess of Northumberland may wear a similar emblem.

Her Train-bearers

THE Queen will also have six daughters of peers as train-bearers. These will include Lady Iris Mountbatten, seventeen-year-old daughter of the Marquess of Carisbrooke; Lady Ursula Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland; and Lady Elizabeth Paget, daughter of the Marquess of Anglessey, both under twenty-one.

The Archbishop of Canterbury performs the Coronation ceremony for the King, the Archbishop of York for the Queen.

Actually this is not according to precedent. The rite should be performed by a plain priest, not necessarily a bishop. Alexandra was the first Queen to be crowned by an archbishop.

During the long and impressive crowning and enthronement of King George VI, the Queen will repose herself in her chair on the south side of the altar.

At the close of the anthem she will go supported by two bishops, to the altar, there to kneel during the consecratory prayer.

Four duchesses—the Duchesses of Norfolk, Roxburgh, Buccleuch, and Rutland—will now hold the rich cloth-of-gold canopy over Her Majesty as she kneels on the fold-stool, to ensure decent privacy for the ceremony of anointing.

This custom is a relic of the days when the Queen was anointed on the breast. Queen Adelaide and Queen Victoria were anointed on the head and hands only, Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary on the head only.

When the King kneels to receive the unction, a pall of cloth-of-gold will be held above him by four Garter knights, while the Dean of Westminster brings from the altar the gold ampulla from which holy oil is poured into the spoon.

The Great Chamberlain will open the King's robes and shirt, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will

Queen's Crown

THERE was no suitable crown for the Queen Consort among the six in the Tower of London.

Just as Alexandra and Mary had crowns specially made for them, so has Elizabeth.

Otherwise she may have been crowned with Queen Mary's crown, which has the famous Koh-i-noor diamond and part of the Cullinan diamond.

hand, the ivory rod with the dove in her left hand.

An anthem is sung, then the Queen is attended to her throne in the theatre. As she passes the King enthroned, she bows reverently to His Majesty.

Their Majesties then proceed to the altar, and, laying aside their crowns, receive the Communion.

The rest of the ceremony is purely ecclesiastical, until the very end, when the State reasserts itself.

The King and Queen, crowned, leave their thrones and pass into St. Edward's chapel, as the King passes by the north door the Queen passes by the south door.

After the ceremony in the chapel comes the procession to the west door of the Abbey, and then the triumphal progress through London of the crowned King and Queen in the gold coach of State.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



For London Exhibition

MRS. MARGARET PRESTON, painter of Australian wildflowers, will be among the five women artists from this country whose work will be shown during the Coronation celebrations in London at the Exhibition of British and Dominion Art, and also at the Australian Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition in May.

Among Mrs. Preston's recent commissions was one from the Orient Steamship Company to paint four canvas panels for the new ship, *Orcaids*. Many of the flowers used in the groupings are grown in the artist's bush garden at Berowra, N.S.W., and some have come from other States packed in blocks of ice to preserve their glowing colors.



North Queensland Pilot

MISS NANCE (LULU) REID, first lady pilot in North Queensland to obtain her "A" flying licence. She is keen on all sports, but particularly enthusiastic about her future flying career. She is the daughter of Mrs. F. Reid, of Townsville.

Miss Reid was born in Bowen, but has lived in Townsville since the age of nine.



Founded Kuitpo Colony

REV. SAMUEL FORSYTH, O.B.E., founded Kuitpo Industrial Colony, South Australia, which, after five years, continues to be one of the few successful schemes for the alleviation of unemployment. He is also superintendent of the Central Mission, Adelaide, and early in April will take over the responsibility of the Children's Homes, Magill.

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ADULATION For HANDSOME DIGGERS

Coronation Contingent Thrills English Women

AUSTRALIAN WIVES PLEASED

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

LONDON, Sunday.

The striking-looking members of Australia's Coronation contingent are having an exceptionally embarrassing time in London. They are mobbed by enthusiastic admirers whenever they appear in public.

Even the film colony at Elstree, where tall, handsome men are so common that they are said to be "ten a penny," is handing them bouquets.

WHEN members of the contingent visited Elstree, typists, secretaries, and even film stars ceased work.

They deserted the sets and rushed to admire the Australian soldiers, cooing, "Aren't they thrilling?"

One officer with the contingent received 25 letters in one day proposing marriage. This soldier's humorous reaction to the position was: "I'm glad we didn't arrive in leap year."

Other Diggers have been deluged with similar proposals owing to continued newspaper reference to their good looks and stature.

This is only one aspect of the matter, however. Quite a few people want to marry the soldiers, but all England is anxious to extend hospitality to them.

The men are enjoying better social amenities than Eng-

lishmen earning £5000 a year. They have free entry to theatres, cinemas, golf courses, sporting clubs, racecourses, and boxing and wrestling matches.

Not Worrying

THE wives of members of the contingent might be excused for fearing that the English adoration would turn their men's heads, but, on the contrary, they are extremely pleased with the fact that every feminine eye twinkles when the Diggers swagger past.

Mrs. Bruer, the pretty blonde wife of Capt. Bruer, of Adelaide, expressed the general view of Australian wives when she told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly that "It's just like being married to a film star."

"We don't mind our men

getting fan mail," she said. "Neither do we object to the admiration of them so openly expressed. In fact, we are rather proud of it."

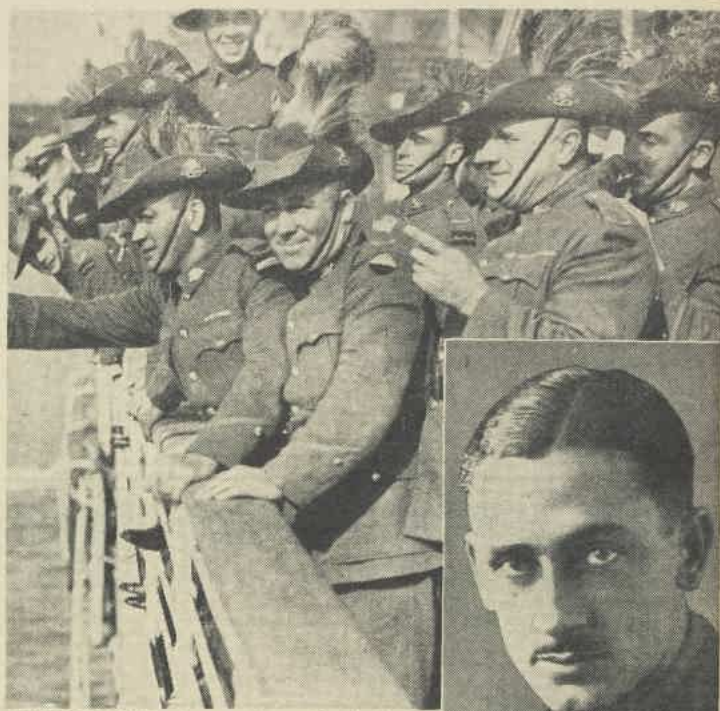
"Still, it is sometimes embarrassing to be followed and stared at and asked for autographs every time you are out with your husband."

Mrs. Bruer thinks English women are intrigued with the Australians for three reasons:

Partly because they are big and look protective—

Partly because of their strange uniform and the rakish set of their befeathered hats—

And partly—although she does not wish to suggest that they are mercenary—for the



AUSTRALIA'S "handsome and magnificently built" Coronation contingent get their first view of England.

reason that they would like to marry and live in a new country.

"We are not worrying at the way our husbands are being pursued," declared Mrs. Bruer. "In fact, it will probably make us appreciate them more."

"The Australians are undoubtedly a fine-looking lot of men, but I have seen just as good-looking men in London."

"The Guardsmen, for instance, look magnificent, but, of course, their uniform helps them."

"There are only two bachelors among the Australians. One is an Army man, and the other an Air Force officer," Mrs. Bruer assured me finally. "Fortunately, English women do not know which of the men are single and which are married, otherwise the lives of these

CAPT. GREGORY BRUER, one of the officers of the contingent, whose outstanding physique and fine military bearing are evoking adulation wherever they go in London.

two poor fellows would be unbearable."

Mrs. Bruer, by the way, has been married twelve years, and confesses that she thinks her husband extremely handsome.

DRUG Control SCANDAL

Chemists' Action Follows Our Revelations

By Our Special Commissioner

The grave danger of fatal accidents through chemists' errors was revealed in last week's Australian Women's Weekly.

Three days after the publication of this article, "Death by Prescription," Mr. G. G. Jewkes, president of the Pharmacy Board of N.S.W., announced that his Board had prepared a new Poisons Bill, which was intended to safeguard the public from errors.

TWO cases of patients dying through a chemist making a mistake when dispensing a prescription were quoted by The Australian Women's Weekly, and it was shown that an alarming state of affairs existed.

Great danger, it was pointed out, lay in confusion arising from the use of a number of trade names to describe similar types of drugs.

The new bill, drafted by the Pharmacy Board, refers to this confusion and insists that the dosage be printed on all packages.

This decisive action stresses the urgency of the position which was emphasised by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The president of the Pharmacy Board also declared that the whole position of lethal drugs and poisons was so unsatisfactory that a new Act was very necessary.

It remains now for the Government to adopt the bill which has been prepared, or a similar bill that will safeguard the public. All the States of Australia, except Victoria, have such antiquated pharmacy and poison laws that many dangerous preparations are not subject to any control.

Backward Australia

A HIGH medical authority told The Australian Women's Weekly that this lack of control marked Australia as one of the world's most backward nations in this respect.

Drugs that are illegal and banned in other countries are sold freely in Australia, as supervision is impossible under existing laws. In fact, there are poisonous drugs that come under no restriction whatever, and are frequently used in medicines available to the public.

Here are two cases which show how weak the present system is. Nearly twelve months ago a Sydney woman died in three days after she had taken cough tablets which contained a drug known as amido-pyrrin.

She was the third to die in Australia from the same cause within two months. Yet now, nearly a year

later, this preparation is still being freely sold.

Under the present inadequate Pharmacy Act no curb whatever can be placed on its use.

A few weeks ago a man died in a metropolitan hospital from the effects of a drug known as oil of mirbane. Although a virulent poison, it is not classed as such, and it can be bought at any chemist's for 2/- a bottle.

At the inquest the coroner pointed out that this was the second case of such poisoning to come before him. He strongly urged that oil of mirbane should be placed on the schedule of drugs which could not be obtained by the public.

New Act Needed

INVESTIGATION by The Australian Women's Weekly has revealed that this has not been, and cannot be, done under the law as it now stands.

For the same lamentable reason large quantities of dangerous patent medicines in sample packages are allowed to travel through the post to people in all parts of Australia.

The Pharmacy Acts of the various States are definitely in need of overhaul. Victoria's is regarded as the most satisfactory, but in other States, such as New South Wales, chemists and medical men have been urging for years that amendments be made.

Some months ago the Minister for Health (Mr. Fitzsimons) answered critics by promising that the Pharmacy Act would be amended. Nothing has yet been done.

The position is clear; action is necessary. What does the Government intend doing?

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EAGER To Make HER HOME In DARWIN

Administrator's Wife Proud To Help Her Husband

"They call Darwin 'the front door of Australia,' these days, and I shall walk in and make myself at home," said Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott, wife of the newly-appointed Administrator of the Northern Territory, a few minutes before sailing for Darwin with her husband and children.

Mrs. Abbott is a petite and charmingly self-possessed woman, and has no misgivings about the part she will play in assisting her husband in his big administrative task.

"I FEEL both proud and humble about going to Darwin," she said. "Proud of the opportunity of doing, along with my husband, a work of national significance, and

MRS. ABBOTT is a real diplomat. When asked what she thought of the controversy about her husband's appointment, she side-stepped very adroitly. "Isn't that the bell to go ashore?" she asked, as she terminated the interview.

humble in the face of my lack of local knowledge of the life before me.

"Living in the tropics has no terrors for me. I intend to make a job of it. Both my husband and I inherit the pioneering spirit, and the heat will not worry us.

"You see," said Mrs. Abbott smilingly, "we are going to make our home there. My two daughters, Cherub and Dorothy, are going with us. To us all Darwin will be home



MRS. C. L. A. ABBOTT, wife of the newly-appointed Administrator of the Northern Territory. —Women's Weekly.

—not exile. And my daughters are as delighted about the trip as I am.

"The social side of my new duties will have a definite appeal to me. I must confess I like entertaining, and I like meeting people. But I shall be a living question-mark until I discover all there is to know of my job and of the Territory generally.

"Of course there is more than the social side to it. I like to feel that that is so. Almost overnight Darwin, which was considered by most of us as an Empire outpost, has assumed a new significance. From being Australia's back door it has, with the progress of aviation, become our national front door.

"Darwin and the Territory have a future. It is something that is growing and alive, and, in my small way, I shall be proud to be associated with its development.

That is the spirit in which I shall approach my new life.

"The servant problem? Happily for me, I am going where the problem doesn't exist. Most of the women from Darwin I've met have no worry on that score.

"Another thing," said Mrs. Abbott, "they are typical of white women resident in the tropics, and Australia should be very proud of them. Their cheerful friendliness is like a tonic and an inspiration.

"Of course, I will miss my friends sadly, but I feel I am going to make many new ones.

"The predominant feeling about our departure is the tremendous amount of goodwill and interest shown. My husband has had the same experience. As he has said, 'I hope this spirit of goodwill will continue with us in the days ahead.'

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NEW REGIME at Government HOUSE

Warm Welcome for Lady Wakehurst

Now that Lord Wakehurst has officially been installed in office, a new regime starts at Government House, Sydney.

Upon Lady Wakehurst will devolve the heavy responsibility of carrying out the many social and charitable duties that fall upon the First Lady of the land.

SINCE the departure of Sir Philip and Lady Game, Royal mourning and the death of Sir Murray Anderson have cast long shadows over our Government House.

As a result, though Lady Street, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Philip Street, has always given splendid personal support to charitable and social welfare movements, the normal activities of vice-regal circles have largely been suspended.

The arrival of Lord and Lady Wakehurst and their young family is therefore especially welcome, and the women of New South Wales are eagerly looking forward to making friends with the new Governor's lady.

Lady Wakehurst has already made a most favorable impression.

"The people of New South Wales can rest assured," she told The Australian Women's Weekly in an interview on her arrival, "that I shall do all in my power to make



LADY WAKEHURST and her youngest son, the Hon. Robert Loder.

my husband's term of office all that they would wish it to be.

"I am particularly anxious to do all I can for the Country Women's Association," she added.

Young, handsome, charming, cultured, a devoted wife and mother, and keenly interested in everything that affects the welfare of women and children, Lady Wakehurst is undoubtedly a great asset to our State, and it is safe to foretell that she will soon be widely known and genuinely popular.

FASHIONS IN COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Fashions photographed in color and appearing on Page 9 are by courtesy of Farmer and Company.

THE Widow's CRUISE

By
Princess Paul
Troubetskoy

He was cynical and she was lonely, but despite everything they found happiness together



marked brows.

Of the ship's company only Garth seemed dissatisfied with his surroundings. He leaned, looking exactly what he was, a man to whom incredible success had come too early, who through easy achievement had grown, despite the sweetness of his disposition, wary and cynical.

He lighted, pulled at, and threw away cigarette after cigarette, watching each curve in its downward flight before it reached the swirling water.

What a fool he had been! he was thinking. Why on earth had he allowed her to think that he would marry her?

Yet perhaps it had been understandable. The night before there had been moonlight; velvet shadows from romantic palms cutting across flower-bordered paths; creepers, emitting a heady perfume, had touched him as he walked below with delicate, caressing tendrils. There had been the steady wash of the sea against the rocks below, from the ballroom of the hotel above the crooning of a sentimental waltz.

It had been Madeira with all the stage setting for glamorous romance!

He moved irritably. To think that with his experience he should have been carried away with it! He had, it was true, dined well, and she—she had looked so childishly pretty and appealing in her enjoyment of the gala dinner ashore. Usually her face was pale and her heavy blue eyes wistful, but, after a glass of champagne and the first dance, suddenly color had seemed to flow into her. She became a stranger to him, imbued with a vitality which had intrigued him more than ever.

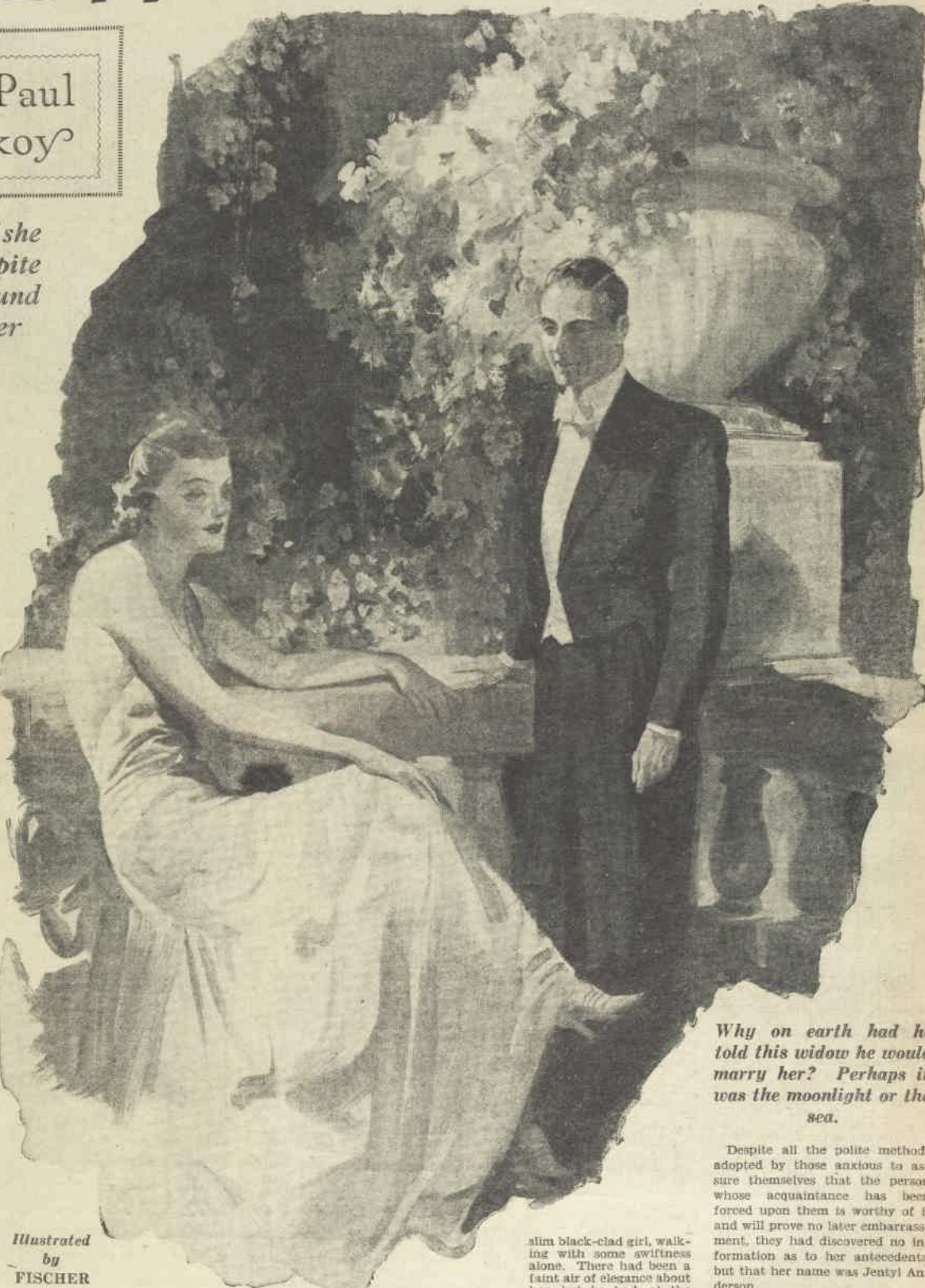
And then they had walked in the alluring garden because he had wanted suddenly to kiss her.

And he had kissed her. It had been a most satisfactory kiss! But, instead of a widow's pious yielding, she had burst into tears, and, sobbing against his shoulder, murmured incoherently of her loneliness and the wonder of finding someone, at last, to care for her!

She had appeared almost distraught as she begged him for assurance that that unlucky kiss had meant to him all that it had meant to her.

So male vanity had dictated reassurance to discover with horror that in consequence she assumed his love meant marriage.

Garth could have kicked himself for embarking upon the Anchusa's cruise. He should have known better, he told himself. He had felt stale and overworked after the production of his last play; he had thought of warm sunshine and long dreaming hours in



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

a deck chair, of early hours and little conversation. He should have known that a cruise meant so often the opportunity for a predatory female to take advantage of propinquity and a man's undistracted idleness to fasten herself to him! "Caught!" he smiled wryly. He could not escape from the ship, and there were nearly three more days of the voyage. Solitary confinement in his cabin as a means of avoiding her would drive him mad, he felt.

How could he escape her? he bitterly wondered, as he visualised an action for breach of promise.

slim black-clad girl, walking with some swiftness alone. There had been a faint air of elegance about her, but he had, at the time, reflected that

mourning lent mystery as well as conveying a suggestion of smartness and restraint to the plainest woman.

The following day he had seen her curled in her deck chair with a slightly forlorn air and again alone. As he commenced to mix with his fellow passengers, he discovered that she was usually alone.

The widow, quiet though she was, was disapproved of by the other women. She was not ostracised, but she was unmistakably "left out" of their amusements and gossiping. They implied that she was "deep."

He had caught a glimpse of a

Why on earth had he told this widow he would marry her? Perhaps it was the moonlight or the sea.

Despite all the polite methods adopted by those anxious to assure themselves that the person whose acquaintance has been forced upon them is worthy of it and will prove no later embarrassment, they had discovered no information as to her antecedents, but that her name was Jenty Anderson.

Since the chief engineer and the purser, at whose table she sat, said she was shy but charming, they damned her further.

So Garth, realising the reason for her companionless exercise and her forlorn aspect, out of the idle curiosity excited by female jealousy, mixed with the kindness it is human nature to accord to a stray dog, took pity on her.

"What a fool!" he thought again and at that moment she came up and touched his arm kindly. She looked up at him and smiled with the same radiance which had so charmed him the night before.

Please turn to Page 29

Continuing
our fine serial in
which the heroine
has an unusual
problem to solve:
Marriage v Career

The Story So Far:

KATHARINE LORIMER, famous antique dealer, is in America on business. She is successful and sells a valuable miniature, "Lady With Carnations," which turns the tide of her fortune and puts her once more on a sound financial basis.

CHRIS MADDEN, an American, who is engaged to Katharine's niece, **NANCY SHERWOOD**, an actress, arrives in New York unexpectedly, and tells Katharine he has something important to tell her.

They drive out into the country and Katharine, thinking Chris is financially embarrassed, invites his confidence.

NOW READ ON.



Illustrated by
NOEL COOK

He was close to her, so close the perfume of her hair exhaled to him. He held his breath, then incoherently exclaimed: "Katharine!"

LADY with CARNATIONS

She spoke quietly, like a man who states an irrevocable fact: "It's more important than that, Katharine, far more important." He reached across the table and took her hand. "Katharine! I'm in love with you."

She sat perfectly still, her hand surrendered to his, a wild emotion singing in her blood. They were alone in the room. The warmth of the fire relaxed her body, a sense of exquisite well-being flowed through her limbs.

"I thought I loved Nancy," he went on in that level, throbbing tone. "It was just infatuation. A pretty face after all the years I'd been grinding away at work. Youth and the Mediterranean and all the rest, I fell for it. I didn't know until I met you. But now I do know, Katharine. This is the real thing that comes once in a lifetime. I never knew it could be like this, Katharine. For days I've been fighting it, but it's no use. I love you, Katharine, I love you."

She could not bear it. Wrenching her eyes away from the table she turned her head aside.

"No," she said, in a choking voice. "It's not true."

"It is true, Katharine."

"It can't be. It's impossible. We can't . . . we can't think of such a thing."

She hardly knew what she was saying. Tears clouded her eyes. Blindly, she got up from the table and went towards the window.

"We must think of it, Katharine. I can't go on without you. I've tried to, but I can't." He rose and followed her, standing in an attitude of entreaty close to her. Outside it had begun to snow. The thin dry flakes drifted past the

window lightly and impalpably as shadows. Beyond those drifting flakes all nature was hushed and motionless. The very trees stood still like sentinels in sheepskin, posted in glacial immobility. The sky was saffron, and beneath its cupped immensity the earth lay white and glittering. The silence and the beauty of it added to Katharine's hurt. She pressed her hand against her brow.

"Leave me," she whispered. "Please let me be."

There was a silence, crucial and intense. The snowflakes still fluttered like tiny white birds, winging through space.

"I think I see," he said at length in a heavy voice. "It's all on my side. You don't love me!"

It broke the last of her resistance. The pulse in her breast was beating, beating — confusing her beyond thought. A trembling tenderness suffused her. With a little sobbing moan she turned to him.

"Chris! You know I love you with all my soul." Then she was in his arms, her lips surrendered to his, tears streaming from her eyes.

For a moment she clung to him. Unutterable happiness rushed over her. Her heart could not contain it. Then, with a cry, she tore herself away.

"We can't, Chris. It's impossible. We must think of Nancy."

He was paler now than she. He clasped her hand as though he would never let it go.

"We must think of ourselves. We love each other. That's all that matters."

Reason was coming back to her. Though her whole being was swept and shattered, desperately she fought for self-control.

"It isn't all that matters. Nancy loves you. There's no getting away from that. Never, never, never!

You've got a duty to her, and so have I."

He set his teeth, resisting her with all his faculties.

"But first you must listen to me. You love me. You belong to me."

"I will listen, Chris," she answered. "But first you must listen to me. We can't belong to each other. You belong to Nancy. You know how I care for her. I couldn't hurt her. Never! Never! And neither, when you think of it, could you."

He did not speak, his face drawn in lines of suffering. He looked into her eyes, which met his steadily, then quickly looked away. Outside against the window panes the snow piled softly, relentlessly. Katharine, with a stifled sigh, turned and began to get her

the soft fur of her coat. How she got back to the apartment without revealing her longing for him she never understood. But at last they were there, encompassed by the security of lights and people.

It was five o'clock. Nancy had returned from the theatre, bringing with her Bertram, Paula Brent, and John Sidney. Cocktails were about in apparent quantity and Nancy, gaily finishing her third, was enraptured at the sight of Madden.

"Hello, honey!" she exclaimed loudly and enthusiastically before them all. "I didn't expect you back till to-morrow. It's too lovely. Come and give me a great big hug."

Nancy had not had too much to drink, but she had plainly had enough. Already the cocktails were in her head. She did not see Madden's painful hesitation as he stood in the doorway, nor the frightful struggle that showed upon his face. When, with an effort, he came forward she flung her arms about his neck and pressed her soft mouth against his.

"It's so good to see you, darling," she sighed contentedly;

Katharine felt the others looking at her, too. She stirred.

"As a matter of fact," she said detachedly, pulling off her gloves, "we have been in the mountains. We went up the Hudson for lunch. It was wonderful up there in the snow."

"The Hudson!" exclaimed Sidney in a tone of incredulity. He was a flaxen, vapid youth with wavy hair and elegant clothes. His trousers gave him no knees whatever. With an air of supreme wit he added: "Good heavens!"

"No! It sounds interesting to me," murmured Paula politely. "Hope you didn't strike an avalanche. Give me a cigarette, John."

Katharine colored imperceptibly. Even Bertram's eyes were on her now. But, with an inner consciousness that nothing could disturb, she went directly towards Nancy and sat beside her.

"Have you had a hard day, darling?" she asked quietly.

Nancy nodded, a trifle exuberantly, waving her empty glass with her free hand.

"Simply frightful for all of us. Thank heaven we open Tuesday. Bertie is driving us like hound dogs. I said that before, didn't I? You know. Oupla! Oupla! Jump through the hoops or you get the whip! But I don't feel so bad now Chris is here. We'll all go out and have a good time. We'll have a lovely time. Have a cocktail, Katharine?"

Katharine refused. After the ice-cold purity of the Bear Mountain air the hot, scented, smoke-laden room made her slightly sick. She observed that Madden was not drinking, either. She turned to Bertram.

"Are you satisfied with the way the show's shaping?"

He laughed, stretching out his legs and contemplating the toes of his shoes with a non-committal air.

"Am I ever satisfied? But I can tell you one thing. That impudent little niece of yours is not altogether rotten."

Nancy made a grimace at Bertram.

"Praise from the ringmaster. Oupla! Oupla! Put on a record, someone. After all that I feel I want to go gay."

Please turn to Page 52

By A. J. CRONIN

things together, in preparation for departure. Something final in her actions goaded him. He was close to her, so close the perfume of her hair exhaled to him. He held his breath, then incoherently exclaimed:

"Katharine!"

She did not answer, but again looked at him. The grave beauty of her eyes flowed towards him. The sweet anguish of those eyes silenced him. His heart went cold within him. Turning, he followed her from the room.

The drive back to New York was silent torment. Madden scarcely spoke, but sat rigid in his own corner of the car. Katharine looked straight ahead, her face shadowy and white, her chin pressed into

"I've had a beast of a day. Bertram is driving us like dogs. This is just what mama needed."

Her cheeks were a little flushed and her eyes bright. With her arm still around him, she drew him beside her on the couch and smiled provocatively into his eyes.

There came an imperceptible pause. Katharine's gaze was averted. Her face, still pale, was outwardly composed, but her lips trembled as with pain.

Paula Brent, posed picturesquely in a high chair, glanced queerly from Madden to Katharine.

"Where have you two been? You look all torn up and glacial. As if you'd just come off the mountains."

THE UPAS TREE

COMPLETE
SHORT
STORY

A thrilling story of lost pearls and the sacred Upas tree.



THEY fled out from Samarinda harbor while yet the moon was high in the western sky; the glow of it bleaching the sail of the prahu and turning the harbor to a floor of beaten silver. Behind them lights danced upon the jetty and they could hear the angry sound of voices. Gradually these dwindled into the distance and the prahu rose to the first rollers of the open sea.

Quinn had time to look at his arm then. He rolled back the sleeve and examined the slash Mylov's knife had made. It was long and deep and the hasty tourniquet had stopped the worst of the bleeding so that only a few heavy drops of blood oozed from the wound. But the pain came in regular, pulsing thuds which made him feel slightly sick. He could see that for many days the arm would be all but useless.

"Let me look at it," Laura said, and made her way to his side. She took his wrist in her cool fingers and he heard the abrupt, sharp hiss of her breath. "It's pretty bad," she told him.

He nodded ruefully. "Afraid I'll be out of action for a bit."

"I should think so. Have you a first-aid kit in your stuff?"

"In that pack there."

He watched her deft fingers clean the gash with sea-water and antiseptic, then bandage it firmly. Her dark hair glowed in the moonlight, her face was finely-cut and brown. In riding breeches and khaki shirt her figure was slight, almost fragile. He felt a quick stir of anger at the thought of the torture which Anton Mylov would have inflicted upon that delicate body, crushing its bones, tearing its flesh, defacing its beauty, leaving it a broken, pitiful thing. All that Mylov and Sin Kee would have done to obtain knowledge of the hidden pearls which were Laura's heritage from her father.

If he had not been passing through that narrow street on the way to his lodgings at the very instant when Laura cried out from the agony of the bamboos which were crushing her fingers all that might have happened. But he had been there. He had heard her and, not waiting to reckon odds, had burst through a window into the room where she was held captive.

THERE had been a fight then. A half-remembered whirl of blows and shots, of flashing knives and the harsh breathing of struggle. He had killed Sin Kee and locked shoulder to shoulder with Mylov. He remembered the feel of his black beard, the animal glow of his eyes. He remembered the burning agony of Mylov's knife and his own keen satisfaction as he freed an arm and clubbed the other man's head with a pistol until the light in Mylov's eyes went out and his bull-like voice was stilled.

Then he had cut Laura's bonds and together they fled through the window as the door splintered inward from the assault of Mylov's men. Through the dark streets they ran hand in hand with the pursuit hard on their heels, and came at last to the jetty where the prahu lay. Quinn had breathed a prayer of thanks when he saw that Lukut, with his uncanny prescience, had the sail up and the moorings cast. A faint breeze stirred the warm air. They moved out into the moon-bright harbor



as the first of their pursuers appeared at the shoreward end of the jetty. By so narrow a margin had they made their escape.

And now, though the sea lay empty about them and the land was no more than a dark smudge of mangroves in the distance, he felt little easier. Anton Mylov was not the man to give up a game because he had lost the first trick. Not when he still held so many high cards. For instance, he must guess their destination. All through the East it was common knowledge that Dan Ingram had been a collector of the finest pearls. When he had died there were many who ransacked his house on Ancra Island, but found nothing. How best to circumvent him was the puzzle.

Laura tied the bandage into place. Then she gave him a cigarette and lit it.

"Well," she asked, "what now?"

Quinn shrugged. "We're headed for Ancra. It's a race between us and Mylov."

She nodded. "How far to go?"

"Fifty miles or so. Bad water. A lot of reefs. It'll be sunset before we get there."

"And our chances of winning the race?"

"Maybe even. Maybe about one in ten. All depends on how soon Mylov can get started."

"You don't think you killed him?"

"Lord, no! He's got a skull like iron. Won't even have a headache. And he'll be all out to get a bit of his own back. We're in for trouble, I'm afraid."

He paused frowning. It would be best, perhaps, to tell Laura exactly what they were up against.

"Mylov's about the biggest scoundrel in the Islands," he said. "He has a hand in practically every bit of dirty work that takes place out here. He has a fast schooner, a crew of Malays and Islanders who are as nasty a bunch as you're likely to find anywhere. Bluntly, they're pirates in everything but name. Mylov wants the pearls your father left."

She nodded. Her face, he noticed, had paled only a little. But her mouth had thinned and her chin jutted aggressively.

"He's not going to win," she said quietly.

Quinn nodded his approval. She was about to continue when he interrupted her.

"You needn't tell me that you've no right to ask my help," he said.

He could hear Laura saying, "No, no," over and over. He heard Mylov laugh hoarsely.

Lukut, the Dyak, steering. His black face was impassive. Quinn wondered what he thought about this trip to Ancra. The island had a bad name among the natives. None of them would willingly go there, or even speak of it. White men knew only that in the past it had been a place of sacrifice.

The moon went down and the sky grew rosy with dawn. The sea was empty all about them. The long, hot day wore slowly as they beat northward. All day they saw no sign of pursuit. And with the sunset they came to the white beach and gloomy, jungle-matted hills of Ancra. It was not a pleasant spot, Quinn thought. There was about it something inimical, as though it were steeped

"We'll maybe do it," said Quinn. "I don't know what's delaying Mylov. Perhaps I hurt him more than I thought. But if we can find the stuff quickly enough now we can be away from here before he arrives."

"I've memorised all the directions," Laura told him. She glanced at the motionless trees. Frowned. There was not a breath of wind stirring the warm air and the rank scent of the jungle hung like a tangible presence. "But the directions say we can only get at the pearls when there is a strong west wind blowing."

Quinn knifed his brows. "What in blazes?"

"It's in the directions. Underlined, too. The pearls are in a steel box laid openly in what is known in the native tongue as The Place of the Tree. Did you ever hear anything about it?"

Quinn shook his head slowly. He turned to Lukut and spoke rapidly in the dialect. Then he shrugged. "Lukut doesn't know any such place either," he told Laura. "But it seems to me we'd better follow the directions to the letter. No use taking chances with something we don't understand."

They were on the verandah of the house now.

Please turn to Page 20

... BY ...
JAMES CLIFTON PETERS

"I'm into this up to my neck. There's no backing out now even if I wanted to, which I don't. Mylov's got a long memory. Besides, he's been annoying my company for a long time, and they'll do something pretty handsome for me if I eliminate him."

"Thanks," said Laura, after a moment. She held out her hand. In the stern of the boat sat

in menace. There were the jungle-clad slopes and the higher crags all black and bare in the dying light. There was the girdling beach and the gloomy, deep gash of a ravine.

They landed and made their way up the first grassy slope to the house which Dan Ingram had built. Excitement stirred within them.

THE Little DANCER

Complete Short Story

by

*Alison
McDougall*

Telling of a beautiful girl who wanted to be a great dancer—another Pavlova . . .



MARK plunged with a savageness born partly of the weather—rain and fog and a searching cold that had lasted for days, like real London November weather—and partly of that nostalgic bleakness that sometimes descends on the mind of a creative artist for no very obvious reason, into the gaping mouth of the little cafe.

It was not until he had clattered down the stone stairs and stood in the doorway that he remembered the place. He had been there before, many times, in the old days, with Michael and Jane, and Hollis and the rest, when they were all ambitious youngsters discovering their "beautiful city of Prague."

Very far away it seemed, before he and Michael had quarrelled over Jane, and he had gone off in bitterness to Paris and left them to marry and live "happy ever after."

He remembered the cafe as though all that had been yesterday instead of sixteen years ago—the smoky light, the tables with their checked cloths stained with tomato sauce, the fly-specked paper flowers. He shook the rain out of his hat, took off his overcoat, and sat down.

The thin little Italian waiter—an addition since his time, but with the same grease spots on his jacket, the same indefinable grubbiness—came to take his order, and he ordered soup, ravioli and a flask of Chianti. That would warm him, anyway, he thought, remembering how they used to order the thick vegetable soup for its nourishing qualities. Ravioli and Chianti were for fete days.

With his elbows on the table and his narrow, sallow face between his hands, he looked about him without much interest.

There were only three other people in the place, sitting together at a table in the corner; two women, badly and carelessly dressed in drab dark coats and with berets pulled on, hiding their hair. The young man was bare-headed, and it was something in the pose of his head that made Mark glance a second time, with an artist's attention. The man, he saw, wore an open-necked shirt under his shabby coat. His bold profile, the way he held his head with his wavy, dark hair, had in it something arrogant and graceful. It had strength and yet a certain effeminacy. He was talking in a low voice, with excited intensity and many gestures, to one of the women. The other sat with her legs crossed, swinging her foot. Like Mark, she had her elbows on the table and her face between her hands, and she was staring at nothing. By the soft contours of her face and neck, Mark saw that she was very young, probably not more than sixteen. She wore no hat and her hair and eyes were dark. Her soft mouth was set in a mutinous expression, and there was something about the shape of her face, broad at the cheekbones, almost squarish, and then tapering suddenly to a little pointed chin, that excited the artist in him. While he waited for the ravioli he sketched her on the back of the menu.

"Dancers," he thought. "Italian, or Russian. I wonder." The man was obviously an Italian, the elder girl probably, but the young girl with the oddly and excitingly shaped face fitted into no particular type. She was strongly and sensitively individual, and she might have been of any of half a dozen nationalities.

When he had finished his meal and was lighting a cigarette, Mark saw her say something to the young man, who, interrupted in the middle of an impassioned speech, glanced briefly over his shoulder at Mark, and nodded. The young girl got up quietly and



came over to Mark's table. She stood unsimiling before him and said in careful, precise English:

"May I please see the drawing?"

Mark smiled. He had a rather attractive smile—wistful, one-sided. He stood up and, taking the menu card from his pocket, handed it to her with a half-ironical little bow. She looked at it gravely and then up at him, nodding.

"I knew, when you came in, that you were one of us. Also I knew that you were sad. I, too, am sad. Shall we talk?"

Her youth, seriousness, and complete naturalness charmed Mark. He drew up a chair for her and offered a cigarette, but she shook her head, saying in grave explanation:

"I am a dancer."

They sat facing each other across the narrow table. Seen at such close range, her youth was even more apparent. There was a bloom on her soft skin, and a childish plumpness about her. Her dark eyes were very steady and hid no secrets. She made Mark feel suddenly very old, worn, shabby. His thirty-six years seemed to stretch behind him illimitably, and he thought again of the last time he had sat here, a boy of twenty-one, talking interminably and intensely of Art. How funny youth was, and how charming, with its tremendous seriousness, its awareness of standing, poised, on the edge of great achievement. For a moment he would have given anything to turn back time to the moment when he, too, had felt that. "Tell me," he said, "Why are you sad?"

She looked at him a long time, and countered: "Why are you sad? Why is an artist ever sad? Because all is not well with their work, because they are unsatisfied."

Good heavens, what a wise child it was!

"Then will you tell me why you are unsatisfied?"

She said: "You see those two people? They are our prima ballerina and her partner. They are talking of the new ballet. Rehearsals are commencing now—and I am not to dance."

"Why not?" Her tone of tragedy made him want to laugh, but his hot resentment on her behalf was not entirely simulated. A strong current of sympathy was forming in him towards her.

"WHY? Because Anya says I am too young, my technique not sufficiently developed." She shot a mutinous, angry glance over her shoulder at the other woman. "It is not I that am too young. It is she that is too old. Bah! She is afraid that the public will not want her when they have seen me. And they will not. She is thirty. But I was to dance Columbine in 'Carnaval' this season, and now it has been taken from me. I know it is she that is responsible."

Mark, too, looked at Anya. Old at thirty. A somewhat sweeping condemnation. But, after all, surely from an artistic point of view the child was right. Surely dancers should be young—should express while their bodies were still plastic an art that was the poetry of motion. Technique? Well, perhaps they had not mastered technique at that age, but did it matter so much? In any of the arts—writing, painting, music—technique was only a part of the background. It was the inspiration that mattered, the flame that guttered,

and then blazed up again, or went out suddenly and left one cold and shivering, spiritless, and with no real reason for being.

He tried, with a tired gentleness, to explain this; to tell her how he envied her youth and all that was before her.

"I'm old, finished, worked out," he said.

She shook her head. "No, no. You are only depressed. Perhaps you have been working too hard. But for an artist the flame never dies. It flickers, and we may think it is dead, but it will blaze up gloriously again." She put her hand on his wrist, "Believe that, my friend," she said earnestly. "It cannot die while you live."

Her words, even more than her impulsive gesture, warmed Mark as the hot food and wine had failed to do. "My friend." All at once the ice that depression, weariness, and fear of failure had formed in him was melted, gone. He felt young, happy, confident, as he looked into the girl's dark eyes.

"What's your name?"

She told him. "Tania." He repeated it after her. "Tania, Tania," he repeated it after her. "Tania, let's be gay. Let's be friends. Let's forget that we're serious artists and that I'm too old and you're too young. Let's both be young, and enjoy ourselves."

She was looking at him wide-eyed, and she laughed a little breathlessly.

"How shall we do that?" she asked.

He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her to her feet. He was the old, restless eager youth who had sat in this place so often sixteen years ago.

Please turn to Page 14

GLOWING NEW TONES



● **ANGORA** in a fascinating new shade—Tunis gold—is used for the model above. The bodice features a pouch-like effect in front, and is belted in hammered brown calf.

● **TWO** becoming models are shown at the right above. One, in soft woollen, is in the new nasturtium shade. It has a wide flared skirt, sunray pleated from the waist, and a wide pierrot collar. The other is a two-piece suit in self-checked green woollen, worn with a cross fox fur and clever little hat in green velour.

● **THE** attractive frock at the right, done in lavender mauve wool, has a high tied neckline and tucked cuffs and skirt. Vivid color is added with the deep cyclamen belt and matching hat.

NATURAL color photography was used for the fashion pictures which are reproduced on this page in our new four-color artgravure.



The Fashion Parade by Petrov



• A RODIER featherweight suiting in medium grey with stripes in lighter grey is used for the tailored model above. At left: The rolled collar and beautifully-cut panelling are notable features of this attractive suit.

• ABOVE: Two-piece suit in one of the new Rodier fabrics—navy wool georgette, with a raised grey stripe of angora. The perfect cut of the coat, with flared skirt, and intricate piecings of contrasting stripes, make it an outstanding success.



• AT LEFT: Sage-green diagonal boucle is used for this English-model coat cut high to the neck and pocketed in military fashion with grey Alsatian wolf fur. The overlapping lapel when buttoned shows a slight flare across the bust.

• BELOW: An English model in spruce-green diagonal tweed is this military topcoat. Grey broad-tail forms the upstanding collar and epaulettes which follow the extended shoulder-line.



• SPADE-SHAPED pockets of broadtail are a notable feature of the ensemble at right.

Ten Fashion Champions of the World

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative Abroad. By Air Mail.

When the couturiers, international buyers, and fashion writers from the world's capitals gather in Paris for the spring shows the question of the world's chic-est women is inevitably debated.

THE result is a sort of unofficial seeded list of the world's fashion champions.

This year, by general assent, silver-haired, green-eyed New York socialite, Mrs. Harrison Williams, is best-dresser No. 1. She is so anxious to be fashion's "dernier cri" that she has her jewels yearly reset in the latest style.

Authoress, social-arbiter, and one of the Duke of Windsor's circle of friends, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is No. 2. Daughter of the late Duc Decazes, and widow of Prince Jean de Broglie, she mar-

ried Reginald Fellowes, uncle of the present Baron De Ramsey, in 1919. Although she is thus British by marriage, she spends most of her time in her native France.

The other ranking fashion-leaders are: (3) Senora Martinez de Hoz; (4) Begum Aga Khan, daughter of a French restaurateur, whose sister has a frock shop in Paris; (5) Baroness Eugenie de Rothschild, the Duke of Windsor's hostess at Enzesfeld, a Bavarian, who first married a Philadelphia dentist, then Count Schonborn, and finally the Baron de Rothschild.

Sixth in the list is Mrs. Richard

Norton, wife of the Hon. Richard Norton, a director of British and Dominions Film Corporation. She is the sister-in-law of Lord Brownlow, who accompanied Mrs. Simpson to Cannes when she left England during the abdication crisis. Then come:

(7) Titian-haired Prussian Baronin Gisela von Krieger; (8) Princess Charles Murat; (9) Yugoslavian-born Duchess of Leeds, who was Mlle. Marianne de Malkhazouny before her marriage in 1933.

In the tenth place is thrice-wed, American-born Mrs. Ronald Balcoim, whose son, Peter, inherited \$900,000 dollars from her father not long ago. She first married Count Ludwig von Salm-Hoogstraeten, and afterwards Senor Arturo Ramos, an Argentine ranchero, whom she divorced at Reno.

Three out of these ten daughters of fashion, the Begum Aga Khan, the Baronin von Krieger and the Duchess of Leeds, claim white as their favorite color, and three out of the ten are close friends of the Duke of Windsor.

PETROV

MARCH OF THE MODE by *Rene*

● RIGHT: Brown diagonal tweed for a sports coat with raglan sleeves, high collar, nipped-in waist, and slightly flaring skirt. Rounded button closing and butter-colored wool cravat.

● CENTRE: A very simply-made frock of deep ochre woollen with a white wool pique collar and black accessories.

● LEFT: That handiest of frocks—a jersey woollen in navy. It does not crush and has no trimmings other than a soft collar and bow at neck and very full topped sleeves. Ideal for wear beneath a greatcoat on freezing days.



Rene
Says:

D LAIN sports coat... dressy topcoat... utility, afternoon, and dinner frocks—these five make a winter wardrobe. Keep to one basic color scheme and vary the accents.

Don't forget the importance of the quality of gloves, shoes, handbags.

● EXTREME LEFT: A belted princess coat with widely flaring swing skirt. Of Gloucester-green broadcloth, collared and cuffed with shining black seal.

● LEFT: A cocktail frock of heavy dull satin with enormously wide Chinese sleeves and high neckline. The wide cuffs and neckpiece are the dull side of the satin with shiny black and white embroidery and white satin bands.

An Editorial

APRIL 17, 1937.

SAVING MOTHERS AND BABIES



In a recent utterance Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan declared that many mothers are apathetic regarding prenatal care.

Dr. Morgan has just left the Health Department of New South Wales to take up a position as Health Officer of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in Adelaide.

Compared to the women of many other countries, Australian mothers can be complimented on their awareness of the necessity for prenatal care and their enthusiasm for baby welfare. But we do not doubt that there is some apathy.

Much of this could be corrected by our Education Departments paying more attention in the schools to developing the character of our young people, rather than making a fetish of examinations as at present.

A more immediate measure, however, would be for Governments to treat maternal and baby health as a department in itself.

Such a department would be similar to but quite distinct from ordinary hospital organisation. Adequate staff and administration would be necessary.

In that way we would not only save the lives of mothers and babies that are now needlessly lost, but we would lay the foundation of a healthy race that would save the nation a tremendous amount in hospital and medical expenses in later years.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRIC OF LIFE

SACRIFICE

A WORD for the folk who give their best,
But never quite make the grade...
Perhaps they have lost on a score of points
In a game not fairly played.

Or perhaps they give their chance away
To others that need it, too;
Open the door for somebody else
But never themselves go through.

A word for the folk who give their dreams
Of laughter, or love, or fame,
And fashion the laurel wreaths that hang
Round somebody else's name.

—P.D.B.

School Horrors

WHAT a lot of pacific little milkops we used to be at school, with our arithmetic problems about how many acres there were in a field, and how many miles a train travelled in a given time.

Look at all the fun we missed because teacher didn't mix a spot of propaganda with our maths.

The following is from an arithmetic book in a European country:

"A squadron of forty-six bombing planes drop incendiary bombs on an enemy town; each plane carries 500 bombs, each of which weighs 1.5 kilogrammes. Calculate the weight of the bomb burden, and state how many fires would be caused if 30 per cent. of the bombs find a target and that in the case of 20 per cent. of these hits fires break out."

With problems like these and children wearing gas masks at their desks, perhaps the little red school house wasn't a bad place after all.

Poor Father!

PACING of corridors by expectant fathers is a thing of the past in Lancaster (U.S.A.).

What is probably the first maternity ward in the world has been established there.

In an effort to alleviate the "sufferings" of prospective fathers, the Lancaster Hospital has set aside space in the maternity ward for hallway paces.

All paternal worrying can now be done in quieter, more comfortable surroundings than the customary cold hospital corridors.

Fountain of Life

PROFESSOR KENDALL, of Edinburgh University, says that the drinking of water will prolong life. Water containing denser hydrogen, he says, will be used in the future by people over 60 to increase their life span. Well, this looks like up-to-the-minute science getting back to the days of mythology with a vengeance. Wasn't there a gentleman of the old Greek school who went in search of the fountain of perpetual youth and found it was merely water?

Sudden Fame

THE Premier of France, M. Leon Blum, is mystified with the sudden popularity of a novel on marriage he wrote 25 years ago.

Resurrected recently, it has gone through 23 editions in the year. "It was a good book," said M. Blum, "but nobody seemed to think so until I became successful in another sphere."

So nothing succeeds like success. A radical young Italian called Benito Mussolini wrote a book which sent his publisher almost crazy with worry. It hardly sold a dozen copies. But when Il Duce came to Rome it sold like wildfire.

That delightful writer of beautiful English, Mary Webb, may have never emerged from comparative obscurity had not the Prime Minister of England, Mr. Baldwin, acclaimed her as his favorite writer.

Bernard Shaw was considered just another literary joke until he put on a long black cloak and made fiery political speeches from a soap box in Hyde Park.

It looks as though political push is the best way to success in literature, or does the poet turn politician in a last desperate effort to get a little spending money?

Hard Task

IN criticising the censorship of books, Rev. W. J. Grant said "Australians are not soft in the brain-box, or so morally unfit that they are likely to be swayed from sound judgment by what they read."

This is all very true, but why do so many people see red when the word censorship is mentioned? Most people like to judge for themselves in their reading matter, and the censor has the unenviable task of judging for the majority. So far no world masterpiece has been held up by the censor, but quite a lot of salacity has been put in its proper place—the dirt-box.

Of course, the pettiness of censorship is a byword, but aren't the critics almost as bad?



AN INFORMAL home study of Madam Lotte Lehmann, world-famous singer, who is making a tour of Australia with the Australian Broadcasting Commission. (See story column 4).

Strong and Silent

A WOMEN'S javelin throwing club in England is having difficulty with its members at social functions. They are too shy to make speeches. Sex revolution indeed! Not only strong, but silent as well.

Talkie Short

DR. OLIVE SHARP has cured a patient of rheumatoid arthritis by simply talking to her. She was really suffering from psychological rheumatism, said the doctor, set up by a resentment she felt at having to wear an old and faded uniform.

So after all it was only a little matter of dress. Well, we know of plenty of cases of wives talking themselves into a new frock by the same process.

Three Kings

WHEN King George VI broadcasts his Coronation address in a few weeks' time, it is significant to recall that within the space of a little over 12 months three Kings will have spoken to the Empire.

At Christmas, 1935, George V gave an Empire broadcast to his people. In December of 1936 his son bade us farewell, and in a few weeks' time another George will speak to the Empire over which the sun never sets. Truly rapid history in the making.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



Love Lost and Won in Life of Great Singer

"Choose between me and your career." That was the ultimatum issued by a determined young man to his fiancée in the North Sea town of Perleberg some years ago.

The girl, now world-famous Lotte Lehmann, chose a career, although she did hope that he would see eye to eye with her and accept her as a wife with a career.

THIS he refused to consider, so the young girl, who had set her heart on becoming a singer, accepted the decision, and turned her concentration full force on realising dreams of world fame.

Lotte Lehmann, greatest of all living sopranos, is now touring Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Music-lovers, though sympathising with her broken romance, will never regret the decision of her early youth. Through the operatic stage, recital platform, radio and record, she has brought to the world the exquisite joy of beautiful songs, beautifully sung.

If she had forsaken hopes of a career for a type of domesticity that had no place for the gift that she longed to express, the world would have lost the greatest Wagnerian singer of the century, and the finest exponent to-day of lieder singing.

But romance did come again. This time it was a tall and handsome admirer, Dr. Otto Krause, who, unlike the first young sweetheart, had a passionate love of music.

Their marriage has been completely happy, based on love and a deep interest in each other's work.

Fame did not come to Lotte Lehmann without struggle, and many disappointments. As in the case of Melba, Lotte Lehmann suffered and worked for some years before her true worth was recognised.

Singing, though it is the big force in her life, does not exclude other interests. She is a keen literary woman, having published five works, including her autobiography and memoirs.

The autobiography is a most fascinating book revealing the truth behind a great singer's career. At present she is writing a novel, "Farewell to Fame."

Believes In Diet

SUCH is the artistry of Lotte Lehmann that she is not satisfied unless she suits her roles in appearance as well as in voice. She therefore feels that it is just as important to keep her figure as to care for her voice.

Her common sense has never permitted her to go to extremes in dieting, but she has found the best way of keeping her line is to avoid popular diets, and merely substitute citrus fruits for rich desserts. Further, she avoids eating between meals.

It is also surprising the amount of time she gives to outdoor life and exercise. She will explain that breath is so essential a part of a singer's equipment that she takes every opportunity of inhaling fresh air. Both she and her husband are enthusiastic horseback riders.

Further, Lotte Lehmann has a great deal of faith in swimming, especially for a singer, as it develops both muscles and lungs.

She has a summer villa at Cap Antibes on the Riviera, where she is a familiar figure on the beach. It doesn't worry her if it rains. She enjoys her swim and then sprints home for hot coffee.

Walking is another exercise in which she indulges. Salzburg and the surrounding hills are her favorite walking places. Here, the scene of some of her most brilliant triumphs under Toscanini, she loves to clamber up and down the mountainsides.

As a compliment to Australia, and because she has a special fondness for them, she is bringing with her a number of English songs.

Her first concert, to be broadcast over National Stations, will be on April 22.

LAVISH PARTIES for the CORONATION

Jewels Worth Millions Will Transform London into Fairyland

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Entertainments more lavish and colorful than have been seen in England since Edwardian days will give a romantic background to official Coronation functions.

Millions of pounds' worth of jewels, the rich national dress of oriental rulers and their consorts, historic uniforms, the glorious gowns of the best-dressed women in the world, lofty ballrooms banked with bright summer flowers will transform London's West End into a picture from a fairy story.

ON five of the nine nights just before and during Coronation week, there will be magnificent free entertainment for crowds in the Mall—the procession of debutantes going to the two Courts on May 5 and 6, the guests from all parts of the world attending the State banquets on May 10 and 13, and the dazzling array of bejewelled women attending the Court Ball on May 14.

One of the most glamorous nights of the season will be June 24. The Honorable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, who form the King's personal bodyguard, will entertain a thousand guests, including Royalties, distinguished visitors, diplomats and hostesses from England and overseas at St. James' Palace, former home of Edward VIII.

The State rooms, used mainly for levees and functions attended only

by men, have rarely been used for parties at which women are present. The rooms will be massed with flowers and glittering lights, and the Gentlemen at Arms will wear Palace evening dress—dark blue coat with velvet collar and brass buttons adorned with the Royal Cipher.

It will be only the fourth party the Corps has given since it was formed more than 400 years ago.

\$50,000 Ball

ANOTHER brilliant function will take place on the same night as the State banquet, the night following the Coronation. Twenty-two of England's loveliest girls, representing the women of Shakespeare's plays, will appear in glorious costumes and jewels worth thousands of pounds at the \$50,000 Shakespearean Ball in the Albert Hall.

The setting will be a replica of a palace built by Henry VIII set in a Midsummer Night's Dream forest, designed by Sir Edward Lutyens. Royal guests of the King and Queen will be present in the Royal box.

Articles by

L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Will be resumed next week.

Twelve million candle-power of light from 12 sun arcs and many flood lights will shed brilliance on the scene.

Garden parties, some of them at night-time, when fairy lights will be hung among the trees, have returned to popularity as a means of entertaining vast numbers of guests.

Dancing on Thames

THE Duke and Duchess of Kent will be present at one of the most picturesque of the garden parties. Three thousand guests will be invited to a Midsummer Day's garden party in the cloistered walks and tree-shaded squares of Lincoln's Inn, by the Masters of the Bench, of which the Duke is senior bencher.

Hotels and night clubs are staging special cabarets with highly expensive stars and the food. Every big hospital and many charities have arranged a Coronation Ball to reap a harvest from thousands of visitors in a mood to spend money.

The famous Ciro's, closed for years, has been reopened with two world-famed band conductors, Jack Harris and Ambrose, and the old Winter Garden theatre will reopen a fortnight before the Coronation to provide London with its second bit of Paris, a cabaret on the same lines as the Folies Bergeres.

Dance music floating over the usually sleepy Thames will be an added excitement for London and her visitors. Work-grimed wharf laborers on dingy old river barges will see a few yards across the water beautifully gownned women dancing on the gaily-lit decks of the warships and fifteen passenger liners anchored in the Thames for Coronation week.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is an ardent golfer, and during a private visit to England recently was partnered in a four-ball game by Miss Pam Barton, the British and American champion. Miss Barton is well remembered in Australia, where she made many friends during her visit.

—Air Mail Photo

Why not be
Slim and
Attractive
Yourself

YOU can have her lovely attractive figure and enjoy the best of health if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

A couple of Bile Beans taken nightly enables you to slim, surely and safely, to lose that unwanted "poundage" while you sleep.

Not merely do these fine vegetable pills disperse unwanted fat. Bile Beans do far more—they purify and enrich the blood and tone up the entire system.

So start slimming to-night with Bile Beans and make sure of keeping healthy and attractive.



"I work in a large shop, and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have. I owe this entirely to Bile Beans which have reduced my weight by over twenty pounds."—Miss E. L. Mee.

"I have had no need to diet since taking these splendid Bile Beans. In a little over a month all superfluous fat had gone and I felt wonderfully better in health."—Mrs. L. Clarke.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE

Mam'selle Needs No Lovers' Park

Australian lovers may need a movie show for the holding of hands, as mentioned in The Australian Women's Weekly a fortnight ago, but the French aren't afraid of daylight.

JEAN and his Jacqueline saunter arm in arm, along the Grand Boulevard, Paris, treading on air, while, about them, thousands plod ponderously on business bent.

No word is spoken, but suddenly Cupid whispers urgently. Jean and Jacqueline stop, his arms go round her, their lips meet, linger, then they sigh ecstatically.

The Boulevard scarcely notices. It is not interested.

But embarrassed Anglo-Saxons rush, red in the face, to hide their blushes in the dark.

Best Seats

IN the theatres, Jean and Jacqueline do not seek the back rows. They take the best seats.

You may be in the seat immediately behind. If you are Anglo-Saxon you will note that the lips of Jean and Jacqueline meet spontaneously at frequent intervals.

If you are French your eyes are on the play. Zut, you did not pay to watch lovers.

The Parisian waiter in the popular cafes is used to the ways of Jean and Jacqueline.

"Alors, quelque chose?" he inquires, regarding the clasped forms in the little cubicle without embarrassment.

"Oui, Monsieur," responds Jean, his lips momentarily leaving Jacqueline's; "encore du cafe, s'il vous plait."

Then his lips return to Jacqueline's while the bearded professor dining opposite watches with unseeing eyes, his mind on the important problem whether or not he will give the Peach Meiba a miss and concentrate on the fromage.

WHEN THE CHILDREN COUGH



WHOOPYCROUP

—She wants it!

Those little ills that beset a household—it's a satisfaction at least that children don't dislike taking Bonnington's Irish Moss.

For those 'whoopy' coughs it is unrivalled, it will SOOTHE—it will ease breathing, it will reduce any slight FEVER—moreover a single dose soon stops a sleep-disturbing NIGHT-COUGH.

IMITATIONS:
Don't accept substitutes!
You want Bonnington's.
Price, 1/9 & 3/6.



For Coughs and Colds
Bonnington's
IRISH MOSS



Weak Kidneys cause that pain in the back.

BACKACHE

Is there anything wrong with my kidneys?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you first feel the stabbing pains of Backache.

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; from a slight discomfort, to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

You must realise what a menace to health such a condition means. To neglect it is downright dangerous, as poisons will accumulate all over the body. This puts a severe strain on the system.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders are further indications of Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated—meaning that once again you are in perfect health.

You will be delighted you were persuaded to buy—

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & PILL'S BLADDER

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.



Shine your sink faster and save your hands ...with Bon Ami

A high polish on the kitchen sink and hands that stay soft and white. Those are just two reasons why women use Bon Ami for all their cleaning. You'll find, too, that Bon Ami saves time because it works so fast and rinses away so easily. That it leaves no grit to clog drains or pipes. And it's economical! A little Bon Ami does a lot of work.

Bon Ami

polishes as it cleans



"hasn't scratched yet!"

THE Little DANCER

Continued from Page 8

"YOU tell them," he nodded towards the other table, "that you're going out with me and that I'll take care of you and bring you safely home."

Amazingly, she obeyed without question. She told them swiftly and defiantly, tossing her head and stamping her foot at the young man's attempted dissuasion. Finally they shrugged and abandoned the argument.

"I'll take care of her," said Mark, smiling.

They went out, hand in hand, both hatless, into the rain—Mark because he had forgotten his hat, Tania because Mark had asked her to take hers off. They wandered along the street, talking all the time. She grew as gay and excited as he. Both were warmed and excited by their new friendship, by the knowledge that they understood each other and spoke the same language. They did absurd things, going into one of those depressingly shabby side-shows in the Haymarket where you shoot at a row of swimming ducks, and get your fortune, on a printed slip of paper, out of a slot machine for a penny. They found a Punch and Judy show, and he bought her a bag of chestnuts from a street vendor. They got very wet, and enjoyed themselves. Finally Mark suggested that they go home to his flat for supper.

Mark's flat was just on the borders of Knightsbridge and Chelsea among all the other successful artists. It was in a narrow cream-colored house of three floors, with a green front door with a bronze griffin for a knocker. Mark's flat was on the top floor, and had a view over many roofs to the river. Tania was impressed. She danced about the studio, looking at his pictures, posing on the model throne, then breaking the pose and running to push the curtains back from the high windows.

To Mark she seemed enchanting, with her cheeks soft and pink from the rain and cold, her dripping hair hanging in drakes' tails about her neck, and her cheap rain-dragged skirt and bright checked cotton blouse. He had no desire to make love to her. She was just a child, spontaneous, natural, unspoiled, with an instinctive wisdom that seemed miraculous at her age, but was the heritage of the creative artist. He gave her his warm dressing-gown and a big towel, and pushed her into the bathroom with instructions to hand out her wet clothes to him and dry herself properly. While she did so he made coffee and toasted crumpets by the fire. She sat cross-legged on the floor to eat her supper, her drying hair adorably ruffled about her little determined face, and licked her buttery fingers with undisguised enjoyment.

"Tania," he said, "I want to paint you. Now, until your next engagement, will you come and pose for me?"

"But I dance every day," she said seriously. "I must dance, even if I have no engagement. A dancer must never stop practising. But," quickly, as she saw his disappointment, "I could come for a little time every day. I would like to pose for you, Mark."

So it was agreed, and through all that winter she came to the studio every day. He made hundreds of studies of her. All his other work was neglected. He was absorbed, fascinated, obsessed by Tania, because no matter how he drew or painted her the result left him always unsatisfied. He comforted her rages and despairs over what she called her "failure" as a ballet dancer, and when he was moody or dejected because he could not capture on paper or canvas the marvellous fluidity of her movements or the subtle beauty of her little square determined face, she somehow managed to soothe and charm him back to happiness.

Their friendship expanded daily. They would have all sorts of al fresco meals in the flat, cooked by Tania; they would go on crazy expeditions, and laugh together endlessly. Mark never knew what Tania would do or say next. There was the fascinating unexpectedness of a child about her, and it

was as though she took him by the hand as he had taken her on that first night in the cafe and dragged him out of his bored adulthood into her delightful child world.

Then one day she danced into the studio just at dusk, her eyes like lamps in a face unwontedly pale. Mark was lying, smoking, on the window seat, tired out after a day's wrestling with an unsatisfactory study. She didn't see him, but stood inside the door calling, "Mark! Mark!"

There was a new note in her voice; a throbbing, suppressed excitement. Because Tania never suppressed anything, Mark realised that an almost unbearable joy must have put that note into her voice—something she was almost afraid of. He sat up quickly, and she came running to him, dragged off her hat, knelt there on the floor beside him.

"Mark! Mark! I am to dance."

She stopped, panting as though she could not get out another word.

"My dear. Tell me, quickly, where? When?"

He was excited, happy in her happiness.

"The Coliseum. To-night. I am to dance Columbine."

Her voice broke almost on a sob, but the next moment she was sitting back on her heels, laughing, plunging both hands into an untidily bulging handbag.

"See, I have brought a ticket for you. My friend must see me dance. Oh, I feel drunk, mad, with happiness. I hardly know what I do. Mark, you will come?"

"Yes, yes, of course I'll come. Nothing'd keep me away. Good luck, dear."

Please turn to Page 16

Glamour...

"Goodness, I'd LOVE to have a skin like that."

And her eyes dwelt wistfully upon the glamorous loveliness of the woman in the Paris frock.

"Well," murmured Jean, "why not? It's quite easy—now. For she tells me it is Powder Charmosan that does THAT to her skin."

No matter, now, how plain your skin; how old you are. For Charmosan face powder, in one swift lovely gesture, imparts such chin, such suave, soft, clear subtle charm to your skin, such intriguing clear fine texture, that eyes dwell upon you that say: "O, what a pretty woman; O, such a pretty skin."

Charmosan face powder

It's from Paris. All shades and tints. Big box 2/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

P.S. Give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream every night. Removes "makeup," dust, etc. from skin and pores in way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crows feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-.

Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

WORTH 2/6, THIS DOG BOOK IS FREE to Readers

Would you like a Free Copy of an 84-page Book, giving full particulars of all dog ailments and the treatment of same? All you have to do is to write to Parry, Barker & Co., Dept. C, 48 King Street, Sydney, enclosing a 2d stamp and the book will be sent to you FREE by return.

This authoritative guide on all matters pertaining to the dog in sickness and in health is well worth 2/6, but arrangements have been made for a limited number of copies to be supplied to readers free.

The book is nicely printed and profusely illustrated, and gives an alphabetical list of complaints, the cause, symptoms, and treatment, as well as a complete guide to poison treatment. Every dog owner should have a copy of this book. Send for yours NOW.***

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



CANVASSER: You pay a small deposit, then you make no more payments for six months.
LADY OF HOUSE: Who told you about us?



SENTIMENTAL BACHELOR: Ah, if I had your wife, no one would be happier than I!
HENPECKED HUSBAND: Yes, there would—I'd be happier!



"How is your brother getting on with his writing?"
"Great! He's had so many articles thrown into waste-paper baskets that he's now getting a fan-mail from the dustmen."



JOAN: Does she enjoy life?
JEAN: No. Her husband takes her everywhere.

Greet
the
morning
with
PEP
and
ZIP!



Can't be done? Oh! Yes it can! Thousands are doing it, by taking Cream of Yeast. Away with tired, "blue", weary looks and feelings—away with headaches, "bad nerves", coated tongue, unpleasant breath, blotched, sallow skin! Just take Cream of Yeast and see your pep and energy increase. Nothing like it! Backs you up better than black coffee; stimulates harmlessly (better than alcohol); calms the nerves better than aspirin; improves the general health more surely than salts. Only 1/11d for 24 Tablets, or 3/6 for 48, any Chemists. You may be "down"—but you can't be "out!"

get a **LIFT** with

CREAM of YEAST

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TWO ladies were attending a concert at the Town Hall. They looked about them.

"Nice building," said one lady. "What style of architecture is it?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the other lady, "but I think it's Reminiscence."

FIRST PUGILIST: Ever had a black eye?
Second Ditto: Only on the end of my fist.

"YOU know old Bill, the acrobat?"

"Yes."

"Well, he yawned last night and broke his arm."

"Garn. 'Tain't possible."

"S'fact. 'E was 'angin' from a rope by 'is teeth when 'e yawned."

"YOUNG man," said the girl's father, "you have boasted several times that you have an honored name."

"Yes, sir," replied the suitor haughtily.

"Well, may I inquire which bank it will be honored at, and for how much?"

SHE: They must be engaged. That's her fourth dance with him this evening.

He: Doesn't prove anything.
She: Doesn't it! You don't know how he dances!

"KEY" MEN—in '37

The knowledge you have gained: the background of your education; plus the thorough training of H. & R. can make you a "Key" man of Business . . . Give you a position of importance, controlling the finances—directing the monetary policies of an organisation, and enjoying social privileges that your acquaintances and friends cannot achieve.

ACCOUNTANCY—SECRETARYSHIP—the career for YOU

The Accountant-Secretary of any Company is a "Key" position, and such is the opportunity which awaits you—with H. & R. to help you. **TO-DAY YOU ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF SUCCESS.** The thorough training which H. & R. alone can give you will fit you for this career.

OPPORTUNITIES ARE OFFERING—NOW

Business is being re-organised. The H. & R. trained Accountant-Secretary has a future which no other professional training can eclipse. There are 30,000 Public Companies in Australia, and as many more private firms.

Each Public Company wants a qualified Accountant-Secretary, sometimes more than one, yet—THERE ARE ONLY 3000 QUALIFIED SECRETARIES IN AUSTRALIA, and less than 10,000 qualified Accountants to fill the positions. Employers throughout Australia are looking to H. & R. to fill the vacancies with trained men. In every State H. & R. men are being placed in chief executive positions.

DECIDE NOW TO TRAIN for this career. Remember year after year H. & R. students win more than **THREE TIMES** as many examination successes as all other students **COMBINED.** Write for our booklet—or call at our office to-day.

Department of Business Training

HEMINGWAY & ROBERTSON

Melbourne: 19 Bank House, Bank Place, C.L. Sydney: 19 Barrack House, 16 Barrack Street. Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, and Launceston. H. & R. Nearest Capital City is sufficient address.

OUR 40th YEAR
Personal Individual
Tuition
Open until 8 p.m.
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Service Consultants
in all main Country
Centres
H. and R. nearest
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sufficient address.

POST THIS TO-DAY

To Hemingway & Robertson,
I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of 1937 Edition "The Guide to Business Careers."

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

SUBJECT INTERESTED IN: 19/37

"I MUST go back to the theatre." She fluttered out like a moth, in the half-dark, leaving a broken laugh behind her like a ghost of her palpitant presence. She was gone before he realised it. He ran out to the landing, calling, "Tania! Tania!" But he only heard, far below, the sound of the front door slamming.

He dressed and went to the theatre, forgetting dinner in his excitement. He was very early, the first person in the stalls. The gallery discussed him audibly and giggled about him, but he did not notice. He sat, fidgeting, racked with fears for her, and a deeper fear that he did not admit to himself—that her dancing would shatter some subtle, lovely illusion he had of her. Once, remembering he had sent her no flowers, he feverishly rushed out

THE Little DANCER

Continued from Page 14

to the box-office and telephoned a florist.

When the lights in the auditorium went down and Schumann's romantic music stole out over the house, he crouched in his seat, clutching the arms, a frail, sawn-skinned man with thin fair hair, and a crooked mouth that gave him a wistful look. He had been blind to the nods and smiles of acquaintances in the audience. Now his eyes did not move from the stage.

The curtain rose on "Carnaval," the ballet that is as lovely, as wistful, and as light as moonlight, for all its gaiety. Heedless dancers, sad pierrot mocked by the others as he chases the fluttering butterfly, then suddenly the daz-

ling Harlequin and his elusive Columbine.

Mark knew nothing of the ballet, of the different movements, the choreography. He only knew that the lovely white creature in a froth of tulle, delicate, iridescent, gay as a sunbeam and as elusive, was Tania, who had knelt beside him an hour ago, whose warm sweet breath had been on his cheek; Tania—and yet not the child Tania. For in her dancing in some subtle way she had attained maturity. Remaining divinely young, fresh as a newly-opened rose, she yet was woman, and as she coquetted daintily, graciously—now imperious, now provocative, now momentarily

aloof, changing from a sunbeam to a moonbeam, Mark watched her as one watches a dream, and in him there grew an awareness, like pain in its intense sweetness, of her as a woman. He no longer thought of her as too young, himself as too old. Keyed up to the highest pitch of emotional sensitiveness, he watched her loveliness.

The curtain was scarcely down before he was out of his seat and dashing round to the stage door. There were delays, people pressing round him, girls in toe shoes and frothy frocks, all hurrying, it seemed, in the opposite direction to himself. But at last he was in her dressing-room. There were people there, too, members of the

"THE LOOK"

In one long look
I pledged myself to him;
It bore no balancing
Of ill or good;
And standing in the half-light
Vaguely dim,
He understood.

—Yvonne Webb.

ballet, crowding round her, congratulating her.

"Mark!" she cried, as soon as she saw him, lifting a radiant face. "Did you like me?"

She was laughing, but her eyes had a curious blind look. He did not recognise the look, because he did not know that his own eyes had it when he was absorbed in painting. She seemed like one lost in a radiant dream, a dream that was like an impalpable wall between them. The realisation stabbed him with an intensity of pain.

"Tania," he muttered, "come away. Let's get away from here. I must tell you—"

"But I cannot, Mark. I am a member of the ballet. I must dance again. I must be here if I am wanted. Oh, darling, it is so sweet of you to want to tell me all those things, but you must tell me to-morrow. To-night I dance."

She did not understand, he saw. She was thanking him so sweetly because he had been so moved by her dancing.

"Tania!" Someone called urgently.

"You must go now, my dear. I will see you in the morning. I will come to breakfast, Mark."

"Coming!" she called blithely, and blowing him a kiss on the tips of her fingers, ran out to whoever it was called her.

Mark went home. He felt that to see the rest of the programme would be an anti-climax. His mind was still whirling with images of Tania, dancing. Ah, Tania! How could she be so heedless, so careless? How could she have stood there laughing, blown him that kiss, danced out of the room, while he was consumed with the thought of her? Couldn't she see what she'd done to him?

HE flung out of

the taxi and upstairs to his flat. Somehow he must get through the time until the programme ended and he could go back for her, take her away from that horrible theatre that seemed to possess her body and soul, and tell her—tell her—

He lit a cigarette and threw himself down on the window seat. He closed his eyes, and in the darkness instantly saw her, dancing. He jumped up and paced restlessly about the room, threw his cigarette away, and instantly lit another. Then, suddenly, almost without his own volition, he was switching on the lights in the studio, stretching paper on his drawing-board, taking crayon. From all sides, from the easel, the walls, the table, in countless postures, Tania watched him—Tania the serious young girl, Tania the mischievous child. But the figure that grew under his quick, nervous fingers was Tania the Dancer. Half an hour later he stood back, his eyes half closed, considering his drawing.

"At last!" he whispered. "I've got it."

Mark did not go back to the theatre that night. When the crowds were pouring out of the lighted foyer he was standing in his shirt sleeves, feverishly squeezing grease paint out of a tube onto his palette, his face pale and the butt of a long-dead cigarette clinging to his lips, and when Tania rang the bell at ten o'clock next morning, he was asleep on the window seat, still dressed, surrounded by a mess of paints and scattered drawing-paper.

On the easel stood the finished picture of a little dancer—she was not in the costume of the ballet, and she was not dancing. She stood, in a careless checked cotton blouse and cheap skirt, but her head was lifted listening to invisible music, and you knew that her body moved to that music and her spirit was lost in it. She was a dancer.

The doorbell rang and rang again in the silent flat until Tania, with a puzzled shrug of her shoulders, ran off to a coffee shop to have a hurried breakfast before rehearsal.

(Copyright)

Famous Old English Inns



The "Barley Mow"

Long Wittenham—Berkshire

The beauty of this cottage alhousie is in tune with the quaint homes clustered around it in this old world village on the River Thames.

Host Holbrook says:

"My Worcestershire Sauce will add a delightful zest to the simplest meal.

"If you are serving a cold meat for luncheon, a chop or steak from the grill, a stew or even, maybe, a hurried repast of bread and cheese, add a few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce."



The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS

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SAUCE

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

STOP REWARDS

THE sooner the pernicious habit of reward for everything ceases, the sooner will we build up a nation of loyal, honest people, working amicably for the sake of their country, and not for personal gain.

Too many children find no interest in games or work unless there is a reward. While teaching in a kindergarten, I found that babies of four thought they should receive pennies if they ran a little race—"because they do at the big school!"

Competition among old and young, for the sake of honor, the delight of doing a thing well just for the glory of seeing it well done, and for the "fun of it," is being lost in the struggle for monetary gain. We are becoming a people whose motto is "nothing for nothing."

£1 for this letter to Miss J. C. L. Macdonald, The Priory, Ormiston, Qld.

CHEAP TALK

HOW many of us to-day are classed in the category of dealers in "cheap talk?"

How easy it is to become a user of slang, and the line is very thin between slang and vulgarity. Slang is a careless habit, which degrades our speech, and, in final analysis, demoralises us. The way we speak and the habits we form play a big part in our lives, and help to bring success or failure! Away with slang! What do you say?

Mrs. H. Ashcroft, Roselyn, Eggorra, N.S.W.

CYNICAL?

ONE often hears of a wife leaving her philandering husband. But, after all, what has she to gain by doing so?

It is generally the woman who is past her first youth who is affected, and what chance has she of securing a position against the young moderns of to-day?

If she stays with her husband, she is sure of a roof over her head and clothes and food for her children and herself. The children have their father and she, at least, has the crumbs of his affection.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. L. Woodland, 16 Beattie St., West End St. Brisbane.

POOR "GREAT"

ONE often hears a person say of a successful man: "Ah, he was a great man." But we must think of the people on whom he has trampled to get to the top. He may be great in achievement, but hard in character. The "great" are often the most insignificant.

M. F. Maclure, 4 Cambridge St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

TRUE EDUCATION

MOST people think that all who have been through the highest grades of school must be well educated. This is not necessarily so. A given number of eggs do not, perforce, when put into an incubator, turn out a given number of perfect chicks. If there be no vital spark within, then there is no power which will engender them with life.

The true student must be ever alive with desire for knowledge. Facts and figures may be imbibed in the school-room, but education continues long after the closing of the school-room door. The capacity for assimilating these facts and figures into our lives is the only true measure of our education, and he who does not possess it at school wastes not only his own time, but that of his teachers as well.

Adela L. Harris, Beronedi, 337 The Boulevard E2, Melbourne.

Is Marriage Vital to Women's Happiness?

HEAR! HEAR! Miss Morton (27/3/37). I agree that a girl unmarried is not the terrible thing so many believe, and I consider that there would be fewer divorces and much less unhappiness if girls did not just "marry for the ring," as Miss Morton says.

Surely a young woman can do wonderful things with her life outside matrimony.

K. G. Porter, Jimbour, Qld.

Tread Warily

MISS MORTON is evidently criticizing that attitude so prevalent in girls of rushing off to get married just for the sake of being married and being as good as the next one. This is an attitude that I deplore.

But no one can deny that to be happily married is a far better thing than being unhappily married or happily unmarried, so that every girl should definitely take matrimony into consideration—but tread warily!

Mrs. Fielding, Melbourne Street, Launceston, Tas.

Must Learn Themselves

I QUESTION Miss Morton's statement, because I think so few women are ever really happy unless they are married. It is only having experienced an unhappy marriage that they realise just how happy they were when single.

Mrs. Jeffries, Cambridge Street, Leederville, W.A.

Interesting Career

IT is a far cry from the days when marriage was considered the only career for girls, and it is now recognised that women may get a full life from an interesting career—nursing, teaching, writing. Women are even unwilling to give up careers on marriage.

Mrs. Penny, Edmund Avenue, Unley, S.A.

Fickle Nature

MISS MORTON's statement could be so very true; but it doesn't seem to be so. Many unmarried women carry a wistful expression which betrays real happiness. They think the best in life has passed them by.

It is human nature to want something we haven't got. To-morrow's joys always promise better than to-day's.

B. A. Lierse, Plenty P.O., Vic.

Marriage Best

I SUPPOSE it would be better to be happily married than married unhappily, but most women who really try can make their marriage happy.

And children are a wonderful compensation for career and happy times gone by.

Fan Blair, Victoria St., Peterborough, S.A.

Old-Fashioned!

I AM glad Miss Morton has written as she has and exposed the ridiculous old-fashioned idea that a girl is better married, whether she is happy or not. Marriage is not for everybody, and many a girl has ruined her life or her career just because she married because it was expected of her.

And that is just the trouble. People—friends, mother, father, relations—still retain the Victorian idea that a girl is a failure unless she can possess herself of a man.

V. Prosser, Sergeant Larkin Crescent, Daceyville, N.S.W.

Women Should Help to Wipe Out Slums

MISS SULLIVAN's appeal to Australian women to help rid their country of slums (27/3/37) deserves thought. It certainly is high time something was done. Casual charity is not enough, nor is women's aid, unless they have behind them the Government determined to wipe slums completely out.

The solution lies in the Government's abolishing all slum areas, and planning certain other healthy ones to replace them. Such schemes have been carried out before successfully, and in this country.

Miss Beaton, Oxford St., Hyde Park, S.A.

Country "Slums," Too

MISS HELEN SULLIVAN'S S.O.S. to the women of Australia regarding housing problems in slum areas could be enlarged upon by taking in the homes of people "on the land." Some of the women in the bush are living under conditions which the city slum dwellers would not tolerate.

When a site is selected, a temporary make-shift home is thrown up, but year follows year and nothing is altered.

If ever the good work of housing the slum-dwellers properly comes to fruition, I hope the poor bush workers will not be forgotten.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Lorenza, Northern Rd., Roma, Qld.

Helping Senior Labor

THE subject of unemployment of adults is still being discussed. I suggest that a limited number of juniors to a certain number of seniors be employed in our stores and offices as is done under several awards for different trades.

If this were done, the juniors would learn the business thoroughly, while there would be none of this wholesale sack-ing after 21.

In pre-war years we did not have so much junior labor, and I fail to see that it has been a step in the right direction.

E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

Find Work For All

SLUMS can never be abolished while poverty is existent. People will still be forced to herd together, and as fast as one slum area is abolished another will form. The only certain way, therefore, to get rid of slums is to find work for all.

Jane Creighton, Swan St., Hobart.

Reduce Fares

HAVING been engaged for several years as social worker in congested areas, I found that few people would choose to live and bring up a family in the slums, but that most of them are victims of circumstance.

About twenty years ago tram fares were one penny per section, and train fares were equally low. When the fares were raised the effect was immediately seen by families moving in from the outer suburbs, and house-sharing became common.

Our first step, therefore, to abolish slums, should be to reduce fares.

Miss E. Poeknail, 30 Brucevale Avenue, Epping, N.S.W.

Slum Clearance Tax

MOST people will concur with the views of Miss Helen Sullivan as regards the slum problem.

I suggest placing a slum clearance tax on all citizens who leave £500 or more at their death—that is, provided they are not generous enough to support such a worthy cause during their lifetime.

Miss Jenny A. Burslem, 40 Day St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Parents' Part in Teaching Love of Good Books!

I AGREE with E. Ambrose (27/3/37) that parents should do their best to inculcate in their children love of reading good books. But I think parents should gently lead, rather than force in any way. See that there are only good books in the home.

Peg Francis, Best Street, Devonport, Tas.

Per Example

YES, children should be taught to read good books. But in how many homes do you see such literature?

When mother prefers light love novels, and father's taste runs to



Indulging a natural bent...

thrillers, it is hardly likely that those parents will "bother" to get the better class of fiction for their children to read.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

Active Co-operation

JUST having libraries in the schools will not ensure that the children will read good books. Teachers should co-operate practically with the parents, and actually see that a certain number of good books are read.

P. J. Simons, Leicester St., Parkside, S.A.

WRITE NOW!

Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any interesting topic. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

ARROGANT PARENTS

NOTWITHSTANDING the men who have died that we might be free to express our own opinions, most young women, dependent upon their parents, are forced to submit their own wishes to those of their parents.

Visiting a young acquaintance, I was surprised to see to what extent she was forced to model her opinions on those of her parents. She was not allowed to know what she liked to eat. She was forced to attend functions and take part in activities that bored her to tears.

Such an attitude must have a devastating effect upon an expanding character.

Miss Joan Gleeson, 12 Webster Street, South Lismore, N.S.W.

HAPPINESS DEFINED

SINCE happiness is largely a personal matter, it would seem impossible to define it.

Ability to adapt oneself to conditions ensures contentment. Since "a contented mind is a continual feast," it is surely not too much to assume that contentment is at least a keynote to happiness. Add to that the determination to make the best of things and to make use of every opportunity of service to our fellows and we will experience that sense of helpfulness which may be interpreted as happiness.

What other definitions—or criticisms—have readers to offer?

Mrs. H. Jennings, 2 Moore St., Roseville, N.S.W.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE number of people who are ignorant of current events is truly amazing.

Apart from the value of such knowledge in giving one a true perspective of economic problems, think how useful it is when conversation languishes.

Miss E. Dowling, 9 Charles St., Ashford, N.S.W.

Perfect Eyesight without Glasses

You can Regain NORMAL SIGHT with EYE CULTURE

THE wonderful continued success that has attended EYE CULTURE is bringing the greatest happiness to countless people, young and old alike, whose visions were failing or impaired. Until recent years it was thought that glasses were the only remedy for defective vision, but now, after years of expensive research and experiment, it has definitely been proved that AT LEAST 90% EYE TROUBLES CAN BE REMEDIED AND GLASSES DISCARDED by a Natural Scientific Method known as "EYE CULTURE." GLASSES, it was found, DO NOT CURE, but merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the frequency with which glasses must be changed by those who wear them, and stronger lenses bought.

If you already wear glasses, EYE CULTURE can improve your vision, and in the majority of cases enable you to discard your glasses within a very short time. IF YOU DO NOT WEAR GLASSES but your eyes are causing you discomfort from EYE STRAIN, ASTHIGMATISM, SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, OLD AGE SIGHT, EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE, ETC., or if your eyesight is failing, then learn how, by a few minutes a day with EYE CULTURE, you can obtain, or regain, normal eyesight without resorting to glasses. EYE CULTURE strengthens the nervous and circulatory systems of the eyes JUST AS EXERCISE DEVELOPS AND STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES OF THE BODY.

Read what EYE CULTURE has done for these people

Mrs. C. INVERELL, 14/9/36.
"It was just thinking it was quite time that I let you know how my eyes are. Well, I have to say many thanks for your course, it has certainly done wonders for me. My eyes are as fit as can be, and I can now see or read for any length of time day or night, without any discomfort whatsoever, and believe me I am most grateful and never fail to tell my friends of the culture when I hear anything about them having eye trouble."

MR. R. DEEDER, VIC.
"I am glad to report that I am making satisfactory progress with Eye Culture. In fact, only last week I unconsciously put my hands up to take my glasses off, and, to my amazement, I didn't have them on. I felt then that I am indeed benefiting by the Course."

If you suffer from any of these Eye Weaknesses or defects, you owe it to yourself to call and see me personally (consultation is free), or if a personal visit is not possible, send a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope, describing your trouble, for my Booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES."

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BEAUTY SHAMPOO

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Naomi Jacob's Generation To Generation Novel

"Fade Out" A Fine Book

Naomi Jacob belongs to that school of novelists which chooses a set of characters and pursues their fortunes from generation to generation.

In her new book, "Fade Out," we meet many old friends and watch the development of Jane Pinto, granddaughter of Claudia Bower, from a superficially cynical, worldly-wise young woman into a personality which gives promise of happy wife—and motherhood.

MISS JACOB introduces several new characters into her galaxy; chief among them is Martin Sharrett, novelist and playwright.

This young man had been brought up in an atmosphere of rigid piety. His parents belonged to a peculiar sect which maintained that pleasure, even of the most innocuous variety, was synonymous with sin.

By the time Martin reached young manhood he was, therefore, a mass of repressions and would have presented a splendid example for a modern psychologist.

Martin met the Pintos on a transatlantic liner. Bobbie was returning from New York where he had just concluded a successful engagement as dancer and comedian. Jane came aboard at Genoa. She had been starring in a film. Bobbie had

become rapidly intimate with Martin, owing to the latter's quick sympathy, when a troublesome appendix demanded immediate removal in mid-ocean.

By the time the ship reached England the two young men were fast friends, and Martin had fallen reluctantly in love with Jane. He did not approve of her. He considered her overdressed, flippant, and shallow. But she was very beautiful and possessed of a very real charm.

In London events moved rapidly. A play of Martin's was about to be produced, and Bobbie had already been given a part. He suggested that Jane should play leading lady, and with a rapidity which, alas, is rarely to be met with outside novels, the play went into rehearsal with the Pinto pair well to the fore.

Martin was by this time hopelessly in love with Jane. He had asked her to marry him. She had asked for time to consider, and promised to



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The Kestos Brassiere in its Dual-Purpose role proudly presents new features in its initial design which spell added satisfaction to its fair wearers.

Adjustable shoulder straps—what a lovely idea! Simple devices on the elastic straps which assure the correct tension so essential to comfort.

And finally, its transition from everyday practicability to a backless triumph for evening or sports wear—accomplished by a simple rearrangement of the straps. Prices from 3/11.



NAOMI JACOB, whose latest novel, "Fade Out," is reviewed on this page.

give him a definite answer on the night of his play's premiere.

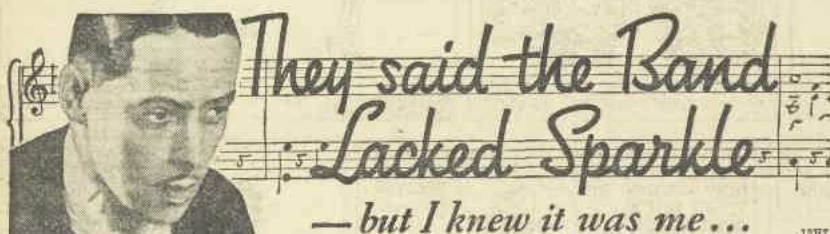
Miss Jacob, having got her principals well under way, here turns her attention to another branch of the family.

We read of Fernanda, Claudia's daughter, who had made a second marriage with Count Alexander Verschoff. This man is an attractive and unscrupulous adventurer. In spite of all his vices he has, however, a certain flair for handling colors and materials, and, through the family's influence, he gets a contract to provide some of the settings for Martin's play.

Jane and he meet and fall violently in love with each other, thus creating a situation which, while it causes Martin much discomfort, enables him to stand out heroically as the faithful lover, who, in spite of his loved one's defection, is strong enough to forgive and comfort her when she decides that solid worth is more valuable than glamorous instability.

There is a touch of melodrama about this tale, which, though no doubt very unmodern, is not unattractive. Many readers may question the probability of some of the situations, but they will all agree that Naomi Jacob has presented her people with directness and reality. She does not indulge in any subtle psychologising. She has a good story to tell, and, although she has a slight tendency to sentimentalise her major characters, she is always sincere—a somewhat rare virtue in the world of fiction to-day!

"Fade Out," by Naomi Jacob. (Hutchinson.)



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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, save
SEGRID: Prince, dwelling in Gizeh, from
EMIR KRIM: An evil potentate of Egypt. Mandrake
 then rescues
NARDA: Segrid's lovely sister, who has been trapped in
 a dark tomb in the pyramid of Gizeh by Krim.
 As Mandrake is taking her back to the town-

ship he is shot in the shoulder, and Narda is taken
 again by Krim, who drives off into the desert with
 her. Lothar, however, manages to capture one of
 Krim's men, and they return to Gizeh. Here Segrid
 informs them they cannot get the help of the police
 as he has been gambling with certain trust funds,
 and Krim would expose him. Mandrake therefore
 determines to find out from his captive where Narda
 has been taken. NOW READ ON.



TOOTH DECAY Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

BLEEDING GUMS Film combines with minerals in the saliva . . . to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

STUBBORN STAINS Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

Film may be the cause

FILM is the true cause of almost all dental troubles. Therefore, film must be removed if you desire strong, healthy teeth and a clean, unblemished mouth. Pepsodent is famous as the "special Film-removing tooth paste." Whereas other dentifrices may claim to, Pepsodent actually does, remove the ugly, dangerous film.

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Remember, clean healthy teeth are your safeguard against decay germs and other dental troubles. Change to Pepsodent.



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GUARANTEED UNCONDITIONALLY

Modern new headings adorn Challenge Blankets this season. As ever, they are made only with the finest long-stapled wool, giving a fleecy nap that does not wash or wear out. Challenge Blankets are unconditionally guaranteed . . . odourless, non-shrinking and free from filling. Local retailers can supply them in all sizes, weights and qualities. For warmth and durability, choose cosy Challenge Blankets.

Challenge
BLANKETS

The UPAS TREE

Continued from Page 7

"BUT you understand this and there's no use taking chances with it either!" said Anton Mylov, stepping out of the doorway with a revolver levelled at Quinn's heart.

For a long moment there was not a sound. Only Anton Mylov's heavy breathing as he stood there with a grin on his lips, his black eyes dancing from face to face, enjoying the expressions he saw there.

"Thought you'd got the better of me, eh, Quinn?" he said at last. "You ought to know I'm not so easy. Don't I always pay my score? You fool, you, I knew where you were going."

He laughed roaringly. Then abruptly his mouth snapped shut and his eyes were cold and vicious. "You can just lead me to those pearls," he said.

Quinn stood silent. They were in a bad spot and it looked as though Mylov would win the game after all.

"You'd better tell me," Mylov said. His eyes swung to Laura. "You're the one knows where the babies are. You've got just ten seconds to talk. Then I shoot your boy friend there and the black. Well, how about it?"

The revolver was steady as a rock. Quinn crouched a little, ready to leap. He hadn't a chance, of course, but there was no sense standing there to be slaughtered like a sheep. And the man might miss. Mylov's voice called off the seconds.

At "six" Laura broke. "I'll tell you," she said.

Mylov grinned savagely. "Thought you would." He turned to Lukut. "Tie him up," he said, pointing to Quinn. "And the girl, too. Then I'll tie you. And no monkey business."

He produced a score of long things from within the doorway. Presently the hands of all three were bound tightly before them. Quinn winced as the tight bonds sent a scalding wave of agony through his arm. He felt sick. Mylov chuckled.

"Hurts a bit, eh? Guess my head's harder than your arm. But I still owe you something for last night. I'll pay it, never fear."

He pocketed the revolver. "Where do we go?" he asked Laura. "Up the ravine." Nodding at the black cut which opened close beside the house.

"Then get going. And no tricks, mind. I'll be right behind you with a flashlight and a gun. You wouldn't have a chance."

The gorge was brimming with darkness. Its sides were steep, almost vertical, and covered by an array of long ferns and trailing roots which showed ghostly and pallid in the reeling light of Mylov's torch. The ravine slanted so steeply that at times they were forced to drop on hands and knees and crawl.

THEN, at last, the slope lessened and they could stand again. The jungle thinned above them and scraps of moonlight filtered through. They plodded on and on.

They came over the edge into a weird amphitheatre carved from the living jungle. Above and all around them the trees rose a sheer hundred feet into the air. The moon was directly overhead. Its radiance flowed down past the smooth green walls of forest, past the feet of the four, and plunged down and down into the pit before them.

The hollow was perhaps twenty feet deep and twice that in width. It was obviously a sudden widening of the ravine they had been following. Its walls were of rock, dark, and so smooth as almost to seem polished by human effort.

And in the very centre of the space Quinn saw a squat, evil-seeming tree with gnarled and twisted branches thrust grotesquely outward in a stiff curve like the extended ribs of a fan.

He heard a quick hiss of breath at his side and turned to see Lukut sink to his knees. The man's face was grey. He raised his bound arms and muttered something in his native tongue. So low he spoke that Quinn heard but three words. "The Upas Tree!"

He understood much then. This was the sacred tree to which the natives had brought human sacrifices in years long past. He could

visualise the line of black men struggling up the lightless gorge. Torches threw a fitful red glare about them and made the uncanny shadows reel and dance. He could see the same torches ringing this pit as some poor devil was lowered screaming over its rim to dangle in his bonds until the deadly breath of the Upas had drawn the life from his body.

Then Anton Mylov broke the spell.

"My heavens, there they are!" he said, and his voice was thick. "It's the pearls!" he muttered.

Quinn saw the box then. It lay openly on the ground close by the bole of the squat tree. The moonlight reflected from it in a bluish sheen.

There was a nasty twist to Mylov's lips as he turned to Laura.

"Thought you'd trick me, eh? Thought I'd go down there after the pearls the minute I saw 'em and get nipped by whatever's there. That your scheme, my wench?"

He advanced a pace, his whole bearing one of fearful menace.

"What's down there?" he demanded.

"I DON'T know."

Laura fell back a pace before the glare in his eyes.

"You lie. Those pearls wouldn't be out in the open like that if there wasn't something. What is it?"

"I don't know."

Mylov swung his arm and slapped her viciously across the mouth. He slapped her again and whirled as Quinn lunged at him.

"Come on," he said softly. "Come just one more step, Quinn."

Quinn stood very still. No use getting killed for nothing. And Mylov was in the mood for killing. No, the play here was to wait for the break that must come some time and be ready to take advantage of it.

"Not coming?" Mylov asked presently. "I'm waiting."

Quinn shook his head. "Not just now."

Please turn to Page 22

Lux stockings after every wearing

Away with wrinkled ankles, twisted seams and baggy knees! Lux restores elasticity . . . ends needless ladders!



YOUR FUTURE!

What . . . Are my 1937 Prospects?
What . . . Lottery shall I be lucky in?
What . . . Is my lucky number a day?
Send P.N. 2/6, full birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for Reading by
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Box 4018VV, G.P.O., Sydney.

What Women Are Doing

Change of Post

DR. ELMA SANDFORD-MORGAN, director of Maternal and Baby Welfare in New South Wales, has accepted the post of medical officer for the Mothers and Babies' Health Association, in Adelaide. Dr. Sandford-Morgan will take up her new duties in June, and will leave Sydney for Adelaide next month.

Her work will be similar to that which she has done for the past ten years for the baby clinics in New South Wales.

Studied Nursery Schools in England

A KEEN interest in the kindergarten methods in her own State prompted Mrs. Harley Hooper, of Adelaide, to make a study of the nursery schools in England while she was there recently.

The facts that impressed her most were the hot midday meal which is provided for the children, and the subsequent rest on tiny camp stretchers. These help to give all the children a balanced diet and regular rest.

She also attended the Building Exhibition at Olympia, and saw models of many famous nursery schools on the Continent, all of them designed to catch the maximum amount of sunshine.

Works For Reform of First Offenders

PRISON Gate Reform is the last social welfare work one would associate with Mrs. L. Whiskard, who is visiting her son, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, British High Commissioner in Australia. Her home is in Suffolk, where she carries out her work of reform.

The main concern of the Prison Gate Association, which has branches throughout England, is the welfare of first offenders when discharged from gaol, and Mrs. Whiskard is one of many women who have undertaken the splendid job of preventing the unfortunate, when possible, from becoming habitual criminals.

Chinese Woman Visitor's Interest in Youth Movements

MRS. GE TENG KOO, who is visiting Australia with her husband, an official representative of the World Student Christian Federation, is interested in many young people's organisations, especially the Girl Guide Movement, which was introduced to China a few years ago.

In Peking Mrs. Koo is a member of a committee working to adapt the methods of the movement for Chinese girls. She is also a member of the Y.W.C.A., which conducts unique cooking classes for both Chinese and Europeans, giving each a chance to learn to cook the other's national dishes.

International Hockey Player Is Association Secretary

THERE are few hockey players in South Australia who know as much about the game as Miss Mabel Cashmore, recently appointed secretary of the South Australian Hockey Association. Miss Cashmore has been a member of the State team since 1925, last year filling the position of captain, and has been abroad twice with All-Australian teams—in 1930 to England, and last year to America.

According to Miss Cashmore, the association hopes to devise a scheme this year which will give the competing teams more matches and lengthen the season. This would mean that all players, and not merely those chosen to represent the State, would be interested right through the season.

Unusual Mementoes

FRRIENDS of Dr. Deborah Buller Murphy, of Melbourne, are speculating as to what new treasure trove she will bring back with her from Europe this time! She arrives by the Vimala, due in Fremantle on April 18.

In the past she has imported all sorts of curious animals, and her home, Lordello, Brougham Place, North Adelaide, had a small zoo of sorts attached.

Then later she returned with her famous rococo sedan chair, which she maintained at the time, sent Americans scurrying round all corners of England and France in search of such another, to be used, as she had done, for a telephone-box in her home.

Spending Some Time in All Our Capitals

MILLE. GITTA ADLEE, a dark and dashing young Viennese, at present in Melbourne, is spending some months in all our capitals on business bent.

After receiving her early education in Switzerland, Mile. Adlee took her degree of chemistry in Vienna. She has been interested in beauty culture for ten years both in Paris and London.

She has also done some film work with Ufa in Vienna. When she came to Australia a few years ago to study the climate and the people as a preliminary to her present venture, she found time to handle the make-up for Expeditionary Films' production, "Heritage."

Next year she hopes to go to Hollywood to study screen make-up more thoroughly.

Research Work at Animal Health Institute

THERE are quite a number of women graduates doing invaluable and highly specialised work with the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Among them are Miss S. E. R. Clarke and Miss J. McLean, who are engaged in investigating the problem of mastitis in dairy cows at the Animal Health Institute in Melbourne.

This branch of research work was instituted in Victoria in 1935.

The planning and conduct of the investigation are controlled by Mr. Munch Petersen, assisted by Miss Clarke.

Systematic bacteriological examinations of the cows in the experimental herd are carried out, and the bacterial content of the milk is watched. The examinations involve the determination of the total number of bacteria present in each sample. A count is also taken of the number of cells.

This work is done by Miss McLean, who is officer in charge of the Victorian Milk Laboratory, conducted by Dr. H. E. Albiston.

Australians Do Their Bit In Spanish Conflict

AFTER receiving S.O.S. calls for "smokes" from Alleen Palmer, Margot Miller, and Agnes Hodgson, three Australians doing their bit in the Spanish conflict, staunch friends in London decided to do something worth while in response.

They evolved the idea of running a series of bright parties, invitations to which are headed "An Australian Call-it-what-you-will Party," and carry this proviso: the guest must arrive with a box, tin, or suitcase full of cigarettes.

"The response has been almost overpowering," said one youthful hostess.

Margot Miller, who has just announced her engagement to Richard Bennett, is convalescing after an injury received when her ambulance ran into a tree near Barcelona. She was wounded previously while nursing in Huesca. Agnes Hodgson is still nursing wounded in Madrid; Alleen Palmer is on administrative work at Barcelona.



Mile. Gitta Adlee
—Lafayette

To Assist in Production of Plays

AFTER a long association with Journalism in Adelaide, Mrs. Elisabeth George has given up the work to join her husband, Mr. Esmond George, in Perth, where she will be flung straight into the excitement of helping him with his part in Perth's forthcoming theatrical festival.

Mr. Esmond George, who is well known as a stage producer, left Adelaide about six months ago to ally himself with the Repertory Theatre in Perth, and as Mrs. George is keenly interested in his work she is looking forward to a "holiday" of helping him.

First Exhibition Stimulates Public Interest

THE Tasmanian Country Women's Association has been in existence for exactly one year, and at the Tasmanian Exhibition held recently in Launceston the association, by the variety and interest of its exhibits, so stimulated public interest that many new members have been enrolled and new branches are to be formed.

The exhibits, over 400 in number, were chiefly striking because of their distinctly practical nature. Mesdames C. Archer, F. L. Beveridge, B. Scott, J. Rain Bird, all of Westbury, Mrs. Eton-Brown (Ulverstone), Mrs. R. Viney (Scottsdale), and Mesdames J. S. Duncan and F. Davis, of Launceston, were among the exhibitors.

Quickly Adapted Herself to Australian Conditions

MRS. E. CLIFFORD, of Brisbane, will soon be taking up her new duties as organising secretary of the Creche and Kindergarten Association. She is English, and came out to Australia some years ago to take a position on the teaching staff of the Church of England at Townsville. She has also done governing in the far north, and quickly adapted herself to Australian conditions.

Mrs. Clifford is particularly interested in the Church of England, and has been associated with philanthropic work for a number of years.

Missionary-To-Be May Be Ordained This Year

MISS ALICE FERRIS, of Adelaide, has received word from London of her appointment for evangelical work in India with the London Missionary Society, and will leave at the end of the year to begin her work in the mission fields.

At present Miss Ferris is a third-year student at Parkin Congregational College and hopes to have gained her Licentiate of Theology degree from the Melbourne College of Divinity by the end of the year, and also to be ordained for the Congregational ministry.

Besides evangelical work Miss Ferris expects that the nursing training she did before beginning her ecclesiastical studies will be a great help to her in India.

Will Be Found at the Toy Stall For C.W.A.

A STALWART worker for the Queensland Country Women's Association is Miss Lottie Peters, of Brisbane, who for many years has been prominent at the Show Grounds during Exhibition Week, where she is in charge of the toy stall conducted to raise funds for the C. W. A. metropolitan branch. Miss Peters is very gifted with her needle, and makes wonderful toys. She is on the committee of the Lingsa Longa seaside home, and one morning every week she is on duty in the rooms in Brisbane.



Miss L. Peters.
—Norton Trevalle

In 1926 Miss Peters was appointed matron of the seaside home at Sandgate, and two and a half years later she was assistant matron at the Y.W.C.A. Girls' Hostel, Bowen Terrace. She was also in charge of the Y.W.C.A., Adelaide Street.

Why Queen Mary Is Best-dressed Englishwoman

THE reason why Queen Mary is always quoted as the best-dressed Englishwoman is not because she follows up-to-the-minute fashions, which she has not done since she was a young woman. It is because of perfect grooming and correct dressing for every occasion, according to Mrs. Morton Spencer, who returned to her home in Sydney recently after a lengthy sojourn in England, where she was fashion editor of "The Queen."

Her Majesty's skirts are always cut and worn so as not to blow about untidily. She has never been seen to raise her hand to pat her hair unnecessarily, and her sunshades are never a nuisance or ungracefully carried.

Queen Mary designs many of her own gowns, although Reville supplies some. People would be surprised at the comparatively few gowns she has, according to the dress designer. Made of the best materials, they are laid aside for a while until they are sometimes as much as five years old, and then she has them remodelled.

First Chairwoman of Religious Denomination

THE first woman ever to be elected to the chair of any religious denomination in a British dominion is Miss Emily Solomon, who was appointed to this office recently by the Congregational Union of South Africa. Miss Solomon has had a distinguished career in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, being world officer for many years, and vice-president of the union till 1934, when she resigned.

She was in Australia in 1927, representing the World Women's Christian Temperance Union, visited the various States, and was entertained by the N.S.W. Convention of the union.

She is also the first woman to be appointed to the Film Censorship Board of South Africa.

Ranks Depleted By Coronation Tours

SEVERAL members of the Council of the R.A.N. Friendly Union of Sailors' Wives and Mothers in Melbourne have gone to the Coronation, among them Lady Hyde, the Misses M. and L. Breakes, and Mrs. E. Phillips. The last-named has returned to England with her husband, Paymaster-Commander Phillips.

Lady Hyde will be succeeded as president by Mrs. A. M. Treacy, a founder of the union in 1913, and a life vice-president.

N.S.W. Girl Is Air Hostess

THE first New South Wales girl to take up the job of air hostess with Australian National Airways is Miss Helen Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Edwards, of Burnham Station, Bombala, and Pullitop, Wagga, N.S.W.

Miss Edwards, who received her early education at the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, and is a fully qualified nurse, having trained at the Coast Hospital, Sydney, has been appointed to the Sydney-Melbourne-Tasmania air route, and started her new duties at the end of last month.



Miss Edwards
—Norton Trevalle

INDIGESTION MISERY RELIEVED

Under normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when the misery of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia afflicts you that you realise what good digestion means.

Modern civilized conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked, unsuitable or hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, bring fresh victims daily to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia or gastritis.

Do not wait until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. You will surely become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid, an affliction to yourself and to others.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles.

First, it neutralises the excess acid which inflames the stomach and caused your flatulence, dyspepsia or gastritis.

Secondly, it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, so that the sore stomach heals while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

"RATHER save your skin, eh?" sneeringly. "Stand by an' see your woman get beat up without lifting a finger to help her."

Quinn said nothing. "All right," Mylov said sharply. "Neither of you'll talk. All right. But I'm going to have those pearls. An' you're going after 'em." He shot out a finger at Quinn. "We'll see what's down there, we will!"

He laughed viciously and turned to slash away several lengths of the wire-tough creepers which festooned the trees. A few swift turns of the stuff and Laura and Lukut were lashed to small trees. Then Mylov cut the thongs which bound Quinn's hands.

He stepped back warily, with revolver ready. "Pick up that stuff an' come over to the edge."

Quinn did as he was bidden, lifting the pliable vine and carrying it to the rim of the pit. Cat-like he watched for the other to make one tiny mistake, for him to relax his vigilance but an instant. Nothing of the sort happened.

"The one end of it to that tree," Mylov directed. "Now the other end round yourself. Then sit on the edge with your feet hanging over. I'll lower you."

The UPAS TREE

Quinn felt the cold sweat break out upon his body. There was death down there in those moonlit depths. An unknown, horrible death. He could hear Laura saying: "no, no!" over and over. He heard Mylov laugh hoarsely.

Then he was over the edge, swinging dizzily, fending his body away from the smooth walls. He went down in short jerks. Down and down and down.

And then death reached out and caught him by the throat!

The air about him went thick and turgid. It stung his lungs. They felt dry and burning and he gasped for breath only to have a greater and greater agony leap on him with every inhalation. A knobbed band of steel seemed to clasp about his head and grow tight and tighter, grinding his skull to pulp. His eyes blurred. When his feet touched the floor of the pit his legs no longer had the strength to bear him up. They collapsed beneath him, and he lay on his back, staring up through the moonlight at the tiny spot of darkness which was Anton Mylov's head. He

could feel his life going, draining away like water.

The head disappeared abruptly. He heard the crash of a shot, then a wild, high scream. Over the edge of the pit a man came hurtling to crash down upon the ground beside him.

Quinn saw that it was Anton Mylov.

AND then his own body jerked off the ground and, spinning giddily, was drawn swiftly up out of the pit.

Half-way up the fresh air struck him, and his head began to clear. When Lukut dragged him over the edge he lay for no more than a second or two, then staggered to his feet and began to untie the vine from his body.

As he moved towards the edge with it, Lukut touched his arm. "What will you do, tuan?" he asked.

"Save the other." The Dyak shook his head. "That is not well, tuan. He deserves death. Let him lie."

Continued from Page 20

"I wouldn't leave a dog to die there. I know what it's like. Give me a hand to draw him up."

But Lukut shrugged his shoulders and stood aside. "It is long since the Tree has drawn the life from a man," he said. "It is hungry, tuan. I shall not rob it twice in a night."

Quinn peered over the rim. He saw Mylov writhing below him in the grip of that burning exhalation. One of the man's legs was grotesquely twisted. Broken. The black eyes glared up at him.

"Help me, Quinn," Mylov called hoarsely. "My leg's broken an' this stuff is eating the lungs out of me."

Quinn lowered the vine, swung it into the other's clutching hand.

"Tie it around yourself," he shouted.

Mylov obeyed. Then Quinn began to pull him up. He had not lifted the man ten feet before he knew that it would be touch and go. More strength than he realised had been drained away during those seconds in the pit. And his wounded arm was a fearful handicap. Only a few inches at a time could he raise his burden at all.

"Faster," Mylov called, and his voice was very weak. "Lift me faster."

Quinn made a mighty effort, raised his burden a good three feet and felt the wound in his arm burst open. Blood streamed down from beneath the bandage. It covered his hands and drenched the vine. His hands were slippery with the stuff. They could no longer grip the smooth creeper.

He felt it slip through his fingers, faster and faster. He heard Mylov's wild scream, and a moment later a sodden crash. Then silence.

"The tree would not be cheated twice, tuan," he heard Lukut say.

BUT he knew as surely as he stood there that Anton Mylov had brought about his own death. That the cup of the man's iniquity was overfull and had destroyed him. If it had not been for the wound in his arm Quinn would have saved the other man's life. And that wound had been made by Mylov himself. It was fate.

He turned a little blindly and walked toward Laura, where she stood bound to the tree, her face white in the moonlight and her eyes shining . . .

And the next morning they stood hand in hand at the door of Ingram's house watching the white sails of Mylov's schooner dwindle toward the horizon.

"They're gone," Quinn said. "When Mylov didn't come back they knew what had happened. They'll make for some port and break up. It's the last of his gang."

Laura nodded. "We owe an awful lot to Lukut," she said. "It was the most unbelievable thing I ever saw, the way he broke loose. When you went over the edge he seemed to go crazy."

"He's a mighty good man, Lukut," said Quinn. "Been with me for years. We'll send him back to his village a rich man. As soon as there's a west wind he and I will go after the pearls." He saw the fear in Laura's eyes and shook his head. "It'll be safe enough," he assured her. "Your father knew what he was talking about. I've got it all figured out. The gorge is like a funnel up which the wind blows, is compressed and squirts into the pit in a blast that blows all the fumes away. It's a queer place, and I don't wonder the natives think it sacred and believe that the tree is responsible for the gas. It isn't really, you know. The Upas isn't poisonous at all. But all these islands are volcanic and that pit is full of fissures through which a poison gas seeps from some underground source."

He paused and looked at Laura. She was silent, staring at the white sail on the distant horizon. There was a great willing tenderness in his heart, and all at once a tiny dark spot of fear.

He laughed ruefully. "Of course," he said, "you'll be a rich woman now, you know. And I'm really nobody. Sure you still want to marry me?"

"My dear," was all she said, turning to him. But in the quick warm pressure of her arms and lips he read his answer and his fear died before it had well been born.

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Vibrant YOUTH
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Apart from her own sense of natural pride in the matter, every girl and woman adores the popularity that attends skin-faultlessness and charm. To see all eyes approve her; to know that she is winning and holding admiration must make any woman happy. Loveliness and consequent popularity are available to all who will spare a very few minutes each day on make-up founded upon the protective charm-creating base of Kathleen Court's famous "Facial Youth."

"Facial Youth" guards and flatters the complexion—removing the signs that make a woman look older. When you apply "Facial Youth" you start a train of beautifying processes that cannot fail to increase the attractiveness of your skin. "Tired look" goes. Coarse pores, red "age" veins, greasy or itchy skin—these and many other troubles cease to worry you. Thousands of women, in many lands, over many years, have been thrilled to see the amazing difference, for the better, "Facial Youth" makes to the complexion.

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TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

Margaret Vyner in Films



MARGARET VYNER, well known in Australia as an actress and a mannequin, has made a fine beginning in British pictures. Perhaps her showing in National Productions' "The Flying Doctor" helped her to get a footing overseas; the fact remains that, given her chance by Paramount British, she pleased both director and producer by her work in "Cavalier of the Streets." Miss Vyner is shown, above, in scenes from this picture.

WORLD'S No. 1 School To MEET Big Educational Conference In Australia Soon

Educationally speaking, this is Australia's lucky year. The seventh International Conference of the world-wide New Education Fellowship is to be held in the various capitals between August 1 and September 20.

THOUSANDS of teachers and students from all corners of the continent will gather to hear lectures by the twenty-four world-renowned educationists who have been invited to speak.

Never in the educational history of Australia has such a distinguished group been brought together. They virtually comprise the world's No. 1 School.

A visit from one of the 22 brilliant men and the two equally brilliant women, coming as they do from Britain, U.S.A., China, Japan, Finland, Switzerland, in fact, almost every country, even Russia, would be an event of considerable interest.

The Fellowship, which seeks to increase fellowship in the world of education, is able, through its 51 national sections and groups and 23 magazines in 15 languages, to act as a permanent working laboratory in which new developments in educational thought and practice in different lands can be exhibited and discussed throughout the world.

Notable Women

PERHAPS the most interesting of the two dozen speakers is Mrs. Beatrice Ensor, who founded the New Education Fellowship with a group of friends in 1915.

Chairwoman and organising director of the Fellowship, Mrs. Ensor is a stimulating and vital person, as well as a gifted speaker. In spite of her grey hair, she gives an impression of youthfulness. Her work is outstanding among English-women.

She has been Mistress of Method at a training college; organising inspector of technical work for girls and women for a county council; inspector of elementary schools for the Board of Education of England; head mistress of St. Christopher's, Letchworth, and of Frensham Heights.

Since the death of her husband several years ago, she has been managing his farm in South Africa.

The other woman is Dr. Susan Isaacs, M.A., a doctor of science. She is head of the Department of Child Development in the Institute of Education, London University, as well as psychologist to the London Clinic of Psycho-Analysis.



DR. SUSAN ISAACS, a distinguished educational visitor, whose sister lives in Sydney.

She has been lecturer in logic at Manchester University, and principal of Malting House School, Cambridge; is a member of the editorial board of the British Journal of Medical Psychology, and was chairman of the Educational Section of the British Psychological Society from 1929 to 1931.

Dr. Isaacs' sister, Mrs. Campbell, lives in Middle Head Rd., Mosman, Sydney, and she is looking forward to meeting her for the first time in many years.

Other speakers include the Board of Education representative, Mr. G. T. Hankin, B.A., who is bringing out records of school broadcasts provided by the B.B.C.; and Dr. Pierre Bovet, of Switzerland, an authority on bi-lingualism, who is particularly interested in Peace Education.

Many of the speakers will be accompanied by their wives. Though they will take no official part in proceedings, several of them are well fitted to do so, and may be persuaded to give some lectures before they leave these shores.

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Mrs. E. F. writes: "Following upon the amazing success obtained from using Dandex-ol for my dandruff I decided to apply some Dandex-ol to my eczema, from which I have suffered for several years. Imagine my joy when after a month my eczema had completely disappeared. Dandex-ol is nothing short of amazing. I might add that my hair has never looked lovelier."

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Kindly forward me large bottle DANDEX-OL Post Free.

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36in.	13/6	Now 10/6	36in.	19/6	Now 16/6

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Catarrh is NOT the deeprooted, immovable infection that so many people believe it to be. Treat it with Tiger Salve persistently, and pleasing results will definitely follow. Tiger Salve is a sure, steady, night miracle-worker, but consistently used will steadily clear up the most stubborn catarrhal nasal condition. There is nothing in Tiger Salve to harm or irritate the most sensitive skin or membrane tissue—in fact this pain-soothing preparation is so pure that it can be taken internally. Why suffer a half-choked catarrh-ridden existence any longer—get a tin of Tiger Salve from your chemist or store to-day, and to-morrow you will be on the road to buoyant, clear-breathing health. Tiger Salve is the ideal healing preparation for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Cuts, and Scratches—soothing the throbbing discomfort away—warding off infection and healing QUICKLY and SURELY.

Keep a tin handy—it's useful.
2/- everywhere.



TIGER SALVE

WON'T LET HUSBAND Buy Her a Mink COAT!

Boxer's Wife Firm With Famous Partner

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

There is a woman now in London who won't let her husband buy her presents, who could have a mink coat but won't, and who could have lots of jewellery but prefers to wear only her diamond wedding ring and the diamond-studded watch her husband gave her on her wedding day.

She is Mary, the slim, china-blue eyed wife of Max Baer, the famous boxer.

MAX BAER was a country boy who changed with success into a Broadway playboy.

Mary Sullivan, a small-town girl born to Irish parents in America, worked hard as manageress of the coffee shop in a big hotel. All her friends were earnest University graduates like herself.

She did not smoke, did not wear make-up, and preferred reading a book to going to a night club. It was all these

things that made her so attractive to the Broadway playboy.

Mary had never met any boxers, never read the sporting papers, and—she told me naively—"never knew he had so many girl friends until after we were married."



MRS. MAX BAER, wife of the famous American boxer, who has achieved fame by refusing to allow her husband to buy her a mink coat.

—Air Mail Photo.

From cities all over America he telephoned her night and day. Mary, far from losing her head, scolded him, saying: "If you have anything important to say, you should write instead of making these expensive telephone call."

Mary graduated as a dietitian from Rochester University, became dietitian at a big hospital and later went to take charge of the coffee shop in Washington where she met Max.

Her life's ambition had been to run her own teashop, and even now—staying in one of the most luxurious hotels in London, with the prospect of world travel before her, and the opportunity of buying the loveliest frocks and jewels if she wanted to—she said wistfully, "I'd love to open an American teashop in London."

Opposites Attract

TWO years of marriage changed Max Baer into a happy young man who neither drinks nor smokes, likes a quiet life, plays bridge as his wife's partner, and reads aloud to her almost every evening.

"I never knew there were women like her," he says. "If I've turned into a different kind of person I give her all the credit."

Mary says the success of their marriage is partly due to the attraction of opposites but mainly to the fact that she keeps out of the limelight.

"A woman has no right to limelight unless she's earned it for herself," she said. "Business men's wives don't invade their offices and interfere with business matters—at least they shouldn't—so why should I try to share Max's limelight?"

Never Sees Fights

HAVING fallen in love with her because she was so different to the girls he had known, Max made Mary have her hair cut, and himself taught her how to use lipstick.

"He'd like to choose my clothes, too," added Mary, "but I have to watch him. I like simple tailored clothes, while Max would like to deck me out in bright exotic things that wouldn't suit me a bit."

That mink coat had been sticking in my mind throughout our interview. I suggested that, for the sake of womankind, she should accept it. She laughed, and said that could easily wait till they'd bought other things that she and Max could share.

Mary never watches her husband fight or even train. "I couldn't bear to see him hurt. When he's fighting I stay at home. Mother Baer, who always listens in, stays with the radio in the next room and lets me know what's happening at intervals."

"How I saved a matrimonial disaster"



Aunt Mary's Cookery Book is recognised as the authentic guide to good cooking. It contains 212 pages of more than 400 recipes and useful hints. Lavishly illustrated in colours.

Send one shilling and two pence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for YOUR copy.

If you save 50 clean lids from Aunt Mary's Baking Powder and send them with your name and address to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, you will receive a really handsome Surprise Packet FREE.



"When John and I married we were terribly in love. All was sheer bliss till I began cooking, after our honeymoon.

"Certainly John was sweet and patient about my feeble efforts and continued failures, but no man's constitution can stand up to THAT. His nerves went; his digestion was practically ruined; quarrels began; at last breaking point was reached.

"THEN one day, Mabel called. She only laughed at my recital of woe. 'You foolish girl, OF COURSE you can cook. All you have to do is use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder for your cakes, puddings, pastries, scones or biscuits—and consult Aunt Mary's Cookery Book when you want to cook anything else.'

"I took her advice, and instead of doleful attempts at eating, John was all smiles and robust good humour. So it actually was Aunt Mary that restored our romance and made our marriage a lasting success."

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

with the new lever lid and patented parchment seal

MORE Real Life STORIES

Dramatic Incidents That Win This Week's Prizes

Tragic days of the Russian revolution are recalled by Mrs. J. J. Willett, of Eungella Range, via Mackay, Queensland, who wins this week's £1/1/- prize in our real-life stories competition.

Dramatic and thrilling episodes in the lives of other readers are also told in the prize-winning stories below.

EACH week The Australian Women's Weekly will award £1/1/- for the best real life story submitted, and 5/- for any others published.

Entries should not exceed 300 words and may deal with incidents that happened in childhood, school-days, work, romance, or any other phase of life. Envelopes should be endorsed "Real Life Stories," and posted to The Australian Women's Weekly. Full postal address is given at top of page 3.

Mrs. J. J. Willett, who wins this week's £1/1/- prize, tells the follow-

If You Could Buy a Cure For Catarrh

—all the money you now have and all the wealth you ever dreamed of getting would be spent freely and gladly, especially if your Catarrh has reached the serious chronic stages.

Because its danger is not realised proper treatment is neglected and the irritation to the membranes becomes intense. The catarrhal process affects the kidneys, clogs the air passages, fouts the stomach and loads the whole system with a reeking poison, thus leaving the victim an easy prey to kidney disease, gastric and other serious illnesses. The correct treatment is one that will speedily remove the secretion and clear away the inflammation. It was on these lines that the formula for the Clysmac treatment was based. Even if your Catarrh has become chronic, Clysmac should be used thoroughly and regularly in order to keep the membranes in a state of cleanliness, so that in due course they will be restored to a healthy condition.

On the other hand—if your Catarrh is only in the early stages prompt treatment with Clysmac will save you from untold misery.

Clysmac is sold by all Chemists and every package carries a guarantee. Price 1/3, or 4/6 for a large package.

Clysmac



Smart Brownette HAIR For 6d.!

HOLLYWOOD has just discovered that "brownette" hair is more becoming, even to fair girls and women, than "blonde" hair. Now, all girls and women—whether fair, medium, tawny, or dark, can have the glory of flattering "brownette" tones—tinged gleaming darts of golden-brunna, with flashes of burnished copper. The big secret is Hennafoam, now only 6d. a double-sized package, at any good Chemist or Store. He is a brilliant "brownette"—have hair that is rich and softly frames your face—use the warmer make-up that's impossible against ultra-light hair and see your whole personality become livelier. Hennafoam's the way to make hair of ALL shades bristlingly beautiful—without bleaching, dyeing, or waving. Hennafoam doesn't CHANGE the color of the hair—it transforms it!

Hennafoam Shampoo

£1/1/- To Be Won

EVERYONE has a dramatic, thrilling, or romantic real life story to tell. For the best one submitted each week The Australian Women's Weekly offers a prize of £1/1/-.

While literary compositions are not essential, the story should include all relevant details necessary to make a simple, concise, well-told account of not more than 300 words—whatever the incident may be.

Lost in Russia

I WAS fourteen. And I was lost, not in the Australian bush, but in the country of Russia, during the great revolution.

Everybody was running away, some from the Red Army and some from the White Army. And I was lost in the middle of this chaos.

Eventually I came to a village, and a kindly peasant woman took pity on me and said I could stay with her and her two children, a girl eleven and boy nine.

We managed to scrape up food for some time, but after a while we were faced with starvation, so I offered to go to the next village across the river after some potatoes. I was delayed coming back.

When I got home the woman and little girl were nowhere to be seen, but the boy came running out to me whispering, "Mummy and Mary are in the cellar, they're dead."

I grabbed the boy and left this place of starvation and horror, making for the Chinese border 2000 miles away, and eventually reached safety.

Mrs. J. J. Willett, Eungella Range, via Mackay, Qld.

A prize is also awarded to the following:—

Hotel Fire

THE worst moment of my life was surely a Tuesday morning recently when, at 1.30, owing to the persistent and unusual crying of my small son in the next room, I rose to find the stairway of our hotel on fire.

Realising that the safety of twenty-five people lay in my hands, and that the only way to escape was rapidly becoming ignited, I rushed to my two little boys, and running them out into the street, I tore back. The kiddies' terrified screams rang in my ears, I was about to rush the stairs, when I found the children clinging to me.

Desperately I tore down to the big dining room, and beat it as it was never beaten before. My agony of mind was unbearable, would they rush the stairs, and all collapse into the flames? Would they in panic fling themselves from the high balcony? I lived a lifetime in five moments.

We were able to get the fire under control—a fire that was frustrated by the crying of a child.

Mrs. J. R. Sullivan, Henty.

Following are additional entries that won £1 prizes, as announced last week.

Hand in Shark's Mouth

MY brother and myself were camping in Cowan Creek. We went out fishing in a fourteen-foot boat.

I was hauling up a nice snapper when a grey nurse shark made a snatch at it, took the fish, also my hand in its mouth, fell on the roller at the back of the boat, and came right in the boat.

My brother was just going to hit it on the head with a piece of wood when I called to stop, and try to push the wood into the shark's mouth.

He did this, and I pulled my hand out. It was very badly lacerated and painful. We went ashore to have it treated. My brother killed the shark, which was eight feet long.

Mrs. H. Wilson, Bonnie Doon, Pittwater Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

Hung From Bridge

SEVERAL years ago, when I was employed on the railway deviation works on the southern line at

Towrang, I had business to transact in Goulburn, and missing the regular passenger train, I decided to go by foot with a friend, following the railway line.

When approaching North Goulburn we had to cross the large railway bridge over the Wollondilly River, and as the express train was on its way to Sydney, we were not quite sure of the exact time the train was due at the bridge.

I was in haste, and my friend decided to wait a little longer, so I kept on going. Just as I reached the centre of the bridge I was horrified to hear the whistle of the express as the driver got a good view of me.

I had no time to reach the side of the bridge, so I slipped through the space of the sleepers, and held on to the sleeper when the express thundered overhead. The vibration nearly made me lose my grip, and a hot ash from the coal-box fell close to my hands.

Norman P. Gill, 9 Harold St., Matraville, N.S.W.



Sydney's Premiere Hairdresser offers—

LORRAINE Machineless Self-setting Ends 12/6
LORRAINE Steam Wave 15/-
LORRAINE Super Wave 20/-
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LORRAINE Machineless Vapor Wave 21/-
*Specially recommended for white hair.

Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.

Trim, shampoo & 3/6
Rinse
Dyeing, tinting 7/6
from
Bleaching, from 7/6
F a c e Massage (Continental movement) 5/-
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Regardless of the quality of hair you have to wave—be it soft, fine, coarse, dyed, bleached, oily, dry or brittle—you are assured of a beautiful wave with the LORRAINE process which keeps the hair moist all through the waving procedure.
RESULT—soft natural waves, beautifying any type of hair, without the discomfort of excessive heat, thus preventing harmful drying and frizzed discoloured curls.
SENIOR OPERATORS only employed under supervision of Mrs. and Miss Lorraine.

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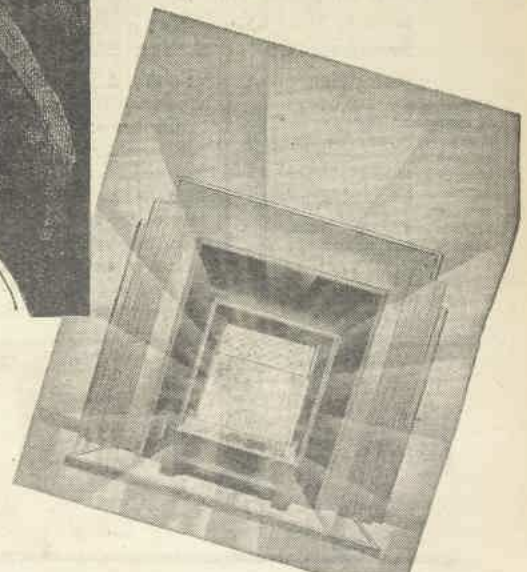
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safer ...

*Yet costs less
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Modess alone offers you that complete comfort, with sure protection, you need. Only Modess has this special feature—filmated gauze—a silky soft layer of cotton over the gauze to assure utmost softness.

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Modess has other distinctive advantages, too. It is safer—far more absorbent. It is surgically clean; completely disposable. Inconspicuous at all times.

Yet Modess costs less. Use this quality product always.



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Price throughout West Aust., 1/3.
A product of Johnson & Johnson—
World's largest manufacturers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

OL 37

STUDY Your Type BEFORE FASHION!

London Designer's Hints To Australian Women

By Air Mail From Our London Office

Mr. Olaf D. Amundsen, nephew of the great Arctic explorer, has opened a dress salon in London. He studied for some years in Paris and later opened a "Theatre Shop" in Boston, U.S.A. The success of his New York shows encouraged him to try designing for English women.

For The Australian Women's Weekly he enlarges on his idea that a woman should consult what suits her type first, and the fashion of the moment second.

"NO woman," says Olaf, "should be the slave of fashion. Rather it should be her servant, aiding her in adapting her own styles and personality in dress to modern standards.

"The home woman—demure, sweet and coy—should never be forced into mannish tailor-mades and hard felt hats, no matter what fashion says. She should content herself with semi-tailored suits with bright blouses, and hats whose hardness is relieved by a spray of flowers or a curled feather.

"The tall, statuesque woman should never wear frills and flounces, no matter what fashion decrees. She must dress up to her type, not down to fashion.

"For the demure young woman, black taffeta with a panel front and bertha of mustard-yellow lace is ideal. It should have the straight lines and full skirt that throw the accent on femininity. Plain black straps over the shoulders will show up the beauty of white skin, and a not-too-low back will give the impression of modesty.

"The statuesque woman should have the accent on sophistication. White satin patterned in peacock-green lacquer is a suitable material. The crossover bodice gathered in the front and entirely backless is suitable for and beautiful on the dignified woman, while a panel train and tight-fitting skirt will give the slimming line so necessary to the type.

"I try to persuade each of my clients to allow me to design for her personality. I do

not want a woman to come to me and choose a model exactly like something I have shown. I want her to have an entirely fresh adaptation of a style . . . something I have created for her alone."



Mr. OLAF D. AMUNDSEN, who believes that women should dress according to their personalities rather than as mirrors of fashion.



WHAT TWO BATHS TAUGHT ME!

Since I married I've had two bathrooms under my care—one was in the flat where we went after our honeymoon—the second the bathroom of our present cottage—

MY FIRST BATHROOM

I used harsh-cleaners regularly because they seemed to make the job so easy.

HOW QUICKLY AND EASILY IT CLEANS.



I CAN'T GET IT CLEAN

BUT BEFORE LONG—

Harsh cleaners had scratched the delicate surface and ruined the fine porcelain . . . baths and basins were heart-breaking to look at, and back-breaking to clean.

IN MY SECOND BATHROOM I USED VIM

Vim sprinkles easily over big surfaces—is kind to hands, and gives the porcelain a beautiful glossy finish.



VIM IS MARVELLOUS.

STILL LIKE NEW!

After two years the porcelain and tiles still look just like new. That's because of Vim's smooth-sanding. Vim's soap-coated particles loosen the dirt gently so that it rinses off easily, leaving a glossy, hygienic surface. Vim's cleaning is the secret of lovely, long-lasting porcelain.



VIM

REMOVES THE DIRT . . . BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

A LEVER PRODUCT

*Don't forget a little VIM will keep the lavatory spotlessly . . . hygienically clean.

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Synchromatics

Incorporating "Life Stories of the Stars." Here are life stories of your favourite actors and actresses. Their struggles and their triumphs on the road to stardom, brilliantly presented by the B.S.A. Players, and written by Miss Lynn Foster. Each Tuesday and Thursday, at 7 p.m. (commencing to-night.)

Tooth and Claw

Vividly re-created episodes in the lives of the jungle folk, especially re-told for the young listener in a brilliant B.S.A. production, written by Peter Inglis. Each Monday and Wednesday at 6.45 and each Saturday at 8.55. (Commencing Monday, April 19).

2
G
B

"The Favourite Station"

THE Widow's CRUISE

Continued from Page 5

"Do you know?" she asked him confidently. "I was saying to myself as I came along the deck that I'd dreamed you. And there you were—I saw you. And you're real after all!"

He looked at her and in that moment almost disliked her.

He was irritated by the sense that he must protect her while knowing that somehow he must break it to her that marriage was impossible.

Angrily aware of his weakness, as a distraction he took her to the sun-lounge, suggesting that she should buy a ticket in the last auction pool of the ship's voyage. Gaily, despite her almost noticeable hesitancy, he insisted on bidding for her, telling her that she would have "beginner's luck."

During luncheon he teased her, for he said the ticket she had obtained for fifteen pounds was the best buy of the auction, most of the others having fetched twenty and thirty guineas. There would

be at least a hundred pounds in the pool!

Her eyes opened widely at that. "Fifteen pounds and I might win a hundred? If I only could!" she sighed under her breath.

He had looked at her quickly with some astonishment. He had gained an impression that she was almost feverishly anxious to win the money and he remembered her strange reluctance to join in the customary light-hearted gamble. Then he dismissed it. He could not imagine what his impression had been, but the winning of a hundred pounds could not be of any importance to anyone who could afford the cruise on the Anclusa.

"Women were funny about money," he thought. Later that day again he remembered the swift impression the meaning of which eluded him. It had been when the auctioneer's clerk had come up to collect the money for the pool tickets.

"Pay up, please!" he said jocularly.

Garth handed over the money for the ticket he had bought for himself and then caught a strange expression on the widow's face. She looked to him in that instant as if she were some wild creature caught in a trap. She paused hesitantly, her bag clutched in her hand.

"And fifteen pounds from you, Mrs. Anderson. . . ."

She stood up. "Will you excuse me? My money is in the purser's office. . . . I'll get it. . . ."

Garth stopped her movement upon an impulse he did not understand.

"Don't bother. I think I've got enough on me for both. . . ."

Jenty Anderson looked at him for a moment and flushed painfully.

"Please . . . after all . . . I mean, it's my ticket, isn't it?"

From where they had been sitting he could see the door of the purser's office, but she did not go into it. Instead, she went below as if to her cabin.

"Funny," thought Garth. "Why tell such a silly little lie—why?"

He did not know why he felt a curious relief that she appeared the next minute carrying the notes in her hand, but he noticed that as she counted them out she said "Fifteen" almost as if she were thankful.

That evening during dinner there seemed some form of distress in her mind, which was only increased by Garth's tentative questioning. He himself did not know why he had an urgency to break down her reserve. He felt that she was on her guard and that he wanted to reassure himself against the vague prejudice against her which had clung to him like a shadow and at which he had formerly laughed.

There was something mysterious about her; there was something she wished to hide, and when she suddenly rose, as if to change the subject of conversation, he felt more certain of it.

"I'd like to go up on the boat deck, just for the last time," she told him. "I want to feel the wind on my face and hear the rush of the sea."

He followed her up the companion-way, steadily climbing until the windward deck was reached and they found shelter behind a lifeboat.

AND then she was in his arms. He could feel her light body pressing close to his while her lips sought his.

Once her hand passed in a lingering caress over his blown hair, delicately, as if her fingers were like those of the blind searching to know sight by sensation. Then she held him closer in the urgency of embrace.

As suddenly as she had slid into his arms so she let him go. For a long moment she was poised staring out over the glistening waters before she spoke to him.

"It's so lovely to think," she said softly, "that though the voyage has ended I've something lovely to take back with me . . . you!"

While he searched to find a reply her voice changed abruptly. She sounded imperious for the first time. There was still clear moonlight, although the ship had reached colder waters in its swift passage, and he could see her face. Her eyes seemed dancing with a mood she hid from him, the set of her chin held determination.

"Tell me all about us," she ordered. "How much money shall we have to spend when we are married, where we'll live . . . what can I spend on clothes? Can we have a motor-car—a nice big one with a liveried chauffeur? And would you give me a big emerald for my ring?"

He stood back from her, sickened.

She wasn't taking long to show her hand! he thought. He could see that she was quite serious.

"You're a successful playwright," she went on. "I suppose you make a lot one year and not so much the next. Or have you got lots invested? I'd like a really nice cottage on the river, too . . . could we afford that?"



"Tell me, doctor . . . I know I can ask you. One's friends have all sorts of ideas about disinfectants—for personal use, I mean. Surely it's very unwise to use strong, staining chemicals that have to be measured so carefully! Do you know of anything good that's really pleasant as well . . . ?"

Nothing better was ever discovered for women than 'Dettol', the Modern Antiseptic. This highly efficient killer of germs is so dainty that it will not even stain linen. It is clean and clear, pleasant in smell and an excellent deodorant. For all its wide and successful surgical use, it might have been made expressly for fastidious personal care. For in spite of its sure destruction of germs it is not poisonous, and is gentle and tender on human tissues. 'Dettol' as part of your toilet routine will keep you immaculate. Ask your Doctor.

Your chemist has 'Dettol' in bottles—2/-.

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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC



RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? If So You Need Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you serve in a busy store or restaurant, work in a factory, or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard growths, corns and bunions are softened, blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delectably soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound."
—Miss F.S.

"When I was lame with a swollen instep, I was relieved the swelling and pain by gently rubbing Zam-Buk over the sore part. I am continually recommending Zam-Buk."
—Nurse V.S.

LUNG TROUBLE A Remarkable Treatment that does give Definite Results

If you, as a sufferer from LUNG TROUBLE, could see the abundant evidence on behalf of MEMBROSUS, a dry inhalation treatment, and learn what it has accomplished for many hundreds of sufferers in all conditions, and all ages—evidence which is available to you or to anyone at any time, you would agree that MEMBROSUS is well worth trying. The relief it gives is really amazing, and in nine cases out of ten this relief is felt almost immediately after commencing the treatment. Can you as a sufferer picture the comfort of BEING FREE FROM THAT VIOLENT HACKING COUGH; OF BEING ABLE TO SLEEP ALL NIGHT; TO BE ABLE TO EXPEL THE MUCUS EASILY, ESPECIALLY THAT WHICH HAS BEEN ADHERING TO THE WALLS OF THE LUNGS FOR SOME TIME, and by so doing easing the distress; TO HAVE AN APPETITE AND ENJOY YOUR FOOD; TO LOSE THOSE HORRID NIGHT SWEATS AND HAEMORRAGES; TO BE ABLE TO WALK UP A HILL WITHOUT FATIGUE, and eventually make a full recovery without treatment?

This is what MEMBROSUS has done for many, and is still doing for many more!

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM trouble WITHOUT OPERATION

Regular reports reach us from previous sufferers of the wonderful results and lasting benefits obtained from using Membrus, definitely proving that this Dry Inhalation Treatment is incomparable in relieving and dispelling for ALL TIME agonising symptoms which hitherto were believed impossible.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS A Different Inhalation Treatment

Many chronic cases of up to 30 years standing report complete recovery without recurrence. If you wish to lie down and sleep at night without fear of an attack, for the mucus is so easily brought away, and the whooping to stop; for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath, and to be able to walk up hills and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery . . . then use MEMBROSUS, the Inhalation Treatment.

A TYPICAL REPORT: "The Inhalation has done me a wonderful amount of good, and I decided to have an X-ray of chest to see how things were going. Am more than glad to report there is no sign of my trouble AT ALL. I also had a thorough sounding by two separate doctors, and they pronounced me perfectly sound."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.) DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars, call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C/- IRVINE LTD., No. 1 St. James Bldg., 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel: MA3167.

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People often spend many guineas on treatments for superfluous fat and fail to get as much benefit as a single box of Beecham's Pills would bring them. Most obesity is caused by faulty digestion or intestinal sluggishness. Beecham's remedy these troubles. They reduce your weight whilst they improve your health. They are perfectly safe, easily taken, and can be depended upon for all-round good health and fitness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS WORTH A GUINEA A BOX





The unsightly appearance of an incorrectly supported figure will be seen above.



Grace and poise are given to any figure with the aid of a "New Age Creation."



The "New Age Creations" are exclusively TAILORED and FITTED on the Premises

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Trade Mark Reg'd.

THE Widow's CRUISE

Continued from Page 29

"THE widow and her cruise!" he thought ironically. She intended to make him aware that his resources could be dipped into lavishly. And he was so well known in his achieved success it was no use to plead!

"I want so badly to know exactly how we'll live," she said through his silence, and then again her warm lips were upon his.

"I love you . . . I love you . . . If I didn't think you loved me I'd die!"

With an abrupt movement she had twisted away from him to an arm's length, then, in her dark clothes, he did not see her go, he only knew that she had gone.

Hours later, down in his cabin, he wrote and rewrote a letter to her, in which he attempted phrases which would not increase her hold over him. He reread the letter several times, and re-copied it. Then he enclosed a cheque.

Tiptoeing down the dark passages to the door of her cabin, he was just about to push the letter under when a sound caught his attention. He listened again. He could not be mistaken.

On the other side of the door there was a woman sobbing. Quiet, muffled sobs, but dragging, tearing, as if she were breaking her body to pieces in the intensity of her grief.

He paused for a moment. Again the thought of her small, pale, heart-shaped face with its deep blue eyes wistfully seeking his came before him.

Back in his cabin he threw himself down on the bed, angrily wondering why he should consider the feelings of a woman who had fooled him into believing that she was not the adventuress she had so clearly proved herself.

"What a fool!" he almost groaned aloud as he had done so many times since that evening in the scented air of Madeira.

But in the morning, when he woke late, after his disturbed night, he found a letter from her on the breakfast tray. The steward told him that there was no reply for the lady, having a bad headache, had given instructions that she was not to be disturbed, until the ship docked.

"But I've a letter for her, it's important," said Garth.

"I can give it to the stewardess, sir," the man replied. "I can't say when she'll get it. Most insist that the lady was not to disturb her!"

Garth ate his breakfast slowly, wondering irritably how he could leave the ship a free man. Only when he finished did he open the letter which he supposed was designed to trap him further. For some minutes he could not believe what she had written.

"My dear," he read, "I love you but I can't marry you. And we can't meet again. So many 'can'ts'—I can't even see you again. I told you last night that I had something lovely to take back with me. I have—the memory of you, for me that is 'you'—all that I can ever have. Good-bye."

Garth stared, utterly taken aback. He was free! For some extraordinary reason of her own free will she had set him free. The more he thought of it the more puzzled he became and then, to his own amazement, he discovered that he was annoyed.

While he packed his clothes, tipped the stewards and went through the usual routine of disembarkation his annoyance increased.

Panic suddenly possessed him. Women could behave so stupidly when they were overwrought. They had been known to . . .

He found his hands in his pockets clenched while he tried to ridicule his ideas.

She was not one of those hysterical neurotic idiots. Upon an impulse he went back to the ship's gangway and endeavored to persuade the sailor in charge to allow him to go on board again. At that moment he felt that he must reassure himself that his fears were groundless.

While he argued he heard the warning whistle of the train signalling departure, he turned, and then it seemed to him that some instinct stronger than himself forced him to remain.

That she was not on the train he had assured himself. Where then was she?

He told himself that he was crazy as he watched the train move slowly out of the station. It would mean hours of delay, unless he hired a car immediately to take him to London. Why was he waiting in this absurd fashion he asked himself.

Then suddenly he drew back behind the shelter of some crates, for he had caught a glimpse of her emerging from a lower deck and making her way towards the gangplank.

She was carrying a cheap suitcase herself, and, to his surprise, she was not in her customary mourning. She wore a plain blue dress and a brimmed hat which hid her face. She was completely changed by her clothes.

She was no longer the quiet widow with her air of elegance, she appeared younger and strangely shabby.

She walked down the gangplank steadily and went over to the customs, where she left her suitcase. Garth, who had been about to come forward, restrained himself. Her behaviour seemed so strange. He heard her inquire as to the next train for London, and then she walked with some firmness towards the station exit. Just as she approached it a customs official stopped her to inquire the contents of a small parcel she carried. She tore the wrapper to show him, and Garth saw a gleam of silver.

Please turn to Page 61

Now . . . in light and dark



CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

LIGHT 4 PINT BOTTLES DARK 4 QUART BOTTLES

Sunny Symphonies for Autumn Days



AUTUMN SUNSHINE, autumn breeze, a balloon, a child, and mother. The result was this study.

RIGHT: ME AND MY FRIENDS. This fascinating pictorial study shows a two-year-old with two Great Danes in an interlude at a dog show.



AUTUMN VIGNETTE in a city street when father strolls out with the baby and dog.



"FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES." "Curlytop" demonstrates one of the ever-green childish occupations.

THE TENTH Was Dale

Nine doctors out of ten would have concluded that old Mrs. Farish had died from natural causes. But the tenth was Doctor Anderson.

Part 2

JIM was walking rapidly, and Susan kept up with him. There was in that general departure a feeling of resigned disappointment, mingled with a growing eagerness to get to telephones. Here and there a camera loomed jerkily above somebody's shoulder, there were a few pungent comments. When the lift reached the ground floor the little nucleus scattered like birds of quicksilver towards telephones. Jim said briefly to Susan, "Wait here, will you?" and scattered with the rest.

And Susan sat down in a medieval-looking chair and stared at a potted palm for twenty minutes with complete unconsciousness of the palm. Which was as well, for it was a harassed and worried plant, suffering greatly from a nearby radiator.

"All right," said Jim, abruptly interrupting her view. "That's done. And there's not much use trying to get any news of what's going on upstairs for a while. So let's eat."

Susan, acquiescing automatically, roused only when she reached the entrance to the Surfledge dining-room. Roused and stopped and said, "No!" violently.

"What's this?" said Jim. "Why not?" He gave her a long, penetrating look and said slowly, "It just occurs to me, sweet, that you left a bit of black magic unexplained. And while I've the greatest appreciation of your talents, telepathy is not one of them. Come now, Susan, out with it. How did you know Plummer's name? And the Dale's status? And the grandson? Tell me all, Susan."

Susan looked at the dining-room and shuddered and capitulated.

"All right," she said. "But not there. I couldn't eat there. Jim, how long does it take for an alkaloid poison to—"

"To work," said Jim cheerfully. "Depends on the kind. Dr. An-

dractive hat. The woman's face looked very white and her eyes very bright and her lips a little pale, and she was walking with a man who looked familiar. Then she recognised herself and Jim Byrne.

She took a long breath as they passed out of the revolving doors and into the cool, mist-laden night air. It was refreshing, and she could feel herself reviving. An entirely chemical process it was; the result of oxygen in the lungs. And over a red-checked tablecloth in a small smoky little cafe she told Jim about the lunch party she had witnessed, the words she had of necessity overheard.

After all, there was nothing else to do. And, besides, he had now seen for himself every actor in the poignantly swift tragedy.

Over the meal they talked. Over cheese and coffee they still talked. But there were only a few conclusions, and those were self-evident.

"IT'S the sheer physical demands of time and space that have got to be respected," Jim said. "Mrs. Farish had to die within a few seconds of being poisoned. According to the girl's account she had been in the shop about twenty minutes. Allow ten minutes for getting there. That means that she was away from everyone she knew for a good thirty minutes before she died. And, according to what they all say, all four of them were in her suite at the hotel during the whole of the time intervening. They were all there when they telephoned to say she was dead. Perfect alibis, and unless one of them breaks down I don't see what can be done. The only other obvious suspect is the manicurist."

"I don't think she did it," said Susan.

"I don't, either. Can't see what possible motive there would be. But, according to her own statement, nobody else even approached the old lady. And the old lady didn't take anything. And that brings us to another problem, and that is how on earth was she poisoned." Jim looked gloomy. "If I could only have seen her handbag."

"But the girl said she made no movement at all," Susan reminded him. "She just—just died." "I know. But how? And who? Leslie, of course, had motives. He is probably her heir. And you say she said to him, 'No more money'."

"And 'No more Charmian,'" said Susan softly.

Jim looked at her. "Charmian," he said musingly, "is a somewhat determined enchantress. Still, he's obviously enchanted. And, of course, there's the maid—Mrs. Plummer. But she'd have been more likely to kill the secretary if she was going to kill anybody. Well—he looked at his watch—"I'm going back. Wait here, Susan. Do you mind? I won't be long. Then I'll take you home."

"Take me home!" said Susan. "But I've got my own car!"

"I know," he said. "But I—thought I'd see you got there all right. Just wait here, I'll be back in a few minutes. With luck I may be able to get some more stuff for the late edition."

He vanished. And it was a good ten minutes later that Susan suddenly realised why he'd wanted to see that she got home "all right." That was because Leslie had recognised her.

That meant—well, that meant that Jim thought Leslie Farish was the murderer.

And it meant, too, that she herself, Susan, was the only witness



to that quarrel, and that Leslie knew it.

She refused to follow the thought to its ominous conclusion. But there was, in the overheated restaurant, a queer little chill up her backbone, and she ordered another cup of coffee, and strove to concentrate on the plot development of the story then on her typewriter. And thought ruefully that it wasn't so difficult to unravel fictional mysteries when she herself had made the mystery.

In real life it is very different. You are blind to the hidden story. You are helpless and baffled. It's only the police who have a real and working system. It's the police who get results. And every fiction writer, mused Susan sadly, arranged and set forth as the writer wishes. Real life—she shook her head impatiently—the murder of old Mrs. Farish: that was real and so poignant and grim in its reality that she deliberately tried to think of it in terms of fiction.

Then Jim was back and she looked up, eager to talk and tell him what she'd been thinking and receive that cheerful reassurance which he, wiser and so much more certain than she, could give her. But he looked worried and disappointed.

Shreve's conception of Charmian Dale, the lady with the red lacquer fingernails. What part did she play in the murder of Mrs. Farish?

"Ready?" he said briefly.

"No news?"

He shook his head.

"Alibis all substantiated. And the manicure girl says she'd never seen Mrs. Farish before. And it seems to be right. Here's the car."

It was a longish drive through traffic to Susan's little house, but Jim said exactly nothing the whole way. And when they reached home he himself put the car in the garage and extravagantly and with the briefest of good nights taxied back to town.

FOR three days Susan saw and heard nothing of him, except for an occasional column or two in the newspapers, and even that was not signed, and its authorship only guesswork on Susan's part. And the stories, when they occurred, were without the backbone of news and, for Jim, perfunctory in the extreme.

There was, of course, not much news, and as the interest of the public shifted to a political embolism, not much speculation. The manicure girl was held for

questioning and released. Leslie Farish, Mrs. Plummer and Charmian Dale delayed their departure—or, Susan suspected, were delayed.

But, so far as she could discover, there was an absolute stone wall of lack of evidence. Mrs. Farish died of poison. The printed information about the poison was and remained guarded but definite, too. It proved to be, as Dr. Anderson had said, a particularly virulent derivative of cinchoninic acid, and had been found in a very minute but fatal quantity. And had killed her at once. But there was no evidence at all as to how it had been administered.

No one had approached her in the manicure shop; she had entered, had been taken to the table, and no one except the manicure girl was near her for the next twenty minutes.

And certainly the manicure girl had no interest in her death and had, after exhaustive inquiry, appeared to prove that she knew nothing at all of Mrs. Farish previous to the dead woman's appearance in the shop. Or of any of her family.

My Favorite Poem

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth
Of distance run,
Yours is the world, and
everything that's in it,
And, what is more, you'll be
a man, my son.

"IF"—Kipling.

(Sent in by Miss Rene Cleary, Gipps Street, East Melbourne, Vic.)

erson said that this had worked instantly. It has to be sufficiently virulent, of course. He meditated. "I must try him again when he's made a more exact analysis. He's pretty tight, though, about giving information about poisons; says there's no need to put things into people's heads."

"Meaning," said Susan, rather faintly, "to disseminate criminal information?"

"Exactly." He looked at her sharply and tucked her arm under his own. "Come on, my dear; there's a place round the corner where they grill steaks to an epicure's taste."

In a mirror Susan caught a fleeting glimpse of a slender young woman dressed rather smartly in violet tones and a small at-

DOCTOR ANDERSON

Concluding
the
Romantic
2-part
Thriller
by
M. G.
Eberhart

SUSAN, a beautiful English girl, tells this story. She was seated in the dining-room of the luxurious hotel, the Surfledge, when she overheard Leslie Farish and his grandmother quarrelling over the old lady's red-headed secretary, Charmian Dale. "No more money and no more Charmian," she heard Mrs. Farish say.

She later hears that Mrs. Farish has been murdered, poisoned by some means while having a manicure.

Suspicion rests on Charmian, a suspicion which is strengthened when the police interview Leslie, Charmian, and a friend called John Todd at the hotel apartments.

Plummer, devoted maid to Mrs. Farish, slaps Charmian's face, and practically accuses her of murder.

"You were after her money, and making a fool of her grandson. It was an evil day when you came to her house," she says.

Susan sees Leslie looking hard at her. He has recognised her as the girl who sat near their table when his grandmother quarrelled with him.

Susan and Jim, a newspaper man, then leave the apartment.

Now read the concluding chapters.

There was, of course, a ten-minute interval which had no witnesses, and the possibility that Mrs. Farish had, during those mysterious moments between her departure from the hotel and her arrival at the manicure shop, met someone in the street who in some manner induced her to take poison was thoroughly explored. But here again the extraordinary quickness of the action of the poison presented a barrier. If she had taken it in the street she would not have lived to enter the shop.

So the papers said, and they were right. Susan got down some extremely fat and finely printed books which adorned three somewhat sinister shelves in her small library and read for hours, and her perplexity grew.

She sat there, cross-legged on the floor, staring at the carpet. The woman had to be given the poison in the manicure shop. And only the manicurist was near her. And Susan could not convince herself that the manicurist had done the murder.

And there were all those tangled and violent cross-currents in the Farish household. She had caught glimpses of murky, ugly depths, and those glimpses were strangely suggestive of further depths—depths which it was not good to explore and yet wherein, she was convinced, might lie motive for murder.

THERE was, however, little, if anything, said of the feeling between the elderly maid and the not-too-young secretary. And there was a bare mention of the fact that Leslie Farish was heir to his grandmother's not inconsiderable fortune, except for sizable bequests left to both Mrs. Plummer and Charmian Dale.

Susan, thinking of what she knew of Leslie's quarrel with his grandmother, searched for some mention of a pressing need for money on his part, but there was none. Either it was not generally known, or there was a definite and purposeful policy of secrecy.

And it was always possible that more than one person was involved in the crime.

Susan spent a restless day, unable to work, taking out the dog three times as much as usual, which was accepted with some-what surprised delight on his part, and when at home, listening subconsciously for the telephone bell. The queer little apprehension of personal danger, however, which had clutched at her at the moment when, meeting Leslie's opaque dark gaze, she had seen the flash of recognition, had, with the peace of her own small house, entirely left her.

She read late over an open fire, but midnight came and passed and still Jim did not telephone. She flung down her book finally and went to bed, and the dog curled up forbiddingly on the white rug beside the bed and stretched out very dirty paws and sighed luxuriously.

But she couldn't sleep for she was troubled, namelessly, about

Jim. And she was beginning to be haunted by a nagging little consciousness of a memory. Something very small and very trivial. Yet something that was like a very small chink in the wall of bafflement. Something that might, properly approached, let through the smallest ray of light.

She went back over that lunch she had witnessed, bit by bit and word by word and glance by glance. But she had gone over it a hundred times and there was nothing new, nothing she had forgotten and now remembered.

She did finally go to sleep, but the dog was unaccountably restless and about three o'clock woke her by pawing at her hand and whining. Susan, roused and a little nervous, wrapped herself in a dressing-gown and padded silently about the house, looking at doors and windows. The dog followed her and sniffed obligingly at window-sills, but appeared to have no focus for his anxiety, for he followed her at last back into her own room and sat down in the

middle of the rug and looked at her and whined again worriedly.

Another dog howling somewhere Susan reassured herself; and recalled rather chillingly the fact that a dog knows things which are denied merely human comprehension.

It was owing to having been roused at that cold, clear hour that quite suddenly Susan remembered

thing. Remembered bright red finger-nails drumming a white tablecloth. Remembered and considered swiftly and sat up and reached for the telephone.

But Jim did not answer.

And though she called the number repeatedly he still did not answer and the exchange grew enraged and weary.

Finally, Susan put the telephone slowly back on its cradle. It was, of course, nothing unusual for a newspaper man to be out at all hours. And her own impatient eagerness to tell him of that queer, errant little memory must wait. Anyway, it might mean nothing.

BUT she was still sleepless and uneasy. And she telephoned again at six o'clock in the black winter dawn and again at seven and again, prolongedly, at eight, and still could not discover Jim either at his digs or the office, or

desperately at last, at the most frequented of his few clubs.

At eight-fifteen she dressed hurriedly; grey tweeds, a crimson sweater, a handsomely tailored coat and a small grey hat. Her maid, observing certain signs of perturbation and dispatch, stood over her while she drank coffee and admonished her regarding thick shoes and probable snow for the morning sky was dull dark grey and the trees nearby were moaning.

It was nine when she backed out of her garage, and nine-twenty when she reached the outskirts of the city and the rush and clamor of traffic. But the traffic lights had been auspicious. So it was about nine-thirty when she entered the manicure shop not far from the Surfledge Hotel.

And asked for a manicure. "I'd like Miss Green to do it," said Susan to the black satin woman at the appointment desk.

"Miss Green?" Madame proprietor drew back and looked at her suspiciously. "Why do you want Miss Green?"

Her black eyes were extremely shrewd and Susan told the truth.

"I want to ask her some questions," she said. "I have no right to ask them. But they are very trivial questions, nothing that will in any way embarrass Miss Green."

"Questions about the murder?"

"Yes," said Susan simply. "Well, you can't see her," said Madame. The words were firm, but there was a kind of hesitation in her voice

opened. But then we didn't need her, goodness knows." She looked worried. "I hope this isn't going to affect my business permanently. All kinds of people have been in for shampoos. But nobody seems to want manicures."

There was a certain approval of Susan in her manner, and Susan noting it, lingered and, quite sincerely and honestly, sympathised. Could she, then, she asked presently, see the appointment book? Madame hesitated again, said rather uncertainly that she thought so, and Susan presently was studying a huge black book, opened at the date of the murder.

The name she sought, however, was not there. And it was only by dint of exhaustive questioning of Madame that she reached what might be a goal. For a Mrs. Dalrymple proved to have been a youngish woman, tall, with dark eyes and red hair and very smart clothing.

"Oh, yes," said Madame. "I remember her. It's my business to remember clients and, besides," said Madame naively, "she looked like money." She frowned. "That is, she did and

Susan and Jimmy, who bring the murderer to justice. Boothroyd has caught them seated in the hotel lounge cogitating on Charmian's part in the affair.



which gave Susan hope. "You can't see her. The poor girl's been ill. What with the shock of the thing in the first place and then being all but arrested for something she didn't know anything at all about—she was actually sick yesterday. Couldn't come to work at all."

"But she's here today?" asked Susan.

"Well," said Madame, still watching Susan. "She said she might be down. If she does come it'll be the first time since it hap-

she didn't. She didn't wear any jewels. And her coat looked like sable but it wasn't." With confidences Madame's somewhat overwhelming manner had regrettably lapsed.

"Did she have," asked Susan, above excitedly leaping pulses, "bright red polish put on her finger-nails?"

Madame couldn't remember. "But I'll tell you," she said unexpectedly, relenting. "You can ask Dorothy Green. She did her manicure. Look here's the time. At eleven o'clock that morning. You can ask Dorothy all about it," she said and added generously. "It and anything else you want to know."

Please turn to Next Page

THE TENTH Was DOCTOR ANDERSON

SUSAN, studying the appointment book again, was conscious of mixed feelings. Suppose Mrs. Dairymple did prove to be Charmian Dale; she had still visited the manicure shop at eleven o'clock that morning and there were, according to the book, at least three other manicures before Mrs. Farish arrived. And Mrs. Farish arrived alone. There was no getting round that.

On the other hand, if the Mrs. Dairymple proved actually to be Charmian Dale there were resultantly at least two conclusions. One was, naturally, that she had been there in the very shop where Mrs. Farish had met her mysterious death. It might mean nothing—merely that she'd had a manicure, which is not exactly incriminating—or it might mean a great deal although Susan, frowning, could not see exactly what.

But the other conclusion was definitely provocative and that was the assumed name. After all, an assumed name has only one interpretation; why, then, had Charmian Dale sought to hide her visit to the manicurist?

Always providing it proved to be Charmian Dale.

And it was. Dorothy Green, arriving shortly after and looking very pale and harassed, replied at first reluctantly and then with growing willingness to Susan's questions. Her willingness was largely induced, Susan thought, by a kind of irritation of fatigue.

"I've had," she told Susan irritably, "enough of this. At first all I wanted to do was keep out of it and keep my mouth shut. I said too much at the beginning.

Continued from Previous Page

Believe me, if anybody's been murdered I have nothing to do with it. But I'm sick and tired of all this inquiry. And it's—she wriggled slender shoulders uneasily under her snowy uniform—"it's getting on my nerves. Somebody did it all right, and it seems as if I'm the only one who was near the old lady. What's this stuff that killed her, anyway? Seems to be a sure and sudden death."

"It is," said Susan. "Very sudden. And very sure."

The girl looked at her unhappily.

"I'd hate to get a dose of it myself," she said.

"Yes," said Susan. "But you'd

hate to be arrested for murder, too."

"Gosh, yes," said Dorothy Green, with feeling. She eyed Susan warily. "Look here," she proposed. "Suppose I tell you anything you want to know. Anything that I know, I mean," she interpolated hastily. "If I do that, will you—well, help me out?"

"Of course, if there's anything I can do. I ought to tell you, though, that I can't do much. I mean I—really have no right to question you at all."

The girl looked at her shrewdly. "Well," she said. "You look honest. And it might be some little help to have you on my side. Now, what do you want to know? About this Miss Dale? Well, she was here all right. Calling her—

Old House Revisited

GHOSTLY shadows flit from room to room.
Little pale ghosts smile across the gloom
Of aeons; while a chalice brimmed with tears
Stands monument to strange and fateful years.

Across the pane the weaving shadows play.
Long grasses sigh and beckon me to stay
Awhile with Memory, still young and green.
Laughter, and Joy, still lingering unseen—

But fearful on the threshold still I stand,
Too much this place of memory doth demand;
And I am filled with numb and hopeless dread;
How can those years be happy—when they're dead?

—Christina Larsen.

self Mrs. Dairymple. And I gave her a manicure. But I didn't recognise her that afternoon in the old lady's suite at the hotel until she put her hands up over her face in that funny way. Then I knew who she was. You see, she had her hat on in the shop. And, anyway, I don't look much at people's faces when I'm doing a manicure. Their hands now—I never forget a hand. Especially one I've manicured. I can tell my own manicure anywhere."

"Oh," said Susan thoughtfully. A very queer sort of idea was taking hold of her. "Oh," she said again. "I see."

"Yes. Anything else?"

"Why, yes," said Susan briskly. "I want you to give me a manicure."

The girl stared and instantly recovered.

"Yes, ma'am," she said, and reached for her file.

The table where Mrs. Farish had sat. The little be-towelled cushion where she had spread her wrinkled old hands. Dorothy Green was arranging shining little instruments, filling four small cups of a flat marble container with different liquids.

"What's that?" said Susan, watching.

DOROTHY was pouring something red into one of the sections of the marble dish.

"This? It's cuticle oil," she said succinctly. "This powder is nail white; I mix it with water. This is peroxide. This is water. That's all I use. Except, of course, the polish itself which comes in all these little bottles. Some girls use a lot of different kinds of oils, but one good oil, a nail white powder, peroxide, and water to mix with the nail white is good enough for me."

She inspected Susan's nails minutely and shook her head in professional concern. "You've let 'em get a little dry," she said severely. "Do you want your cuticle cut?"

Susan roused.

"No," she said sharply. "No!"

The girl looked at her, looked longer, and then dropped Susan's hands and leaned over the table.

"Look here, madam, why don't you tell me what's on your mind?"

Susan said abruptly:

"Very well. First, exactly where were you in the manicure when Mrs. Farish died? What were you doing?"

"I'd just cut the cuticle and oiled her nails. No polish yet. Why?"

"When you are giving a manicure, how much of it is habit?"

The girl was puzzled.

"What?" she said.

"I mean," said Susan, "when you reach that little orange stick out for—oh, oil, or peroxide or whatever you want, do you always look carefully? I mean—it must be a matter of habit. After all, you do so many manicures—"

"Average of fifteen a day, six days out of the week, fifty weeks in the year, leaving out holidays, roughly four thousand five hundred a year," said the girl rapidly. She added: "Ten times four thousand five hundred is forty-five thousand finger-nails a year. Of course, I do it by habit. I'd go out of my head if I didn't."

Please turn to Next Page



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CREPE 7 TWENTY

by **Prestige**
7/11

SUSAN said "Oh!" Forty-five thousand finger-nails. She felt a little stunned, and it was difficult to abstract herself from the sheer mass of figures and the vistas they proclaimed. The girl helped her. "So what?" she said dryly.

"So if there had been anything different about, say, the cuticle oil, you might not have noticed it?" "What do you mean, different?"

"I mean about the color. Or shape. Or the amount of liquid. Or even the smell."

The girl hesitated. "I don't know. I work pretty fast. Know just where everything is on my table, reach for things without looking. I don't know. Unless there was a lot of difference, I wouldn't have seen it."

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The twelve distinct Herbs contained in Mother Seigel's Syrup have been known for generations as the finest possible corrective for Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Acidity and Flatulence.

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WANTED. RELATIVES OF DOUGLAS HOBKEN HARPER JAMES deceased and WILLIAM VERNON WILSON. Any descendants of FREDERICK JAMES, CHARLES ANDREW JAMES and EDWARD JAMES may be entitled to a share of property in England. All those were sons of Lieutenant Thomas James, R.N., of Cornwall, who died in 1857.

1. FREDERICK JAMES died at Port Augusta in 1878, married in South Australia Mary Ann Pennington of Hobart Town in 1861, and left four children: Elizabeth Ann who married in 1887 Frank Bush of Fozzies Town, South Australia; Emma Jane who married James O'Donnell; Harriet Frances Palmer who married O'Leary, and William Henry (youngest) born at Blouman, South Australia, in 1868 or 1869. The Mother after wards married James William Dock of Leigh Creek. Addresses in 1892: Harriet Springs, Leigh Creek and Belians, South Australia.

2. CHARLES ANDREW JAMES supposed unmarried, born 1840, formerly of Narracoote, South Australia, not heard of after 1894. 3. EDWARD JAMES born 1842, died about 1866 in Australia, having married and left one child, Thomas Henry Andrew Hobken James last mentioned in 1888.

IV. Rewards will be paid for proof of the death of any of these persons or the present whereabouts of them if living or of any descendants. V. Information also required of WILLIAM VERNON WILSON, a married, son of Captain Charles Pooley Wilson, a first cousin of Douglas James, not heard of since 1900 when he was in Melbourne. A reward will be paid for proof of his present address or date of death or whereabouts of widow or children, if any. All applications can be sent to Budd & Co., 31 Bedford Row, London, or Moule Hamilton & Deacon, at the Bank of Australasia Bldg., 394-396 Collins St., Melbourne. ***

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After suffering misery for many years and spending pounds in the vain hope of a cure, hundreds have been quickly relieved by the remarkable new formula for skin diseases discovered by the brilliant young chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., of Bondi, N.S.W., and praise his skill in glowing terms.

Typical of reports received is the following: "I had suffered from Eczema for over twenty-five years, and spent pounds visiting various specialists all over the world without finding relief. After being treated by you for just six weeks, I am at last completely cured."

Mr. Diamond has successfully treated by post as well as personally patients throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand for Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Boils, Pimples, Blisters, Pools (Tinea), Furunculosis, Varicose Ulcers, and other irritating and disfiguring skin complaints. Mr. Diamond has on file hundreds of letters from grateful patients. Readers are invited to write for a free diagnosis of their case, mentioning symptoms, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., Diamond's Pharmacy, 95W Hall Street, Six Ways, South Beach, N.S.W. ***

THE TENTH was DR. ANDERSON

Continued from Previous Page

"There wouldn't have been much difference," said Susan, rather grimly. "Another thing, do you leave the cups in this little marble dish full at night when you have finished, or do you empty them?" "Empty them," said the girl promptly.

"Why?" "Get dust in them or dry up. I just throw things down the drain."

"What did you do the night of Mrs. Farish's murder?"

"Well—" The girl was slow about replying. "Well, it was like this: We got an ambulance first. Did it straight away on account of other clients in the shop; then we telephoned the hotel, and this Leslie Farish came straight away and helped 'em carry her out. About fifteen minutes later somebody from the police called and wanted me and madame to come over to the hotel. So I—before I went—well, I knew I wouldn't be coming back till late, so I just cleaned up my table. She stopped and looked at Susan. "Habit." She paused again and concluded clinchingly: "Automatic, as it were."

Her eyes were very shrewd. Was it merely habit? Or had she already begun to suspect that something was wrong? There'd been fifteen minutes for her to consider it, to talk excitedly to the proprietor about it. And the girl, in spite of her youth, or because of it, had certainly a well-developed instinct for self-preservation. In any case it didn't matter. She had emptied and cleaned the small marble dish with its various little sections before the police had had a chance to explore it. And the contents had definitely gone down the drain.

"I suppose the police came round?" said Susan tentatively. The shrewd look in the girl's eyes deepened.

"You suppose right," she said. "But they didn't find anything that connected us with the murder. There wasn't anything to find." She didn't add: "I saw to that."

Susan leaned again over the table. Madame, beyond the little curtained booth, was talking dully over the telephone. The other girls in the shop were arriving and chattering like so many birds.

"Susan said: 'I want to ask you about the cut on Mrs. Farish's hand. On what finger was it?'"

Dorothy Green caught her breath and went almost chalk-white. "Tell me!" said Susan, urgently.

"How did you know it?" asked the girl. "Have you been talking to the police?"

So the police had found it! And there was a cut!

"No—did they question you about it?"

"Did they question me about it?" repeated the girl with scorn. "I should think they did. But I didn't know anything about it. And I don't know anything about it. I told 'em it must have got there while they were carrying her to the stretcher or something."

"Didn't Mrs. Farish tell you it was done by her maid?"

"That's the old woman that slapped Miss Dale?"

"YES. Her hands are very twisted and, I suppose, clumsy from rheumatism. The last time she did Mrs. Farish's manicure something happened—I suppose the cuticle knife slipped. At any rate, Mrs. Farish resolved to get her manicure somewhere else. I expect that's really why she came down to the shop instead of having a manicurist sent up to her room—I mean, in order not to hurt Mrs. Plummer's feelings. She seems to have been devoted to Mrs. Farish."

Suspicion and something else struggled in the girl's knowing eyes. The something else conquered. The something else said all at once:

"You win. You're right about it—that's exactly what she said. But I wasn't going to tell the police—I was doing the manicure? I'm too likely a candidate for the murderer as it is. And this was a deep cut, too."

"Yes, it must have been," said Susan. "Down to the subcutaneous tissue, anyway. Where living cells would absorb. And, of course, the murderer knew about it and decided to take advantage of the opportunity. Go on."

"Well, I had a few minutes to think about the thing. And I decided what people didn't know wouldn't hurt me. But you—"

She looked long at Susan and shrugged her shoulders. "Anything else?"

And there was something else. Something so important and so vital that without it the string of evidence that she had so tensely knitted together would be absolutely useless.

"Yes," said Susan soberly. "And it's terribly important. Who had a manicure at your table directly before Mrs. Farish?"

The girl looked worried. "I'll look at the appointment book. I can't remember."

Her white skirts rattled and vanished. Then she was back again—with the large black book.

Please turn to Page 36

Facial Hairs PERMANENTLY REMOVED

The gravest defect in a woman's appearance is undoubtedly the growth of face hairs. Women so afflicted often develop an inferiority complex—dread meeting friends and eventually lose interest in their personal appearance.

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T-O-N-I-G-H-T—just before you go to bed—drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine". See how it soothes the nerves and promotes that physical repose which quickly leads to sound, restful sleep.

Then, in the morning, when you awake feeling gloriously alive... brimming over with energy... look in the mirror. There you will see The "Ovaltine" Smile. It is the radiant smile which springs from that perfect physical fitness and vitality which helps you through the hardest day.

"Ovaltine" not only makes sound sleep sure, it also nourishes the body and restores strength and energy while you sleep. Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" contains every nutritive element required for building up body, brain and nerves.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupfuls, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover the cost of packing and postage. See address below.

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Small Size	Medium Size	Large Size
4½oz. 1/9	9oz. 2/10	18oz. 5/-

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Continued from
Page 35

Stop Constipation

HELP STOMACH AND BOWELS

Constipation—called the Mother of Disease—is at last being successfully treated in a new way that is safe, natural and unusually simple. Specialists have traced the primary cause of Constipation to the condition known as self-poisoning, i.e., a sluggish colon. Modern foods which frequently lack roughage, vitamins and essential minerals fail to give the bowels sufficient exercise. As a result of this inactivity, the colon (large intestine) fails to pass out of the body all the food refuse left over from digestion. Fragments of food waste are absorbed on the colon walls—much as rust accumulates on a water pipe—and there decay. The colon becomes more irritable and inactive. Poisons develop from decaying accumulated matter and are absorbed into the blood stream. These poisons circulating in the blood cause headache, depression, bloating, indigestion and hosts of other disturbing symptoms experienced by sufferers from Constipation.

To get rid of Constipation you must first remove the accumulated waste matter on the colon. The walls of the colon have become semi-rigid because of this "human-rat" deposit. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, leaving the upper part unaffected.

Be drink warm water and "Coloseptin" every morning. This simple plan cleanses the accumulated waste from the colon, tones up the walls, giving them back their normal movement. It corrects all acid conditions in the stomach and bowels. "Coloseptin" also stimulates the actions of the pores of the skin and the lungs—vital organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Once the colon has been restored to normal activity, you will be able to get full benefits from your food with a consequent gain in health, strength and vitality. Stop Constipation—the basic cause of 85% of disease—take "Coloseptin." At chemists—individual size, 2/6; Economy size, 5/6.

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"It's queer," she said, "but it was a woman who asked for me. Her name's Miss Ada Waters in the book, and she asked for me and I had never maniaured her in my life before. And here's another funny thing: when Miss Dale telephoned to make an appointment for Mrs. Farish she asked for Dorothy Green. Look—here it is in the book. Mrs. Farish, 3 o'clock, wants D.G. But, of course, Mrs. Farish didn't telephone herself. Miss Dale said she did it, remember."

Susan remembered. "What about this Miss Waters? What did she look like?" She tried to keep the tense anxiety out of her voice. But Dorothy Green felt it. She gave Susan one sharp look and shut her eyes in an effort to remember.

"I can't remember exactly—but I believe she was rather big; not very, though. A heavy face with big features. But I can't remember anything very clear about her. Except that she was made up a lot. I do remember that."

"Was it Plummer?"

Dorothy opened her eyes.

Susan's heart leaped.

"Her hands!" she cried. "They are old and the joints are swollen. Do you remember?"

To her surprise the girl did not answer at once, and when she did reply it was evasively.

"I don't know," she said, avoiding Susan's gaze. "I can't remember."

Susan rose.

"Get your hat and coat, Miss Green," she said exultantly. "You're coming with me."

Dorothy looked at her, flushed a little and rather unexpectantly capitulated.

"All right," she said. "But look here, you will look after me."

Madame, pop-eyed, approved. Susan paused at the desk to try again to get Jim on the telephone and again failed.

"He's able-bodied, he's not altogether without brains, he usually knows exactly what he's doing. No need for me to get upset because he's off on some story."

"What's that?" said Dorothy Green, looking at her curiously, and Susan roused to the fact that she was strolling along the street in the full light of day, muttering.

"Nothing," she said. "That is, something I can't help."

THE TENTH was DR. ANDERSON

But she was uneasy. No use denying it. Jim didn't as a rule vanish so conclusively. Especially not with murder in the offing. She didn't like it. And she needed him.

They turned in at the Surridge and Dorothy Green looked worried, but stayed with her. At the desk Susan inquired for Charmian Dale.

"Miss Dale is not seeing anyone," said the clerk.

Dorothy Green touched Susan's arm.

"Do you really want to see her?"

"Yes. Very much."

The girl's eyes questioned, decided. She turned to the clerk.

"Will you please tell Miss Dale that Dorothy Green wants to see Mrs. Dalrymple?" She looked back at Susan and nodded briskly. "She'll see us."

And she would, though there was a queer sort of silence at the end of the telephone for an instant or two.

It was Dorothy who knocked briskly at the door.

Charmian Dale herself opened it. "Come in," she said sweetly, and then saw Susan.

"My friend," said Dorothy Green, not at all mendaciously, and saw to it that Susan entered the room in front of her.

But Charmian was not alone in the room. And she had very quietly turned the key of the door and had it clasped in her hand before Susan realised what she had done. For Leslie was there, too.

HIS thin smile tightened when he saw Susan. Then he looked at Charmian.

"You've got more than you intended," he said. "This is the woman at the lunch table. The woman, I suppose, who gave the reporter all his fine information about my private affairs."

The reporter, Jim? Susan felt something tighten round her throat.

Dorothy whirled round towards Charmian Dale.

"Unlock that door," she snapped. Charmian did not even look at her.

"The question is," she was saying coolly to Leslie, "what shall we do with them? After all—there are difficulties."

Leslie's sallow, smooth face did not change, but he was obliged to admit with the most blood-chilling calm that there were difficulties.

"Two of them," he said indelicately. "I don't know, Charmian. It might have been a mistake about the reporter."

"Well, we had to do something," said Charmian swiftly. "Give me your revolver."

"Look out, Charmian. Don't do anything—"

"Give it to me."

He did so. It was small and blunt and shone blue-black. Dorothy Green's eyes glittered, but Susan, surprisingly, was not so much frightened as she was perplexed. For there was something about the scene that did not ring true. Something theatrical and melodramatic and false. Something deliberate, as if it had been planned to impress somebody. And it focused somehow round Charmian—Charmian openly threatening where it was not really necessary, Charmian snatching actually a gun and turning it on them. Why was she staging that curiously artificial little scene? Was it really to impress Dorothy Green and Susan? Or was there another, deeper reason? Charmian said:

"Look here, you two. You think you've got evidence. Well, you haven't, understand? You—"

"Don't point that thing at me," said Dorothy suddenly.

Charmian's hand steadied and she laughed.

"I'll point it as I—," she began, and Dorothy summed up her impression of Charmian in one short refreshing word, and leaped.

Susan, infected, leaped too. There was nothing else to do, and she reached Charmian before Leslie got there. And Dorothy's hands on Charmian's wrists were strong, and quite unexpectedly Susan had the revolver in her own hands. She backed away, and Dorothy released Charmian and laughed. Laughed and looked past Susan, and the laugh became suddenly soundless.

And before Susan could move or

turn the revolver was wrenched out of her hand and John Todd looked at it and slipped it into his pocket.

"Tut, tut," he said lazily. "Guns?"

Charmian relaxed. Leslie said: "Glad you came in just then, John. These young ladies were a bit hysterical."

"Yes, I heard," said Todd. "I was in the next room. Where's Plummer?"

"On an errand," said Charmian. "A long one."

TODD'S worried blue eyes went from Susan to Leslie; he crossed to him and put a hand on his slender shoulder.

"Look here, Leslie. I've been telling you all along what I thought you ought to do. Do you believe it now? We don't think you murdered Mrs. Farish. But there's an awful lot of evidence floating round that is pretty incriminating. old son. Why don't you get out till things have a chance to clear up? You've got money."

Charmian said urgently: "He's right, Leslie. Give things a chance to settle down. It's too dangerous for you."

It was just then that Dorothy, beside Susan, uttered a sound. A queer, strangled sound which she turned into an unconvincing cough. Susan heard it and turned and Charmian looked at Dorothy and said:

"It won't do any good to scream." Dorothy said nothing but looked very white and strange and Leslie said hesitatingly:

"It'd look bad if I ran away."

"Well, it's your neck," said Todd. "Meanwhile, what are we going to do with—?" He jerked his head towards Susan and Dorothy.

"After all, this is a fairly public place."

"There wasn't," said Leslie, looking annoyed, "really any need for them to hear all this. Or to threaten them."

Please turn to Page 38

WAS THIS ENGAGEMENT TO BE BROKEN, TOO?

This is a True "B.O." Experience



JESSIE WAS A TERRIBLY ATTRACTIVE GIRL (THE LETTER BEGINS). SEVERAL TIMES SHE WAS ENGAGED TO PROMISING YOUNG MEN. BUT HER ROMANCES HAD SHORT LIVES.



I ASKED HER MOST RECENT FIANCE, TOM, WHAT WAS WRONG. "JESSIE HAS EVERYTHING TO BE DESIRED, IN A WOMAN, EXCEPT JUST ONE THING," HE SAID, "AND I CAN'T TALK TO HER ABOUT THAT."



I COULD, AND DID! I TOLD HER ALL ABOUT LIFEBOUY AND HOW ITS PURIFYING LATHER PROTECTS AGAINST "B.O."



I KNOW SHE TOOK MY ADVICE AND BATHED REGULARLY IN THE DEEP-CLEANSING, REFRESHING LATHER OF LIFEBOUY



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A fine clear complexion is another grand aid to romance. Keep your skin fresh, radiant, lovely with Lifebovy. It cleanses more deeply, more gently... removes those pore-clogging impurities that coarsen the skin.

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LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

120-150 TUBES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That massive watches are the fashion? Jean Main wears a square enamel model, which is suspended from a colored riband and brooch.

At Man-o'-War Steps

TWO cars, one closed and one with open hood, were drawn up near Man-o'-War Steps on Thursday awaiting the arrival of our new Governor. The doubtful weather was responsible for the precautionary measures as to transport. As the sun came out at the moment of landing the open car had the honor.

Lady Wakehurst had to compromise with the weather, as did the official guests who came to meet her. Her summery frock and hat were offset with a silver fox fur. The beautiful frock was of paisley printed crepe—one of the first of this kind to be seen in Sydney.

Camera Shy

ONE glimpse of a camera is quite enough to make Sir Arthur Streeton disappear "like an Arab in the night." Looking surprisingly like a very early portrait of himself painted by Neril in 1892 the artist, with a wary eye on Press photographers, was present with Lady Streeton at the opening of the exhibition of his paintings at David Jones', George Street.

Contrary to the usual procedure there was no speechmaking to mark the occasion.

Gladys Moncrieff's after-theatre supper parties following first nights have become quite a tradition at the Theatre Royal. As usual, on Saturday this singing star received numbers of friends in her dressing-room.

Famous Godfather

WHEN Lady Kingsford Smith arrives in America next month she will spend some time with the Van Loon family. Henrik Van Loon, the famous author, who made a short stay in Sydney some years ago, is godfather to young Charles Kingsford Smith. Charles also numbers the golfing Joe Kirkwood among his friends, and when watching Joe practise some of his rick shots away from the ball recently, suggested that "Uncle Joe would do better if he came nearer the tee."

Charles junior already swings a nappy stick, and has a miniature set of clubs built specially for him.

Mrs. Fitz Evans has returned to her station home at Rylstone after long stay in Sydney, where she made her headquarters at Hampton Court.

Glamorous Party

MUSICAL Sydney has had little opportunity of hearing Fraser Coss's lovely baritone voice since his recent return from abroad. He is to take the baritone role in the performance of "The Music Master," a two-hundred-year-old operetta by Pergolesi.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly, who have organised the production, will have the first performance in their Darling Point home on April 27. All the staff will be in eighteenth century costumes for the occasion.

Mrs. Kelly's gown is being copied from a portrait by Nattier of one of Louis XV's daughters. The second performance will take place at the Savoy Theatre on April 29, and the resulting funds will help the Dante Alighieri Society.

Escort of Three

MRS. R. I. FURBER will have a strong escort on her forthcoming world-wide travels. She will be accompanied by her husband, Dr. Furber, and two sons, Bill and Jim. Bill will occupy his time in England by studying the finer points of the wool industry, and Jim, who is still a student at Cranbrook, had to go, too, to complete the family party.

The travellers will sail in the Monterey on April 30, and return by the Orion in October. Dr. Furber intends visiting many centres of medical learning in Europe, but the rest of the party have not made definite travel plans.

Grown For a Purpose

FOR many months prior to the marriage of his daughter Marjorie to David Sherwood, celebrated recently, Mr. W. G. Nielsen took the greatest care of the prize blooms of white flowers he grew specially for the wedding in his garden at Randwick. His efforts were rewarded, for when the day dawned there was an abundance of asters, dahlias, roses and orange blossom. Marjorie's girl friends made a wonderful success of decorating St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, in a style that could not have been bettered by professional florists.

Over from her home in Melbourne is Mrs. Pete Van Valsah, formerly Olive Dalzell, of Darling Point. She is the guest of her father at St. Canice while she is in town.

that it started her on a long, imaginative trek which has ended in a finished play.

"Half Way to Paradise" will be performed by the Players' Club this Saturday and the following Saturday night at the Savoy Theatre. A one-act play by Mrs. Sterling Levis will also be on the programme.

Appreciative Visitors

VERY regretful were the farewells made by Captain and Mrs. Jim Fairfax and their daughter Benita as they sailed by the Otranto on Saturday. Since arriving in Sydney the family have motored 1200 miles and have stayed with many friends on stations.

They are now en route to their home in Monte Carlo, but they hope to make a return visit to our shores at no far distant date.

Intriguing Fish

AN outsize fish with a large head and inquiring eye, mounted in a window at the New Zealand Tourist Bureau, was responsible for Nora Kelly writing the three-act comedy, "Half Way to Paradise." From the moment Nora saw the fish she found it so intriguing

Australian Film Star

JOY HOWARTH has already made her first appearance in an American film on a Sydney screen. "China Passage," in which she takes the leading feminine role, was shown last week to friends and relatives of the star in the R.K.O. Theatre. Joy, who is now known as Constance Worth, though glamorised by Hollywood grooming methods, still retains the natural charm that made her so popular with Australian film-goers.

A recent cable from Mrs. Howarth tells of the cocktail party to be held in her honor in Joy's new apartment. Many famous stars will be among those invited.

Young David Maddison, who gave a recital at the Conservatorium last night, is nothing if not methodical. He has mapped his day out to the last minute, and has such-like entries in his diary: "Two minutes to eight, shower; six minutes, past, dress."

Old Man Winter

THOUGH Old Man Winter in Bungendore is still only showing a glimmering of what he can do, Mrs. Bill Scott, a recent bride, finds the climate chilly. She came to town last week to purchase winter woollies in large quantities. While in town Mr. and Mrs. Scott were entertained at a jolly cocktail party at the Macquarie Club by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson.

Mrs. Gordon McKinnon, Mrs. Scott's mother, is spending a short holiday at Bungendore before being motored by her daughter to her home near June. Mother and daughter will attend the Wagga Cup meeting and the Cootamundra Picnic Races during the next few weeks.

Mrs. Colin Chisholm, of Khandah, Upper Murray, has been most undecided about the sea trip she intends to make. Honolulu and Noumea have been thought of, and now the traveller is contemplating a holiday in America.

Flowers For Conductor

IT is somewhat unusual for a conductor to be presented with flowers in Sydney, but it is a Continental custom, and Professor Schneevoigt, the recently-arrived Finnish musician, ordered a large sheaf of tuberose and red gladioli to be sent to Dr. Edgar Bainton. The presentation was made at the close of the Celebrity Orchestral Concert at the Town Hall last Thursday night.

Frank Hutchens received a splendid ovation at the finish of the concerto which he composed and performed.

Lady Gordon, Dr. Kocatakis, Lady Fairfax, Freddie Hyde, Mary Stevens and Mrs. Lionel Lawson were present.

Have You Noticed—

That Lady Wakehurst favors silver fox thickly scattered with white hairs? Fashions in silver fox vary as to the amount of white hair showing from season to season.



A CHARMING STUDY of a well-known country matron, Mrs. Sam Allen, of St. Peters, Tambar Springs, N.S.W., with her son and heir, Kenneth. Mrs. Allen was formerly Miss Barbara Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Reid, of Boggabri. —Dorothy Welding.





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In the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach. Insure your comfort in and out of business hours by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the handy pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

THE TENTH was DR. ANDERSON

Continued from Page 36

CHARMIAN shrugged her thick shoulders and said: "Well, there they are. I only want to protect you, Leslie. You do not realise your danger from them."

She said it in a matter-of-fact voice. But she looked at them, and there was something which was not at all matter-of-fact in her eyes. And quite suddenly the fact underlying all that talk bared itself and walked on silent feet among them, and that was murder. A silent, a crafty, and a particularly cruel and deliberate murder.

Quite suddenly, then, Susan was afraid.

She wished she hadn't come. She wished she hadn't brought the girl, Dorothy Green. She thought rapidly of many things, but most of all she wanted to know, acutely and with the most intense anxiety, what they were going to do. Perhaps it was because of that acuteness of desire that she felt, somehow, a divergence of opinion among them.

It was only a feeling based on nothing more tangible than the silence that had suddenly come upon them, as if none of them wished to be the first to speak. Leslie's sallow face was rigid below that gleaming black hair, his eyes looked opaque as if they had been veiled in a blue cloud; Charmian's thick jaws were tight and white as if the skin were stretched a little, her mouth made a red line and her eyes quite literally and actually had drawn closer together. Todd looked merely worried and his loose, good-natured mouth was indecisive.

After all, Susan told herself, they couldn't exactly murder two able-bodied women in cold blood in the middle of a great and busy hotel; and at the same time thought fleetingly of old Mrs. Farish, with her wrinkled face and her majestic air, who had been very cruelly and very efficiently murdered.

Leslie said: "Let's put 'em in another room—give us time to decide."

CHARMIAN interrupted: "You're taking your life in your hands, Leslie, if you let them go."

"Look here," said Leslie suddenly. "You all behave as if I had really murdered her."

There was another strange, packed silence. Then Todd said slowly: "Well, didn't you?"

The long shrill sound of the ringing of a telephone released them—or rather didn't release so much as it interrupted. Leslie said violently:

"Hell, no! Answer the telephone, Todd."

Todd shrugged his shoulders and lifted the telephone. And Susan instinctively measured the distance to the instrument.

"Hello—hello—" said Todd, and listened. "It's that dash reporter," he said in an aside to Leslie. And then into the telephone: "No, I tell you. Positively not. He's not here. He's gone—I tell you Mr. Farish has gone. I don't know—"

Charmian was listening. Leslie was listening. Susan reached the telephone in one swift step and screamed "Jim!" once, with all the strength in her lungs.

For all his lazy, awkward look, John Todd was quick. The telephone clicked and Susan was flung backwards and Charmian gripped her arms from behind, and Susan was painfully aware of the woman's hot breath on the back of her neck.

"Did he hear? What now—get her out of the way—if he did he'll be up—is that his name?—yes, I should think so." Out of it came Charmian's voice, very low and somehow eager: "Let me deal with this; I'll see to her. Let me."

Todd assumed generalship. "Get her into one of the bedrooms and lock the door. But the other girl with her. They can't search the place without police. It's only the reporter. Let him come. If he shows fight, why—we can do something." His blue eyes were suddenly very light and strange with fine black pupils like pin-points.

There was no use resisting. Dorothy Green realised it, too; but then Dorothy Green had been very

white and silent and strangely passive.

Susan turned, head up; at least she would not be dragged out of that room. But as she turned someone knocked on the door from the corridor; knocked and thunderously called out, and it was Jim. Jim who, cannily, as he told Susan later, had telephoned not from the hall floor but from the phone opposite the lift on the floor itself. And who, with equal calmness, had provided himself with backing in the persons of three page-boys and one policeman.

He knocked and shouted, and Charmian and John Todd froze and Leslie went a faint, queer green under his salowness, and whirled and ran to the windows and looked down—and then clutched at the curtains and shrank back. Charmian cried: "Stop him, Todd!" but neither Charmian nor Todd moved to do so until Todd said: "I'll have to let them in. It's too late; I told you to get out, Leslie."

"Don't let him jump!" cried Dorothy Green suddenly, and then Todd had opened the door and Jim and the policeman and page-boys were in the room, and in the pandemonium Dorothy Green herself had clutched Leslie's arms and was hanging to them, shrieking: "Don't let him jump! Don't let him jump!"

Please turn to Page 43

Kidneys must clean acids from your blood

Dr. W. R. GEORGE
Former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis

Your System is Poisoned

And May Cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, and a Run-Down Condition.

Your health, vitality and energy are extremely dependent upon the proper functioning of your kidneys. This is easy to understand when you learn that each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 45 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, night and day. Nature provides this method of removing acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood.

Causes Many Ills

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Most people do not realize that the kidneys probably are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are debilitated, run-down, nervous, tired, and worn-out because of poorly functioning kidneys."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly, you are likely to develop approximately 3 points of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly, but surely, your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down and worn out.

Many other troublesome and painful symptoms are caused by Kidney and Bladder troubles, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disinfection, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Rheumatism, Swollen Joints, Circles Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching, Smarting and Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in over fifty-one countries throughout the world think that the proper way to help kidney functions is with the modern, up-to-date Doctor's prescription, Cystex, because it is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the United States and British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys as a

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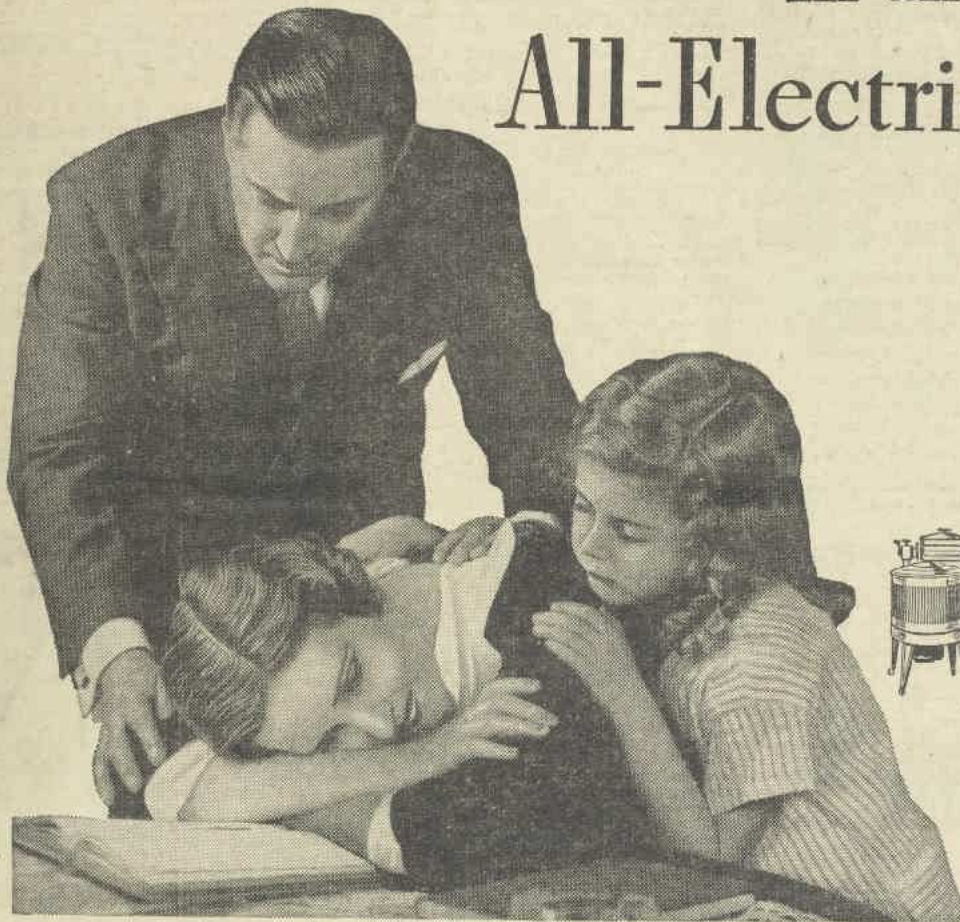
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Coolangatta

COOLANGATTA, where you surf all the year round. The perfect winter resort which can be reached by various routes. The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will be glad to give you full details of special inclusive holidays in this ideal spot, where every month is springtime. Tell us the date of your holiday. Let us plan your trip.

Cruises

WRITE us re cruises averaging 12 days available on Aug. 20 (Pill), Aug. 26 (N. Guinea), Oct. 21 and Nov. 12 (N.Z.), Dec. 24 (Noumea). Prices are from £13/13/-.

DON'T DELAY—PLAN WELL AHEAD.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel.: MA 4496

Lovely Lord Howe

THERE'S some magic about this easily-accessible island which takes visitors there year after year. Less than two days' sail, nevertheless, you are transported into another world. The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau can arrange your holiday (including fares) from £10/18/- with 5 days on island, or £14, with a whole fortnight on island. But you must apply early to make sure of your accommodation. Sailing dates, June 25 (5 days on island); July 8 (14 days); Aug. 7 (5 days); Aug. 19 (14 days).

Adelaide by Boat and Car

THIS is a most comprehensive and unusual trip. Leave Sydney by boat and disembark at Melbourne, when, after a full day, you travel by comfortable car to Adelaide, taking four days, and going via the great Ocean Road, and Lorne, Apollo Bay, historic Portland, quiet Port Fairy, Mount Gambier, with its hot-springs, Blue Lake, in the crater of an extinct volcano, and Robe. A full week in Adelaide at a fine hotel, and then boat to Sydney via Melbourne. Seventeen days in all, and the INCLUSIVE price is £19/15/6.

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES A Payten-ted System For Winning At Warwick

By BETTY GEE

The only way they could beat my tradesmen's tips at the Farm on Saturday was to scratch them.

I only had Mohican running of all last week's whippers, and he was beaten a half-head; but the bookies didn't have it all their own way.

I found out in time that all you have to do to win money at a Warwick Farm race meeting is to back Bailey Payten's horses.

HIS won 11 there in the last three months, and he had two on Saturday, Auditor and Kinsfolk. And what's still better about his horses is that they don't start at remnant throwout prices.

No cheap bargain lines about Bailey Payten, believe me.

He's the youngest of the Randwick trainers. He's had a University education, and he's nice. He must be a good trainer, too. He gets the results, and all the swells give him their horses from Chairman Sir Colin Stephen down. What more could you want?

Last Warwick Farm meeting I told you a sure way to make your Warwick Farm meetings profitable. Miss those first races, the novices and maidens, and come in later for the kill. You know, money saved is money won—on the racecourse. My new rule was right on Saturday. We lunched in town, missed the road-rush, and arrived in time to find outsiders had won both the Hurdle and the Maiden.

Boring Hurdles

At least April Fire was a comparative outsider, backed from 8's to 4's, but there were only three backed in a field of five. Everybody asks why don't they drop hurdles?

Certainly nobody's interested in them. But they keep a few poor jockeys going. Most people go to lunch while they're on. So they're like the orchestra at a theatre while everybody's out for the interval.

I got fockicking about just in time to ferret out a tip on Auditor for the Nursery. I saw a man put £200 on it. Just imagine, girls, £200. What a day's shopping you could do with that. That made me look at the racebook, and, of course, it was Bailey Payten's, so I had £7 to £2, and after Auditor had given us a thrill by dropping right out of it at the turn, he put in a Phar Lap finish, and won in a cakewalk.

Mr. Vic White is always springing something good at the races, and when he told me his horse, Spread-eagle, would win the Novice for him, I held my little touque on and ran for the betting ring. Eighty I got, £16 to £2.

Saw Money Lost

Well, I had a nice close sight for my money as the old Diabards of the Turf say. Because, although there were only seven in the field, Jockey Hanley brought Spread-eagle round four of them coming into the straight, and as he passed the judge's side of the course he was almost near enough to shake hands with.

Of course, letting them all through the gaps on the inside did Spread-eagle no good, and Fountain and Dan Dee put him into third place.

I backed three in the Denham Court Handicap, and it was a shocking result. One pound went on Moonray, one on Bonnie Legion, and, of course, one on Bailey Payten's candidate, Cligout. Not one of them finished in a place, and old Goorka scored at 20 to 1.



THERE'S NO walking back to the city with Betty's new Warwick Farm system.

Said I to myself, "Old girl, your judgment needs the vacuum cleaner run over it."

But don't you call me "Old Girl." I put £1 on Kinsfolk in the next race, the April Handicap (Bailey Payten's), and £1 on Soft Step, and they ran first and second.

But on chewing the thing over, I asked myself why I had expected anything to beat a Payten product at Warwick Farm, and it steered me to the conclusion that, perhaps, after all, I could do with a shampoo that would go in deeper than the hair, and furnish up the old grey matter, just a little.

And here's something I didn't tell you. I was keeping it for a surprise after it had won.

Missed the Double

I took £1's worth of Kinsfolk and Mohican for the double at 40 to 1, and when it came to the last race, I felt Mohican was already past the post. But just in case he wasn't, I spread a couple of pound bets on Bark at 6 to 1, and the favorite Yerraple at 6/1, and had the satisfaction of seeing Yerraple rushed in the betting and start at 7 to 2.

But a lot of good all that scheming did me. Mohican had his head in front everywhere but the judge's box, and then Loloena stuck his out a matter of another eighth of an inch and won it by a quarter of a whisker. And down went my £40 double.

Of course I came out of Warwick Farm ahead of it, thanks to Bailey Payten, but imagine what I could have done with that forty, and the winter dress fabrics just opened up.

However, let's turn to the future. Split milk and split doubles are not worth crying over too long.

Keep your ear cocked for Musician at Ascot on Wednesday. The races next Saturday are at Kensington, such a funny little course just across the road from Randwick. They haven't even taken the entries (at time of writing), so the tips I've had are inclined to be little stubs in the dark; but one I got direct from the horse's nostrils was Prince's Son.

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Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS
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For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liverishness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and unhealthily fat. Get Pinkettes to-day. 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.***

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laziness and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They cut these 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the picture of a man on the wrapper. The real label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/4 household size 1/2. Resent a substitute.

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Junior C.W.A. in High Schools

Movement Awaits Govt. Approval

A scheme to form a Junior Country Women's Association among high school girls has been mooted by the principal of the Forbes Intermediate High School.

It is hoped in time to make the idea nation-wide, and its work one of great educational and social value.

THE idea is that the Junior C.W.A. should be an extra-curricular activity of High Schools, to give the girls a link between school life and the world of women's activities. Girls are eligible to join between the ages of 12 and 16.

The State president of the C.W.A. Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E., keenly favors the idea. Permission to form these Junior branches in schools has



MISS ROBERTA NOSEDA, well-known Melbourne actress, appearing at the first Queen Elizabeth in the "Pageant of Empire," at the Conservatorium on April 29, 30, and May 1. Proceeds will aid the Dr. Barnardo Homes.

yet to be obtained from the Minister for Education, and Forbes has its organisation ready when approval is given.

Apart from formal general control by the school principal, who has nominated a lady-teacher as assessor, Miss C. Cameron, B.A., to advise the members, the suggested J.C.W.A. branch at Forbes (where the idea originated) is autonomous.

It has rules similar to those of the C.W.A., with a president, Miss Marie Murphy, secretary, Miss Doreen O'Connell, and other officers democratically elected. The Association objects are those of the C.W.A., modified to suit girls and the locality in which the branch is situated.

Forbes has for its ideal general welfare work: To welcome and make new girls "feel at home," visit sick girls and their sick female relations in the home or hospital; visit female wards in Forbes Hospital and provide "cheer," assist, periodically, in local C.W.A. and Baby Health Centre work; and give annual help to hospital, ambulance and Baby Health centre.

A small annual fee of 6d. will cover cost of a neatly designed badge that combines the C.W.A. and the school monogram and colors. Committees will be chosen in frequent rotation to visit at convenient times the hospital with flowers, books, cake and sweets; to assist the C.W.A. members at their functions; and help the Baby Health Centre sister.

At the monthly meetings, lecturers and demonstrators in matters concerning women and girls will be asked to entertain and educate the members.

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THE TENTH was DR. ANDERSON

Continued from Page 38

SOMEONE — the policeman — went to help her. John Todd was blustering; Charman had sunk into sullen, angry silence. Jim gave Susan one look and Dorothy Green shrieked: "Don't let him jump! He didn't murder her! He didn't murder her!" And then, looking at Susan and in a sudden silence she said: "You were right, Miss Ada Waters was the name. Ada Waters. But her hands belong to that man. I know. I manicured them. He was the woman that put the poison in my peroxide cup." She was pointing at John Todd.

Jim's shining, knowing eyes went again to Susan, and Susan gave him the assurance he sought: "Yes, that's what she means."

Jim turned to the policeman. There was again a sudden silence of complete confusion. Jim said: "He's the man all right. I told you — and this girl has confirmed it."

"But—" said the policeman, looking at Leslie unsteadily.

Jim said: "We'll give you all the evidence you want. But in the meantime I think you'd better—"

The policeman did not need advice. And John Todd, awkward, shambling, pale, looked queerly down at his wrists and gave one strange, high-pitched laugh.

JIM was jubilant. He looked at Susan across the lunch table and ate largely and said:

"Susan, I adore you. I had the motive. I had one or two scraps of evidence. But I hadn't one single shred of proof. I was going to stir them up, try to get admissions. Had been trying to all the morning and they wouldn't see me. And there you were waiting for me—with the evidence." He looked at Dorothy Green and said generously: "I adore you, too."

Susan said nothing. It was very good to sit in warm safety and listen.

Jim went on because he was Irish and gay and had to talk.

"You see, it was motives. Leslie evidently was the only one to profit very greatly from Mrs. Farish's death, and you had told me that they quarrelled over money. And over Charman. Well, I couldn't get a line on Leslie here so I went to the jabs, he's attending. Spent hours on the train each way and did manage by much talking and inquiry to dig up two facts. One was that Leslie Farish and John Todd roomed together and that they both bedded rather heavily. And that Leslie had a rich grandmother, and that John Todd had nothing, yet Todd always seemed to be in clover so far as money went. Nobody said that Todd mulcted young Farish. Nobody said there was anything crooked. But still Todd managed to win at the races. And, of course, they all said Todd was clever; versatile, quick (both of 'em were doing graduate work in research chemistry, so either of them knew something of poisons and had access to them). But Todd became just a little too clever when somebody said how awfully good he'd been in the Mask Club play. 'Good?' says I. 'Wonderful,' says they. 'Best female impersonator in the club.' Jim paused and ate with the greatest satisfaction.

"He was," said Dorothy Green. "He was wonderful. Big hands, but I never thought of them belonging to a man until—" She stopped and said eagerly: "Go on."

"Well," said Jim with false aliveness: "Things began to add up; Leslie wants money and Mrs. Farish doesn't want to give it to him. Money dealings between John Todd and Leslie open to question. Todd does female impersonations. Murder done in manicure shop; poison somehow had to be administered through medium of shop. Yet very sharp-eyed young woman"—he bowed to Dorothy Green—"falls to recognise any of people most likely to be involved in crime. Answer comes there; disguise. But," said Jim honestly and soberly, "it was only enough to inquire about."

Dorothy Green said musingly: "So he owed John Todd money and Todd couldn't get it, and couldn't work him for more because Mrs. Farish said no. So he and this Miss Dale got together and arranged it so that Mrs. Farish dies and Leslie comes into money. Then they both fleece him."

"Right, Miss Green," said Jim.

"Besides terrifying him till he nearly went out of the window. He looked like death when Miss Dale was throwing the revolver round and saying wasn't it terrible, and he was in danger and they'd better shoot us." Dorothy Green put out a slender hand for an olive.

"What'd she come to the shop in the morning for—to get the lay-out? I don't like her. And I don't like that John Todd. When I think how quick he was—" she brooded and turned to Susan. "Know how he got the poison into the peroxide cup? He asked me to change a pound note; and me, thinking it was for tips, went out to the desk and got change. And while I was out of the cubicle he must have put the poison in the cup. And then Mrs. Farish, she says, look out for the cut on my finger and, of

course, I put peroxide on it; we always do for fear of infection. And"—she added moodily—"with that pound's worth of change he gave me sixpence for a tip."

She ate another olive and said: "You two are very queer. You just looked at each other up there when things were happening. Looked as if you said a lot of things and still you didn't." She looked at her watch and said: "Oh, I must go."

They said good-bye, liking her. Jim looked at Susan and Susan looked at Jim.

Susan said tensely: "Where were you last night?"

Jim grinned: "Can this be dawn- ing appreciation of my charm?"

"About three o'clock?"

"I was asleep on the train on my way back to town."

"Oh," said Susan. "Ah!"

"What's wrong? There's a glitter in your eye that bodes no good."

"I was only," said Susan darkly, "thinking about my dog."

Jim was in an unaccountably expansive mood. "Funny thing," he said, "how much dogs know. Man was telling me about a dog he had —"

"Very funny," said Susan sweetly. "But another time. Jim — next time you vanish you might just leave word somewhere."

Jim stared and leaned over the table and looked amused and rather flattered:

"Sussie! You don't mean to say you were worried about me!"

"Worried!" Susan said crushingly. "Not in the very faintest degree."

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"Well, I met with an accident about six months ago, and was in hospital but only one week. The doctor at the hospital that treated me happened to be the very same one that treated me for nervous dyspepsia about six years ago. Well, this doctor, a very clever one, was interested and was anxious to know how my dyspepsia was. He examined my stomach and found there was very little, if anything, wrong with it. I got him to examine my stomach again just before I left the hospital, as I could hardly believe it. I had got so used to having this bad stomach for so many years I thought there was certainly no cure for me. . . . I am exceedingly pleased and thankful, for which I have great reason, to Clements Tonic."—(Mr.) F.W., Angaston, S.A. 28th September, 1936.

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AUSTRALIAN NOVELIST who mixes Law and LITERATURE

Versatility of Ernest Wells

Mr. Ernest Wells, author of "Hemp," and other fine Australian novels, will be interviewed at the microphone at 2GB by Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly session on Thursday, April 15, at 11.45 a.m.

MR. WELLS first leapt into the literary limelight with the publication of his novel, "Hemp."

Glowing notices both in Australian and overseas magazines went to establish the opinion that in Mr. Wells Australia had discovered a writer of importance. Subsequent stories from his pen more than confirmed this impression.

Mr. Wells is another example of a brilliant man pursuing a double-barrelled career successfully.

When he is not busy writing novels he practises law. He is a keen and forceful speaker, and in his books a keen legal insight is brought to bear on character analysis, at which he excels.

Another aspect of this writer's

versatility is to be found in his delightful children's stories.

There is a whimsical Barrie-like quality about them which is as charming as it is unexpected, coming from the writer of a vigorous and forthright story like "Hemp," or the rollicking sense of adventure of "Dirk Spaanders," another of Mr. Wells' novels.

"I suppose I enjoyed writing 'Hemp' best because it was my first long novel of importance."

"I am tremendously interested in novel writing," said Mr. Wells. "I think our novelists are turning out stories equal to the world's best. They are ridding themselves slowly of early self-consciousness, and as a result their novels are of a much higher class."

Mr. Wells is a great believer in the old adage that genius "is the infinite capacity for taking pains." Before he sets out to write a novel his research is thorough in the extreme.

"When I was writing 'Hemp,'" said Mr. Wells, "I was almost a permanent resident at the Mitchell



ERNEST WELLS, Australian novelist, who will be interviewed by Dorothea Vautier from station 2GB during The Australian Women's Weekly session at 11.45 a.m. on Thursday, April 15.

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We are never without 'ASPRO' in our house, and it is always kept in the medicine chest, so it is always handy when needed. 'ASPRO' gave me great relief when I had all my teeth out, as I suffered great agony. I have tried Aspirin but needless to say that 'ASPRO' is best, and I have recommended it to many of my friends.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. V. RACHOW.

TFb/37.

Nicholas Pty Ltd

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, April 14:
11.45 a.m.—London Calling. 3.45 p.m.—The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, April 15: 11.45 a.m.—Interview with Ernest Wells. 2.45 p.m.—The Movie World.

FRIDAY, April 16: 11.45 a.m.—So They Say. 2.45 p.m.—Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, April 17: 6.15 p.m.—The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.—Miss Mabel Gibson, Australian musical comedy star.

SUNDAY, April 18: 4.30 p.m.—The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m.—Cavalcade of Variety.

MONDAY, April 19: 11.45 a.m.—People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.—Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, April 20: 11.45 a.m.—Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.—On With the Dance.

Library. That strange, indefinable something called atmosphere cannot be called up at will. You must go and seek it.

"I know of no better place than the Mitchell Library, where every facility is given a writer to get his atmosphere of the early days right to the utmost degree. It's a great help, this, to our novelists, and one that we all appreciate."

Boy Scouts' Songs And The Church

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

ARE Boy Scouts' songs vulgar? The "Church Times" says they are, and is demanding that a song-book be withdrawn.

It is claimed that songs about whoopee, dancing girls, stage doors, and corsets are "very poor verse and in even poorer taste."

"The sheer vulgarity that permeates one song-book makes a poor accompaniment to the professions of earnest idealism usually associated with Scouts," protests the "Church Times." "The songs appear to inculcate a view of womanhood which may be disastrous to the adolescent and show a taste that seems more fitted to the second-class music-hall of the last generation."

The reply of Sir James Leigh-Wood, treasurer to the Boy Scouts Association, was emphatic.

"Utter stuff and nonsense," he said. "The statement sounds as though it was made by someone who would find vulgarity and a demoralising influence in anything but a Band of Hope meeting."

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Here is a story of a young man who had given up hope of taking part in active sports with his fellows again. He tells how he tried one remedy after another and how finally a former sufferer put him on the way to recovery.

"Two years ago I started with pain in the feet which gradually got worse. I tried 'everything under the sun' but to no effect. Whilst waiting for treatment one evening, another patient advised me to try Kruschen Salts. That was twelve months ago; the relief was not sudden, but the pain and swelling gradually left my feet, and in six months I amazed my friends by taking long walks into the country. This year I have played a good deal of tennis, a thing which I had begun to think I should never do again."—C.W.

Most rheumatic pain and swelling is caused by an excess of uric acid accumulating in the body. Kruschen will quickly dissolve away the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all the trouble. It will also flush those dissolved crystals clean out of your system.

Those Odd Corners

Ways of furnishing such spaces attractively and of using them to add extra comfort to a room.

IN every home, especially in lounge-rooms, there are difficult corners, window recesses, odd spaces by fireplaces, or just ordinary corners that you do not know what to do with. None of the furniture you have really fits properly, nor is it suitable, so the corner just remains an annoying problem.

By
Our
Home
Decorator

INSTEAD of dismissing the matter, or just filling it with furniture that doesn't fit anyway, see if you can equip that space in some way so that it will be an asset to the room instead of a liability.

Often these odd recesses can be turned into the most comfortable part of a room and, in addition, add greatly to its attractive appearance.

In any case, whether you decide to use the corner for seating accommodation, for cupboards, for bookshelves, or for all three, you will find it is advisable usually to follow the shape of the particular space.

For instance, small tables, cupboards, the writing-desks, and even dressing-tables can be made in triangular shape, which looks most effective.

When the corner or recess is irregular in shape, then, of course, the furniture would need to follow the same lines to fit properly.

Several examples are shown in the pictures on this page.

In the illustration at the top an awkward corner is equipped with bookshelves on the wall and two divans placed one along either wall so they meet in the corner. The idea is simple, but what comfort it offers! Notice the attractive way the bookshelves are arranged—a set of three shelves on one wall and one which is also the back of the divan on the other.

The centre picture shows an exotic bedroom—too ambitious for most of us—but the charming window recess arrangement is worth adapting for similarly shaped rooms.



AN EXOTIC BEDROOM, in which the window recess furnishing is interesting. The attractive settee shaped in circular manner to fit the recess is upholstered to match the walls, and the edge is finished with deep fringe.



IDEAL FOR THE MAN'S ROOM or for a bachelor flat, a recess furnished with a built-in divan that can be used as a bed at night, and a couch in the daytime.

In this case the window bay is circular and a settee, upholstered to match the walls, has been made in the same circular shape so that it will fit flush under the window. The deep fringe edging the close fitting cover of the settee is a new note. It is also equipped with a long loose cushion as well as a number of small ones.

The curtains in this room are ivory voile, and the cream rug on

the felt-covered floor, soft sheepskin.

The dressing-table is entirely made of glass, with a lighting arrangement in either supporting pillar. The idea is certainly effective, but hardly practicable enough

for the average woman. The dressing-table mirror is attached to the wall, and extends to the ceiling.

In the lower picture we have a charming arrangement. It is ideal for a man's room or for a bachelor flat.



Bookshelves and divan turn this awkward corner into a comfortable one. It is in the home of the Warner Bros. film star, Dolores del Rio, who is shown in the picture with her favorite pet.

The recess at one end is furnished with a built-in divan which is used as a couch in the daytime and a bed at night. At either end of this recess bookshelves are fitted to the wall, making the corner look more inviting than ever.

These ideas, by the way, are not only useful for dealing with awkward corners and recesses, but ideal for very small rooms where space is an important factor.

Placing furniture to fit corners, or having pieces specially made, naturally saves space and looks much better than large, tall pieces of furniture that jut out into the room in an ungainly manner.

A window recess with a built-in

settee or divan provides extra accommodation, looks attractive, and proves generally more practical than the odd occasional table that is usually placed in such a corner, or the couch that is placed across it, leaving valuable unused space behind.

Keep the furnishing of such corners in harmony with the rest of the room, and, if possible, in the same color as the walls, which will add to the spacious appearance.

J.K.

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HOUSEWIVES Will Welcome These RECIPES

Prize-winning Entries In Our Weekly Competition

Here is a fanciful but interesting selection of new dishes for you this week. If you like something different these will especially appeal to you.

WHY not enter our weekly best recipe competition? It is a happy game of give-and-take with recipes as well as a splendid opportunity for housewives to make some extra pocket-money.

All you do is write out the nicest recipe you know, send it in to us, with name and address, written clearly, attached.

Select a recipe which has provoked the keenest admiration in your family circle.

Prizes awarded every week are £1 for first and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

CREAM BABAS

Six ounces flour, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon caster sugar, 1/2 oz. yeast, 3oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, few currants, cream.

For the Syrup: 6oz. sugar, 1 pint water, 3 or 4 dessertspoons rum to flavor.

Sift flour and salt into a mixing basin, put yeast into a small basin with sugar, and mix them till they liquefy. Melt butter, then take off the fire and add milk. If mixture is not lukewarm, heat slightly, then add to it the yeast. Strain this into flour, and mix ingredients to a smooth batter. Whisk up egg, add gradually to mixture. Beat all together. Cover basin and stand it in a warm place till batter has risen to twice its size. Meanwhile, grease some ring moulds, and scatter a few cleaned currants in base of each one.

When yeast batter is ready, half-fill prepared moulds, place on baking sheet, and let stand in a warm place till batter has risen sufficiently to fill moulds. Bake in a moderately hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

To make Syrup.—Put sugar and water into a pan and let sugar dissolve slowly. Boil until of a syrupy consistency (about eight minutes), then add rum to flavor.

When babas are cooked, turn out and place on dishes, pour hot syrup over, and let stand until they are well-soaked, keeping turned about and basted. Arrange on a dish, and fill centres with whipped cream, if liked, by forcing through an icing pump.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Hilda Edwards, s.s. Daisy, via Menindie, N.S.W.

SUBMARINES

Beat 1 egg with 1 tablespoon of sugar, add 4 tablespoons of milk. Then stir in one cup of flour in which is sifted 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon soda. Lastly, beat in 1 dessertspoon melted butter. Drop in small spoonfuls in boiling fat. To be eaten with warmed golden syrup or honey.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Thomas, Millmerran, Darling Downs, Qld.

HONEY BUBBLE THINS

Heat to boiling 1/2 cup strained honey, add and allow to melt in the honey 1/2 cup shortening, then add 1 cup sifted flour, 2-3 cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon each of almond and orange flavoring.

Stir until smooth and well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered tray, leave about 4 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes, until they darken a bit and bubble up well. If baked for any less time they will be chewy instead of crisp. Remove from oven and cool slightly on the tray until they can be loosened without gumming to the knife. Then roll on the handle of a wooden spoon or any round stick. Cool on a rack.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. E. Barker, Main Street, Glen-thompson, Vic.

COCOA BISCUITS

One egg, 5oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 3 level tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 5oz. sugar, essence vanilla.

Beat egg; sift flour, baking powder, cocoa and salt; cream butter and sugar, add egg gradually, keeping back a little for brushing over biscuits. Then add sifted flour, etc. Form into one lump, turn out on lightly floured board, knead slightly. Roll out very thinly, cut into finger lengths or into shapes with fancy cutters. Put on greased biscuit trays, brush over with egg. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Hollywood, W.A.

COFFEE SOUFFLE

One and a half cups coffee, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1oz. powdered gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 3 eggs, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Soak gelatine in water, then mix with coffee, milk, sugar, and salt. Cook in double boiler until gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly. Add beaten yolks of eggs, stir till thickened. Remove from fire, add whites beaten stiff and vanilla. When cold place in wet mould and chill. Turn out and serve with plain raw cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I.



Altman, 13 Clifton St., Prospect, S.A.

FIRELIGHTERS

Cover large baking tin with pastry, and spread with thin layer of golden syrup. Put 3oz. butter into a small bowl, put on stove to melt, add 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1/2oz. sugar, 1lb. quaker oats. Mix well together. Sprinkle thickly on prepared pastry. Cook thoroughly in slow oven till nicely browned. Cut into fingers and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Marie Emert, Syringa, 6 Eddy Road, Chatswood, N.S.W.

APPLE CAKE

One cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/2 cups hot cooked apples (stewed without sugar), 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2lb. raisins, few walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar. Dissolve soda in hot apples, beat to a froth, add butter and sugar, and add other ingredients, lastly adding flour. Bake about one hour in moderate oven, let oven cool off when cake is nearly cooked. It can be iced with vanilla icing or according to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Buxton, Wilmot, Tas.

THIS WEEK

SALMON DISHES

Here are some new ways of using that popular tinned fish, salmon. The recipes for these dishes have been sent in by our readers.

EVERY week this section is devoted to one popular subject, chosen by Ruth Furst, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly, from recipes sent in by readers.

Prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every recipe published, so send in your favorites now.

SALMON RAREBIT

One small tin of salmon; remove the dark flesh, skin, and bones, put into pie dish and heat in the oven for a few minutes.

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a saucepan, add 1/2lb. of finely-grated cheese, and 1 tablespoon of milk. Cook over a low fire, stirring constantly until mixture is thick and creamy, then draw to the side and cool slightly.

Beat 1 egg, add to cheese mixture, and stir over heat again for a few minutes. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and just before serving add 1 teaspoon of made mustard. Divide salmon into portions. Place each portion on a neat slice of hot buttered toast and pour rarebit over. Serve at once with thin slices of lemon.

2/6 to Miss B. Campbell, 17 Williams Avenue, Newcastle, S.A.

COCKTAIL SALMON BISQUES

One large tin salmon, 1 medium size onion, 2 medium potatoes, 2 eggs, pepper, salt, ginger, 1 teaspoon herbs.

Cook potatoes with salt, strain, mash (without milk or butter). Peel and grate onion, then fry in little butter. Remove all bones and juice from salmon, place in mixing bowl and mash well, then add potatoes which have been allowed to get cold, 1 egg, onion and seasoning. Take 1 dessertspoon of mixture and roll into a ball about the size of a walnut, toss in flour and then into egg. Fry golden brown in oil or good dripping. Drain on brown paper. Serve in entrée dishes with paper d'oye beneath, garnish with parsley, and place a cocktail pick in each rissole.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Evans, No. 11 Flat, The Alexander, Baywater Road, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

SWEDISH SALMON

One large tin salmon, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 stick celery, 1/2 cup string beans, 1/2 cup boiled peas, 1 boiled beetroot, 1 crisp lettuce, cooked mayonnaise, 1 1/2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 pint water, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons olive oil, few

drops lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper, 1 small head of white cabbage, parsley.

Drain salmon, remove bones, and cut in slices, dice carrot, parsnip, beet and celery. Make mayonnaise: Beat flour and butter with mustard for 2 minutes, gradually add water. Cook mixture 10 minutes, stirring all the time; add egg-yolks one at a time, stir in oil, remove from fire, add vinegar, salt, sugar, lemon juice and pepper.

Dip salmon slices in mayonnaise, put in a pyramid on round platter; cut lettuce in thin strips.

Mix all vegetables carefully into the rest of the mayonnaise, and put salad into shells cut out from raw leaves of the white cabbage. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

2/6 to Mrs. Dickson, 74 Wellington Parade, East Melbourne.

CURRIED SALMON

Take 2 large onions, 1 small sweet potato, peel, cut in thin layers, and fry in some margarine or lard.

Put into saucepan with water, salt to taste, 3 large tomatoes, and boil with curry powder to taste, then add salmon, having first removed all bones and skin. Boil for half an hour. Thicken with plain flour moistened with little cold water. Serve on large meat dish, with plenty of well-cooked rice and mashed potatoes.

2/6 to Miss Marjory Roberts, Cora Lynn, 65 Fitzroy St., Burwood, N.S.W.

SALMON AND CUCUMBER CHARLOTTE

One large fresh cucumber, 1 tin salmon, 1 packet aspic jelly, 1/2 gill cream, 1/2 gill mayonnaise, 1 gill thick white sauce, 4 sheets gelatine, 1 gill cold water, 1/2 pint hot water.

Dissolve jelly in hot water. Oil a charlotte mould with salad oil, and pour in jelly. Boil gelatine in cold water for 10 minutes. Put gelatine and water into a saucepan, stir over a low gas till gelatine is dissolved. Add to it 1/2 pint of dissolved aspic jelly with salmon and sauce, and mix well. Leave till cold, then stir in cream and mayonnaise and season to taste. When salmon mixture is almost set, line mould with cucumber. First cut cucumber into pieces the height of the mould. Peel half the number of pieces and cut them lengthwise in four. Stand pieces round mould and put in mixture. Turn out when set aspic. Garnish with slices of cucumber.

2/6 to Miss G. Wilks, 135 Swaine Avenue, Toorak, S.A.

SALMON OMELETTE

Three eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, and 1 cup minced salmon.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks till light, add milk, pepper, and salt and 1/2 cup salmon. Fold in stiffly-beaten whites. Have ready a hot buttered pan. Pour in mixture, and when brown on the under side place in oven for a moment to dry on top. Remove, sprinkle remainder of salmon on top. Fold over and serve at once on a hot dish.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Edwards, Hall St., Northcote, Qld.

QUINCES...New Ways of COOKING

Recipes for turning this nourishing fruit into delicious eating.

By
Ruth Furst

Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly

Quinces are in again! Trees in orchards and suburban gardens are heavy with the pale gold fruit, all ready to make not only zesty jams and jellies but appetising sweets and delicious beverages.

SO tempting quinces look when you catch a glimpse of them growing mid dark green leaves on a tree.

But appearances are deceptive, for quinces are usually too tart to be eaten raw—unless by brave small boys who will tackle them when mother isn't looking.

But to eat when cooked is another story. So delicious is the piquant, fine flavor of the cooked quince that it can be used for making all kinds of nourishing sweets, jams, jellies, and many other dishes.



Now—he eats like a horse

Hubby was losing pep and appetite, but he found a "horse's" when Flo started using "GRAVOX." He loves the rich tasty relish that "GRAVOX" gives all dinners.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending.

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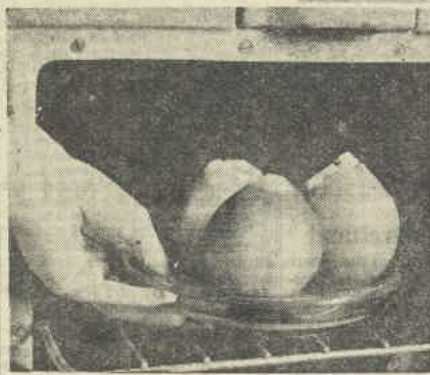
STEELO



QUICKLY MADE QUINCE SUET PUDDING

Stewed quinces, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 2 gill milk.

Have quinces in saucepan with plenty of water, and boiling hot. Make a scone dough with flour, salt, butter, and milk. Turn onto floured board. Knead, then roll out about size of the lid. Place the dough carefully on the fruit, cover with lid and



cook about 25 minutes. Serve very hot with butter and sugar.

STEWED QUINCES

Quinces, water, sugar.
Peel, quarter, and core the quinces, and cut into slices. Boil sugar and water for 1 minute. Add fruit and allow to cook very slowly with lid on the saucepan, till pink and soft. Leave till cool, pour into serving dish and chill before serving.

QUINCE OMELETTE

Two tablespoons self-raising flour, 3oz. sugar, yolks 2 eggs, breakfast cup milk, stewed quinces, butter.
Mix flour and sugar. Make well in the centre, add yolk, mix in, then add milk gradually, making into smooth batter. Melt a little butter in pan, pour in batter, and cook till set. Turn and brown on both sides. Slip onto plate. Spread half with hot stewed quinces, fold over, and serve at once. Small ones can be made in omelette pan instead of one large one.

QUINCES IN JELLY

Quinces, water, sugar, red jelly crystals, cream.
Peel, core, and cut quinces into thin slices. Put into saucepan with sugar and plenty of water, and cook slowly till pink and soft. Lift slices out carefully and drain well. Measure a cup of juice, add jelly crystal to it, mix well. Rinse mould out with cold water, decorate with slices of quince, pour in little jelly, allow to set, then more slices and jelly, and so on till mould is full. Place on ice till well set and firm. Unmould onto serving dish and decorate with whipped cream or chopped jelly.

QUINCE SPONGE PUDDING

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, stewed quinces.



ABOVE: To prepare for cooking, quinces should be peeled, cut into four, and cored, unless the recipes call for whole fruit.

LEFT: Baked quinces are simply luscious, and are very simple to prepare and cook, the only other ingredients being sugar, water, and butter. The recipe is given on this page.

Bottle and tie down while hot. Store in cool place.

QUINCE JAM

Allow 1lb. sugar to each lb. of fruit, and a little water.
Peel and cut up the quinces. Put into the preserving pan with water. Bring to the boil. Add sugar and

GOLDEN QUINCES ready to be cut up and turned into delicious eating puddings, sweets, jams, jellies, and even beverages.

boil quickly till thick. Test. Then bottle and seal down in the usual way.

QUINCE WINE

Four pounds loaf sugar, 40 large quinces, 2 tablespoons yeast, 2 gallons water, rind and juice of 2 lemons.

Grate the quince on a coarse grater, removing pips and cores. Boil the water and sugar. Add the quince pulp and lemon rind. Simmer for 1 hour. When cool, remove any scum. Add yeast, lemon juice; stir in well. Leave covered for 24 hours. Strain through flannel bag, squeezing out all liquid. Put into cask. Bung tightly. Ready to use in 3 months.



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— he says
use Kolynos



Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every

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The Cutex 3-minute care of the nails keeps them in perfect condition. Send 9d for generous trial manicure kit.

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379 Kent Street, Sydney, N. S. W.
Enclose 9d. in stamps for a trial size Cutex Manicure Set, including two shades of Polish.

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Fashionable women welcome the youthful shades of Cutex liquid nail polish. They add charm to their hands and win admiration.

Cutex is easy to apply because it flows on smoothly; and it gives longer wear. The metal-shaft brush holds the hairs firmly in place, they cannot come loose.

Cutex Oily Polish Remover, for removing old polish, contains a softening oil and avoids all the ravages to nail and cuticle caused by harsh solvents.

GROW Your Own FRUIT

A Pastime full of interest, profitable and health-giving, too!

—Says The Old Gardener.

If you have a spacious back garden, or even one spare corner, try planting it with fruit trees. For there is no fruit more luscious than that grown in your own garden, and no hobby more interesting than fruit-growing.

NOW is the time to prepare the land for planting fruit trees. Most States throughout the Commonwealth can produce some type of fruit or berry. So every home, no matter how small, should be able to find a corner for some type of fruit tree. Climatic conditions and locality will decide the kind of fruit to be grown, and if you are an amateur secure the advice of one who knows.

In selecting the plot for fruit trees, see that it faces the north-east. This position will be sure to receive the morning sun which is most essential for fruit culture. The land should be well drained and must be well protected from severe winds. If there is no natural protection, an artificial wind break must be made or a suitable hedge planted. In large orchards a row of suitable trees is planted round the outer grounds.

Most fruit trees adapt themselves to a wide range of soils of reasonably good quality. Sandy loam is preferred to heavy soil. If the soil for instance, along the coast, is too sandy, plenty of vegetable matter should be added and turned well in. Clay soil is also very successful if the drainage is good. In new ground when dug or ploughed, a good dressing of lime will be beneficial.

Planning Orchard

ORCHARDS laid out on the square system are usually satisfactory.

This is done in the following way: Say your plot is rectangular; then select one of the longest sides as a baseline, stretch a planting wire along, putting in stakes at the desired distance, which should be marked on the wire. At each end of the baseline run a line at right angles to it the width of the ground to be planted. The correct right angle can be obtained by means of a tape measure.

Run a line diagonally across the plot from corner to corner. This should give a triangle in the proportions of 30 (side line), 40 (baseline), and 50 (diagonal line). If correctly formed, the angle made by the two shorter sides will be a right angle.

All lines must be kept straight. This is absolutely essential. Complete the fourth side of the rectangle and check it with the baseline. Stake the fourth side at correct distances. Then stretch the wire from the second stake in the baseline to the second stake in the fourth side, put in stakes where the tree is to be planted. Move the wire to the third peg in the base and stake as before, and so on until the



IN CALIFORNIA, bananas in the back yard are a common occurrence. Here is Gloria Stuart, Fox player, cutting down a large cluster of fruit in her own garden in Hollywood.

whole area has been carefully staked.

If the top of the stakes have been dipped in whitewash, when the whole plot has been marked out, the stakes should be in uniform rows, no matter from which way or angle they are viewed. The white tops will show up to perfection and represent where the trees are to be planted.

Dig the holes down to the subsoil, loosen up this subsoil and leave in the bottom of the hole. After digging, replace the peg, then when everything is ready for planting, just remove the stake and place the tree where the stake stood. In this manner the orchard will be completely and thoroughly laid out.

For small plots or back garden orchards, the trees will have to be planted where there is sufficient space. Dig the holes as stated before. Replace a little of the soil so as to make a mound in the centre. The tree when planted should be stood on this mound, and the roots spread out in natural fashion.

Time of Planting

THERE are many differences of opinion as to the right time of planting, but most planting can be carried on from May until July for deciduous trees, finishing not later than the last week in August. From August on the root action begins and the young trees soon settle down to the work before them.

Citrus trees may be planted in late summer or early autumn. In planting any fruit trees see that all bruised and damaged roots are cut away.

For the small back garden orchard have a mixture of varieties that will give several different types of fruit which are most suitable for the home.

CLEVER IDEAS

TO RENOVATE VELOUR: If you have a last year's velour hat, which is beginning to look shabby, make a very thick lather with some good soap and brush over the surface of the hat. Dry with a clean, soft cloth and repeat the process until the hat looks bright and fresh. Then let dry, and brush thoroughly with



EGG STAINS: Egg stains on silver may be removed by rubbing with damp salt. Afterwards wash and polish in the usual way.

CLEANING GLASS: Clean glass with salt and water. Let the salt water dry on the glass, and then rub it with a chamomile leather. The glass will remain clean and shining for a long time.

BAKING APPLES: Before putting apples to be baked in the oven prick well with a fork. This will prevent the pulp from bursting through the skin during cooking.

MUSHROOM

Growing is the most profitable of all crops if you use "PERFECTION" MUSHROOM SPAWN 20 sq. ft., 4/6, postage 2/6. 40 sq. ft., 7/6, postage 1/6. No agents connected with this business. J. TAYLOR, 2nd Floor, 42 Pitt St., Sydney.

When preparing a back yard garden or a larger orchard, study and plan carefully. If in doubt, write to "The Old Gardener," care of The Australian Women's Weekly, for advice.

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TATTOO
South Sea Colour for Lips

TAKE Just Ten Minutes MORE!

And you'll be surprised at the difference in your appearance . . .

— By —
Evelyn

IT'S small things that count in this business of looking beautiful, well-groomed, and well-dressed. But if you give yourself an extra ten minutes when dressing to attend to small but necessary details, you'll step forth feeling confident you are looking your very best.

LOOKING smart is not, by any means, merely a matter of spending money wisely.

Good clothes are the butter on your bread, but you still have to see that the bread is just right.

How often have you been to a theatre, a dress show, or a party, and after seeing the attractive women there come away filled with good resolutions about making more effort, spending even more time in choosing your clothes, having your hair done, making up your face?

Yet you still feel tantalisingly far away from that perfect-in-every-detail look that film stars and ac-

knowledgeable best-dressed women seem to wear so easily.

Don't be deceived; it's not easy. It comes from never letting up on small things.

You may be wearing a dress that suits you, a successful make-up and be fresh from the hairdresser. Don't leave it at that; small things, unimportant things in themselves, may be spoiling the whole effect. And be sure you won't get away with them. It seems that human nature being what it is, people have to look for flaws.

At the theatre or picture show, for instance, you probably look at the neck of the woman in front of you and notice with distaste the bristly bits on the back of her neck. Obviously she doesn't know about them herself. But remember when



WHEN YOU have completed your dressing, take a magnifying mirror in a strong light, as Jean Harlow, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is doing here, and examine your make-up critically.

you go to the hairdresser always tell him to run over your neck with the clippers.

When you've finished making up, take a strong magnifying mirror in a strong light. See that your face is powdered evenly and look out for little dabs that lurk near your ears, round your nostrils. Worse still, powder on your eyelashes and eyebrows gives you a dusty look.

Peer at your face from all angles, watching out for spots of eye-black that may have strayed from your eyelashes, rouge that is patchy, lipstick that has sneaked out from the corners of your mouth or on to your teeth.

Trim off any straggling eyebrows as they appear. This is much less painful than weeding out a forest of them later.

A truthful light will show you whether your make-up matches or maybe clashes. Rouge, lipstick and nail polish must belong to the same family of shade—never buy them separately.

Brush Clothes

IF you are re-powdering your face and notice that the powder has caked, you must be strong-minded and do the whole thing again. You can't mend a bad make-up by putting on another layer; write it off, or rather, wash it off and start again.

And do you do everything you can for your hands? You should massage them with oil or cream every night to keep them un-wrinkled. You should push back the cuticle at the same time with an orange stick so that it never gets a grip.

Do you put off revarnishing your nails until the polish is chipped and peeling? You should feel guilty if you do, for nothing looks more careless. Better take off the varnish quickly and wear none if time is your trouble.

Now about clothes. You can't brush your clothes too much, black and dark blue particularly. Some of these woolly materials and faccloth, too, seem positively to reach out and gather in bits. If you are rushed in the morning, brush your clothes before you put them away at night. In fact, it is a good rule to always brush your frocks and coats when you take them off. Then they go into the wardrobe clean, ready to be worn the next time they are required.

And before you go out brush the hairs off neck and collar; the powder off seams and round the shoulders. Brush the inside of hats and the outside of handbags.

See that the seams of your stockings are straight, that your gloves and shoes tone, and snip off any odd threads that are hanging around.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: How should an accumulation of wax in the ear be treated?

WE are not always as careful of our ears as we should be. In fact, most of us do not pay much attention to them until hearing is impaired. For the ear, a complicated structure, is indeed a most delicate and marvellous mechanism.

Degree of hearing ability varies in each individual, depending upon whether any disorder is present in the ear, likewise upon mental alertness and the attention paid to sounds.

The amount of partial deafness caused by the accumulation of wax in the outer ear over a long period, years perhaps, is astonishing.

This is not always due to negligence. Often wax will accumulate even when the ears are syringed regularly with warm water to which has been added a little bicarbonate of soda.

Sharp instruments should never be introduced into the ear. It is, therefore, advisable to consult an ear specialist now and again to make sure that the auditory canal is free and clear.

Should an insect get into the ear, the disturbance it causes may be painful. To remove it, warm sweet oil may be introduced.

In children, the pressure of adenoids may seriously affect the hearing. Many forms of middle-ear diseases exist, and usually they are allowed to become chronic before medical help is sought.

For ordinary earache, a hot water bottle is advisable besides gentle syringing with a glassful of warm water to which a teaspoonful of ordinary table salt has been added.

Take good care of your ears even if they do seem to be functioning perfectly.

FOR Young Wives and MOTHERS

Is "Baby Talk" Wise?

By MARY TRUBY KING

Have you ever stopped to think of the strain put upon baby's mentality by the adult use of "baby-talk"? "Horse" is a nice, short little word, but nearly every baby in the land is taught to call it a "gee-gee"! No sooner has it been taught that this animal is a "gee-gee" than it is expected to learn that its name is really "horse"—not "gee-gee" at all!

DO we really wish to teach a child this duplicating of words? Words which we expect it to un-learn later on? Why not save time and trouble by beginning with the right words?

Children should be encouraged to use the correct names for objects, right from the start. Usually if an object has a long and difficult name, there is a shorter name for that object which the child can master.

Nothing is worse than to go into a home where every member of the family talks "baby-talk" merely because there happens to be a toddler in the house. It is good for the toddler to hear the King's English spoken between adult and adult, and between adult and older children, for only by example can he learn.

Laughing-Stock

SOME mothers definitely try to prolong the toddler's natural baby talk for their own amusement. You will hear them say, "Oh, he is so cute when he talks like that!" So they send him off to school to become the laughing stock of the class, because he knows no better.

Other children are snubbed when they attempt to make the change from their own little word for a given object to the correct word. Their elders laugh and say it sounds "double-Dutch." This frightens the child back into the use of the old word, and he is liable not to make further attempts at correct speech for fear of being ridiculed.

If you want your child to speak good English when he grows up, set a solid foundation while he is a toddler and child. It is never

too early to begin education in this matter.

I do not mean by this to forbid a child using a word of his own coining because he cannot quite manage the one he is aiming at, but produces something a little different from the original in his sincere attempts to imitate. Naturally he will not be able to master long words all at once. His own abbreviation of the word should be respected until his stage of development permits him making use of the original.

Use Correct Words

Do not, for instance, copy an "attempt" word, by making it your own; but rather repeatedly, in the child's presence, use the correct word when speaking to him or to others, so that he will unconsciously realise that his pronunciation of the word is not yet as it should be. Children DO realise their limitations, and know at once, if you use their word for a given object, that it is not the correct name for that object, and that you are merely imitating them.

By the time a child is about three years old he should have dropped, of his own accord, nearly all, if not all, of his "baby" words, and be using the correct nouns at least. His vocabulary will not be very large at this tender age, but what there is of it should be easily understood. Yet one meets children of four or even five who seem to have a language entirely of their own, which only their mothers can translate. This is most distressing for the child and for everyone, for mother cannot always be at hand to act as interpreter; besides, it greatly handicaps the child and gives it a "mother-complex."

WARNING!

Are you being starved of 'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?

You may not know your diet lacks vital elements



Have you noticed that you are easily tired-out? That your vitality is low? That you always seem to be catching chills and colds?

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'Protective' Foods are essential . . .

doctors will tell you so; they know that 'Protective' Foods are those which are rich in vitamins and minerals — vital elements necessary

to everyone, for without them there is lowered vitality, less resistance to disease and nerves fray very easily.

Make sure of your daily ration of 'Protective' Foods so easily and inexpensively obtained by taking Bourn-vita regularly.

Bourn-vita is a first class 'protective' food because it contains Vitamins A, B, and D, and the minerals calcium, phosphorus, and iron. These sustaining and nutritious elements are supplied by the four ingredients in Bourn-vita — barley malt, full cream-milk, eggs and chocolate.

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AGED 1 TO 6 YEARS
PATTERN COSTS 3d.

The three sweet little frocks shown at right may all be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, obtainable in three sizes, 1-2 years, 2-4 years, 4-6 years, costing 3d. in each one size.

Splendid, helpful directions are given with each pattern.

Material required for each frock: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide, with ¾ yard contrast.

To obtain, fill in coupon above, and, enclosing 3d. stamp, send to our offices, as directed.



Needlework Notions

SUMMER SUNSHINE

Captured in lovely luncheon linens with gay orange and yellow threads . . .

THESE exquisite luncheon linens, complete 13-piece or 9-piece sets of mats, have been specially designed for you in a new pattern, and are all ready to be worked in the sunny colors of summer, orange, yellow and green on a cream ground.

THE sets can be obtained ready traced with the designs, and spoke-stitched, together with matching serviettes, from our Needlework Department.

The luncheon table should be gay, for the midday meal is usually a light, happy one. Keep your more dignified linens for the dining table, but for the midday meal, and especially for occasions when you entertain friends at luncheon, let your linens flaunt the gayest colors.

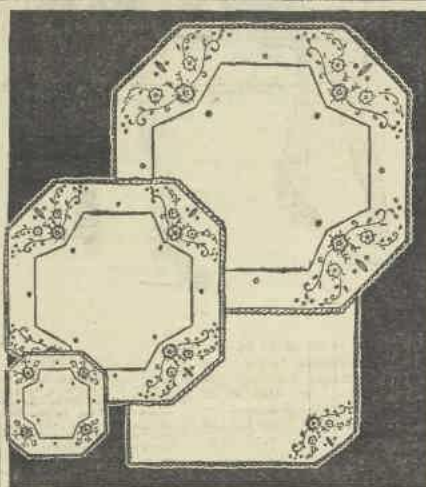
The lovely luncheon set shown here designed in a dainty new pattern showing flowers and leaves is ideal for adorning the table on special occasions. The place mats are cut in a new shape—octagonal—in keeping with modern china-ware.

COMPLETE SETS

THE prices from our Needlework Department are:

13-piece luncheon set comprising 1 centre 18 by 18 inches, 6 mats 11 by 11 inches, and 6 mats 5 by 5 inches in pure linen in cream, white, pink, yellow, blue or green, traced for working with all edges spoke-stitched, price, 7/11 the set.

9-piece luncheon set, comprising 1 centre 18 by 18 inches, 4 mats 11 by 11 inches and 4 mats, 5 by 5 inches in pure linen in cream, white,



ABOVE: This sunny luncheon set worked in yellow, orange, and green on cream linen looks simply delightful on a polished wood dining table.

LEFT: A close-up view of the luncheon mats, which comprise an 18 by 18-inch centre, 11 by 11 plate mats, and 5 by 5 small mats all traced with design ready for working and finished with spoke-stitched edges.

pink, yellow, blue or green, spoke-stitched edges, 6/11 complete set.

Serviettes to match, size 11 by 11 inches, spokestitched edges, price, 1/- each.

Same luncheon sets in Cesarine in yellow, blue, pink or green, 13 pieces, price 6/11 the set; 9 pieces, price 5/11 the set. Serviettes in Cesarine to match, price 9d. each.

WORKING INSTRUCTIONS.

USING two strands of cotton work the large flowers in orange buttonholing, with a yellow centre and stems. The stems are worked in stemstitch with lighter yellow satin-stitch leaves.

The two smaller flowers beneath

the large flowers work in light yellow buttonholing with an orange centre, green stems. The three graduated spots are worked in satin-stitch using orange thread, the lines within the centre of the mats and centre with yellow stemstitch, and the spots orange.

The whole of the orange flowers and lighter yellow leaves are afterwards outlined in a brighter color.

You may fancy other color-schemes. Blue embroidery would be attractive on yellow linen; yellow, orange and brown would be effective on green linen, while white embroidery would be lovely on white linen, and so on.

Charming Pyjama Sachet

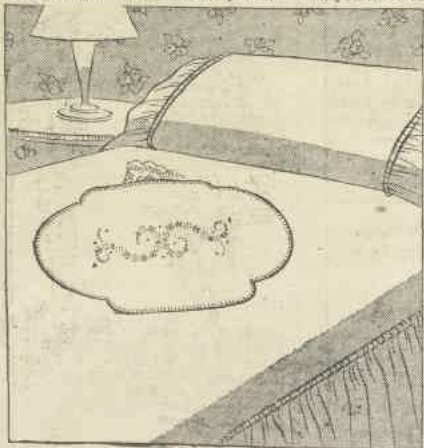
HERE is a pretty idea—an attractive little pyjama or nightdress sachet for placing on your bed. It is neatly made in a fancy oval

shape in hard-wearing Cesarine in colors of pale blue, soft pink, or apple-green.

All you have to do to complete the article is to work the pretty design all ready traced on the front and, if you desire, to button-hole all round the edges, to give an extra finish.

For the embroidery use standard cotton or silk, in blue, pink, mauve and green.

The price of the sachet, already made and traced with design for working, is 2/-, from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Interstate postal address on pattern page.



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Old Dutch goes so much further. That's why it will save you shillings on your cleanser bill, and because it doesn't scratch it saves you pounds because it protects and assures longer life to the things you clean with it.

Here's a housekeeping hint you will appreciate. Buy two tins of Old Dutch at a time . . . one for the kitchen . . . one for the bathroom. It will save you time and many steps each day.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST



Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh, grinding sound, because Old Dutch is made with Seismotite and contains no grit. Try the same test with an ordinary cleanser and notice the difference.

D.59.14

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 6

YOUNG Sidney started the portable gramophone spinning and Nancy, disengaging her arm, threw a swift smile at Madden and began to make up her face, her movements calculating and precise, the color of her lipstick matching exactly the enamel scarlet of her nails.

It was a lovely, vivid face, Katharine decided, studying Nancy with a new and earnest scrutiny, the eyebrows too thinly pencilled, perhaps, and the lips a little petulant, but the brow clever, the eyes sparkling.

And her pose, though studied in its sophistication, struck Katharine as being strangely artless and quite pathetically young. She shivered slightly. She would never hurt Nancy, never, never. Nancy might be spoiled, even selfish, hard too, and precocious. But she was no more than a child. Sense would come to her, and a deeper sensibility. Marriage to Madden would give her that, and a wider, greater knowledge of the meaning of life.

"What about it, then?" demanded Nancy. "Didn't you all hear me? I want to go places. Let's have dinner at the Rainbow Roof, then see the girlie-girls do her bubble dance."

Madden's expression remained unreadable. He said stiffly: "I don't think I want to go out to-night, Nancy."

Over her shoulder Paula languidly interposed: "The mountaineers are a little tired!"

"Oh, but, honey," protested Nancy with a little pout, "you can't let mama down that way. Mama's sugar baby must be good!"

Even Bertram laughed. Nancy's rapid acquisition of the American

idiom was not without its humor. But Madden, staring broodingly at the floor, was not amused. A deep and secret struggle raged within him. At last, however, conscious of Katharine's eyes upon him, he made a gesture of acquiescence. He stood up. "All right, Nancy," he said. "I'll come along."

They all rose, preparing to leave.

GIRLIGAGS



TO HAVE horse-sense is to know enough to keep one's mouth shut when others are trying to find out your age.

Nancy taking Madden's arm, Sidney pushing down a last, quick drink, Bertram helping Paula with her cloak. But Katharine, firmly pleading a headache, remained behind. She wanted Madden and Nancy to be alone. She prayed that things might straighten themselves out between them during that evening. She prayed it with all her strength.

ON the following morning Katharine had a business appointment at 5a Riverside Drive with a Mrs. Van Beuren, who was interested, as Breuget had indicated, in their Beauvals tapestry. Actually, this tapestry was not Katharine's—it belonged to Richet et Cie, the well-known Paris dealers, for whom Katharine was acting as agent—but the commission accruing from a successful sale would most certainly be handsome.

That determination which bulked so largely in her character forced Katharine to carry on as though nothing had occurred. She put on her severest tailored suit and set out for the office at half-past nine. Breuget, looking sprucer and glossier than he had done for weeks, was waiting for her, studying the catalogues of some forthcoming sales. He put them aside as she came in and jumped up briskly.

"I have the panel packed, Miss Lorimer. We can take it along with us now."

"Good!" He studied her, smiling, rubbing his hands together gently.

"Didn't I say we'd turned the corner? We are going to sell the tapestry. We are going to do big business this year."

With a quite portentous nod, he led the way to the door, where he called a yellow cab and, having solicitously handed Katharine in, he bestowed the precious package beside her and then stepped in himself.

They drove off together.

"It's very curious, Miss Lorimer," he remarked, when he had settled himself. "I've been interrogating Ascher all I know and I can't find out who has bought the miniature."

"Does it matter?" she asked vaguely.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he agreed with his well-brushed, deprecatory smile. "Mon Dieu, no! Since we are all right. But it's rather extraordinary none the less. Consider, a work of art of that importance, just vanishing off the market—pouff!"

Please turn to Page 53

MY NEW WAY TO END SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Solves Every Woman's Problem



A great British scientist says: "After years of experiment I have at last found a safe and easy way to end all ugly unwanted hair. You simply wash it away just as easily as washing your face. No smell, no mess, or bother." This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of Veet. New Veet is made according to this new formula which simply dissolves away the hair. New Veet looks, feels and smells just like a high class toilet cream. You apply it direct from the tube, and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone. The skin is soft, smooth and white. No stubble, no coarse regrowth.

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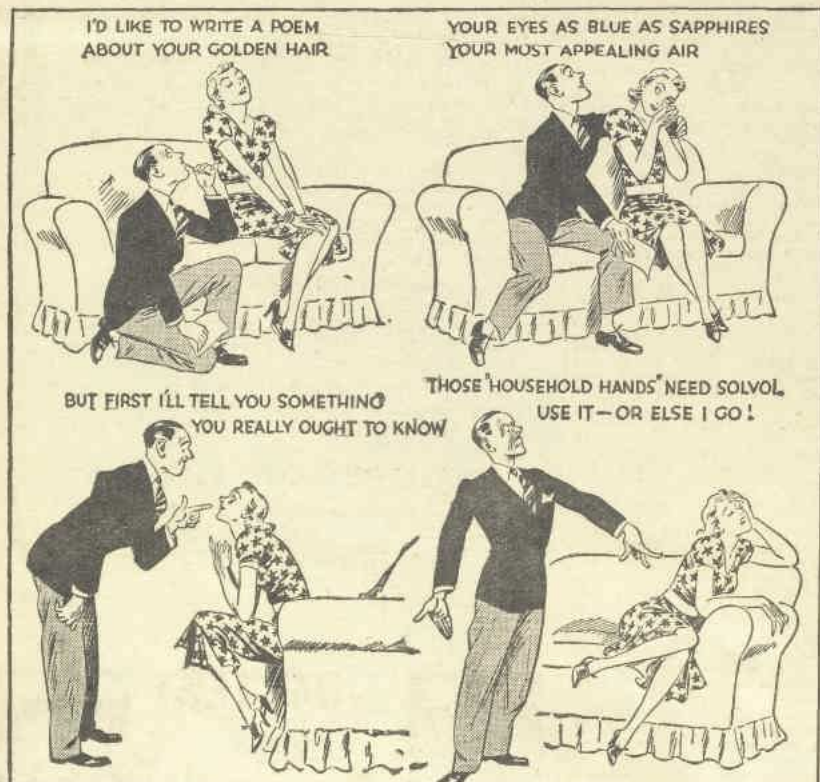
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THE AMAZING



OXYGEN WASHER

J. KITCHEN & SONS LTD.

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 52

"I THOUGHT you said it was for Shard."

"It isn't. No, no! I found out that much. The good Shard remains faithful to his pre-Raphaelites."

"Perhaps Ascher still has it?"

"No, Miss Lorimer. He assured me on his oath he'd parted with it to his client."

"Well," Katharine sighed and shook her head. "It's queer, certainly. But we don't have to bother about it. That episode is closed. We've other things to get on with now."

5a Riverside Drive, when they reached it, proved to be a brownstone house, with tiled window-boxes and a fine iron-grilled door, evincing that the glory had not all departed from this once famous thoroughfare.

And Mrs. Van Beuren was a tiny, birdlike woman, very mannered and soignée, who patted her dark hair with her beaming hand and talked all the time in the most communicative manner imaginable. She had quite fallen in love with the tapestry, she declared to Katharine, but was undecided as to whether she had a place for

it. Already they had too many pictures in the dining-room. As for the drawing-room upstairs, it was quite unsuitable.

Katharine said very little. She followed Mrs. Van Beuren over the house, listening in apparent attentiveness. But from the first she had seen that the entrance hall was the ideal situation for the panel. As arranged at present it looked elongated and ungainly, so when they came downstairs again she inquired tactfully:

"Are you satisfied with your hall?"

"Why, no," Mrs. Van Beuren pecked the air doubtfully. "I've always considered it out of proportion."

"Then suppose you let me do something with it," said Katharine. "Frankly, it could be the nicest feature of the house."

Helped by Breuget and the manservant she took down a row of rather insignificant prints that hung upon the main wall. In their place she stretched the tapestry, a lovely hunting panel. Below, she moved over an Italian refectory table that had stood, half-hidden, in the morning-room. On this she placed two long gesso candlesticks, flanked from the overcrowded drawing-room, and between them a square embossed silver salver.

The transformation was miraculous. The hall took on dignity and character instantly. Even Breuget nodded his approval. As for the little lady of the house, she twittered with excitement.

"Don't move them back!" she cried. "Not an inch. I'll have it exactly like that. Exactly!"

"You really want a long mirror on the opposite wall," Katharine suggested, "with a narrow beading and a bevelled glass. We have a really fine George I piece that would suit perfectly."

"Yes, yes," breathed Mrs. Van Beuren; "I'll come in and look at it to-morrow."

ON their way back again, Breuget turned to Katharine with a respectful chuckle.

"Was I right, Miss Lorimer? The turn of the tide, eh? Don't I feel it in my old bones?"

The turn of the tide! What did it mean to Katharine now? On a pretext, she had Breuget drop her at 57th Street and made her way on foot towards the hotel. She would have to meet Upton on his arrival, but she did not know at what hour the Bremen would dock.

When she got to the apartment her first thought was that Charley had already arrived, for on her table stood a long package from the florists. But immediately she opened the box she knew that she was wrong. There, dazzling her eyes with their beauty, lay a great spray of exquisite white carnations, each perfect, virginal, fragrant.

They were from Madden. A pain leaped up in Katharine's heart like a tongue of flame. With eyes half-closed she pressed her cheek against the soft blooms. Their sweetness was more than she could endure. It held for her all the sadness of happiness forewarned. She stood there a long time. Then opening her eyes she caught sight of herself unexpectedly in the mirror which hung upon the opposite wall. She was startled by the picture which she made. It was like an evocation of the past, of the miniature, and its meaning in her life. She sighed. A lady with carnations, she thought sadly. That, henceforth, was her role.

No card or message had accompanied the flowers. She knew that Madden would telephone. And indeed almost at once he rang up, his voice low and broken.

"I have to see you, Katharine," he said. "I must see you at once."

Katharine reflected rapidly. Strengthened by the passage of those last few hours, her mind was now unalterably made up. Yet she knew that in reason she must agree to meet him once again, if only to convey the finality of her decision.

Please turn to Page 51



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BLACK MAGIC—The gloriously bewitching chiffon—25% sheerer and 100% lovelier—to wear for your more glamorous moments.

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suffer
from*

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"Common constipation is caused by lack of natural 'bulk' in your diet. Harsh medicines only bring temporary relief. If you take them constantly they will aggravate your condition by weakening your system. My advice is to get 'bulk' back into your diet."

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"Although I felt terribly ill for a long while I put off going to a doctor. However, I had to go in the end. He told me that all my headaches and bilious attacks were the result of constipation and that my system was in a seriously weakened condition as a result of constantly taking harsh purgatives. On doctor's instructions I started eating All-Bran for breakfast. Now I'm perfectly regular—and I've forgotten what it's like to have a nervy, 'headachy' day."



NO! says this business girl

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LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from
Page 53

THE time of her weakness was over. Now she could be practical and strong. She would not, however, invite him to the apartment. Nor would she agree to lunch with him. But casting about in her mind for a meeting place, she chose, with almost melancholy humor, the Metropolitan Museum for their appointment. This, at least, was convenient for both of them, and its formidable galleries would surely damp the most romantic enterprise.

At quarter to three she set out for the Metropolitan by way of 83rd Street. The hour had not yet struck when she got there, yet Madden was already awaiting her, pacing up and down in the high entrance hall in full view of the turnstiles.

He took her hand silently. But if she expected their interview to take place in that lofty, draughty hall, under the frowning and majestic statuary, she was mistaken. He led the way to the far wing where, as it happened, an exhibition of early American furniture was then being displayed in its original settings.

After glancing up and down the quiet gallery he advanced into a pine-paneled room from the coast of Maine which held the simple pieces of the early New England settlers. Here he turned and faced her. She saw that he was suffering. His vehemence of yesterday had vanished. He looked worn out. And his voice was strangely quiet.

"Katharine! Katharine, darling. I can't get on without you. Just to see you, it's unbelievable happiness. All night long I've been awake . . . thinking it out. There's only one solution. We must go away together."

Instantly she knew that it was going to be harder, infinitely harder than she had expected, and, from the very depths of her being, she summoned all her fortitude to meet it.

"Run away," she queried, with a faint semblance of her old smile, "like a couple of children? I don't think so, Chris. We're a little past that, aren't we?"

"We must do something," he said inarticulately. "We can't ruin both our lives."

With a great effort she made her tone practical and light.

"That's exactly what we would do if we went away. We'd be completely wretched and miserable."

"But why, Katharine?"

"I haven't forgotten her. But oh, that isn't the same thing. She doesn't care all that much for me."

He went on blindly. "She belongs to a different generation, harder and more selfish. Surely you saw that last night, when we came in? Surely you saw it down at Graysville? The others did, although they didn't say so. Life falls lighter on her . . . she'd find it easier to forget . . ."

Katharine shook her head. "She loves you. No, Chris. We can't hurt Nancy. We can't trample over her . . . in a wild scramble for happiness. And it isn't only that. We can't hurt ourselves. If we're different, as you say, if we've got deeper loyalties, and greater faith, we can't betray them. Don't you see, Chris, it's the one thing, integrity, that's worth keeping. It stands before everything."

"Oh, Katharine," he cried in despair, "it doesn't stand before our love."

Swept away by his emotion, he caught her hand and pressed it against his cheek.

"Don't, Chris, don't," she said instantly.

He released her and stood gripping the edge of the bare oak table, his breath coming quickly, his head averted, as if he could not trust himself to look at her.

"Why do you do that?" she said in a frozen voice. "It only makes things more impossible."

He raised his eyes and gazed at her, suffused by tenderness. "Nothing is impossible if only you'll marry me."

Again she steeled herself against the wild, dark hunger in his eyes. She must, must withstand it, or she was lost. Unless she acted firmly they would both be lost. Instinctively she took the only way.

"I can't marry you." She spoke slowly, deliberately, as though she chose each word and weighed it with excessive care. "You see, it isn't just Nancy. I've . . . I've had time to think things over since yesterday. I acted hastily then. You rather took me by surprise. It's so easy to say things, under such circumstances, that one doesn't mean."

At first he did not understand. He stared at her dazedly.

"I'm very fond of you, Chris," she went on, sustained by the cold white burning of her will. "But even if we were free I don't know that I could ever marry you."

His eager face went grey. "Katharine!"

She paid no attention to the stark agony in his voice, but went on calmly, as though each word were not a wound through her own bleeding heart.

"Yes, it's true! You see, I'm very settled in my ways now. I've got my business, my friends. I turned down the idea of marriage years ago. And quite frankly I don't see why I should turn it up again."

"I can't believe it," he said thickly. "I thought you cared for me."

"Not quite enough, Chris." Her voice was reasonable, well-judged. "I'm terribly sorry if it hurts you. But it's something you must know. Even if you let Nancy down, I couldn't go back on this. I've got my set way of life, and I'm not going to start changing it now."

(To Be Continued)



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THE MOVIE WORLD

April 17, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
From Hollywood and London

Third Astor Marriage

ALL movieland — and the movie public—are watching to see if Mary Astor will make a success of her third attempt at marriage—this time with young Manuel Martinez del Campo, an Anglicised polo-playing son of an old Mexican family, who is ambitious for a future in Hollywood.

Del Campo is 25 and Mary 31. She has been twice married before—first to Kenneth Hawks, who was killed

Garbo Demands Comedy Role

• Greta Garbo, who usually appears on the screen heavily laden with jewels, will, in "Countess Walewska," wear no gems or trinkets whatever, because the countess under discussion wore no such adornments.

Garbo is tired of being dressed up in old-fashioned costumes, and is weary of being the sad, tragic heroine, so she has asked M.G.M. to provide her with a modern comedy. Garbo seldom speaks, but when she does they are apt to listen to her, and they have already imported the Hungarian playwright, Ladislav Baskiet, to write a story for the Swedish star.

in an air crash in 1930, and second, to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe.

Although Mary Astor will be remembered as "the lady with the diary," it is now clear that the public has decided not to hold these revelations against her. From a racial viewpoint, it is a curious marriage, the bride being of German-American birth. Del Campo, whose family is very wealthy, was first educated in American schools, and later went to college in England as preparation for a diplomatic career.

Jory For Spain

VICTOR JORY, when he finishes his current Elstree film, is off to Spain to help the Government forces.

"I'm not sure in what capacity," he told me.

Soon after his arrival in England from Australia, Victor planned a trout-fishing holiday in Scotland, but he made a film instead, and just now is working on another—"Glamorous Night"—with Mary Ellis.

His decision to go to Spain postpones his holiday indefinitely.



Anton Walbrook and Elizabeth Allen

Romantic couple of R.K.O.'s "Michael Strogoff"

Flash-Fashions

MANY styles displayed in Bond Street's luxury shops are frankly inspired by Lili Palmer's costumes for "The Great Barrier"—costumes which display ample curves—in the style of the "naughty 'nineties" in the most alluring manner.

All Lili's hat styles for the film—which deals with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the 'eighties—are based on conservative adaptations of the masculine "tengallon" hat, so popular everywhere in the West of those roaring times.

Cows and Chickens

WHEN I ran out to Denham the other day and took a peek at the call sheet, this is what met my startled eyes:

"Mr. Charles Laughton and stand-in; two goats, two calves, twelve chickens, sow and litter, one pig, one special pig, seventy-two pigeons, two donkeys, two cows."

How's that for a "call" for the first day's work on "I, Claudius"?

Charles, dressed in a toga and a hat like a Chinese coolie's, chuckled as he read it. Then he went to work.

Faithful Hearts

JEAN HARLOW and Bob Taylor are back in town after a jaunt to Washington, and their respective romances with Bill Powell and Barbara Stanwyck are still intact.

Bob left an order with a certain florist to send Barbara gardenias every day during his absence, and Jean called her Bill by long-distance phone daily, too, so everybody's happy.

They tell how Jean drew a laugh from President Roosevelt by nicknaming him "One-take Mr. President," because of his good newsreel personality.

"I'M SIXTY, BUT WHAT OF IT?"

Sir Guy Standing, Just Before His Sudden Death

By Air Mail from Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

SIR GUY STANDING is dead! Grandest old-young man of the film colony, his passing leaves a void in the hearts of his many associates in moviedom. Because Sir Guy, in his colorful life, was exactly as he was pictured in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—firm, lovable, active, yet with that tinge of toughness that was borne of a life of discipline and hard knocks.

As I write, but two days after the funeral, it is inconceivable to me that one who knew and revered him so well will never again hear that cheery voice in greeting. Because, when death took him so suddenly, Commander Sir Guy Standing, C.B.E., K.B.E., R.N.V.R., had just rounded the corner of three score years, and looked upon life with fervor and benignity.



● ABOVE: Toby Wing, Paramount player, one of the younger generation for whom Sir Guy had a feeling of sympathy and understanding. ● RIGHT: Kent Taylor, another youngster who owes a lot to his departed friend.

AT the age when most men begin to relax and think in terms of breaking 100 on the local links or of the sad plight of the younger generation, Sir Guy just couldn't find enough to do.

A week before his time came, we talked . . . he was a bit hot under the collar about waiting for possible retakes, necessitating his presence around the studio. "Wish we could get out for a bit of fishing," he said. "This place, with nothing to do, is giving me the jitters."

I came back with "I should think you'd like resting about a bit. You've had enough activity in your time."

His eyes blazed. "Rubbish," he said. "I'm sixty, but what of it?"



● THE LATE SIR GUY STANDING, one of the screen's grandest of grand old men. He enjoyed life and his friendships to the last.

I like work; I like doing things, and, what's more, I'm never tired. His choice of friends was broad, and he retained youth by retaining the feelings and perspective of 16 while acquiring the outlook of 39, or 60. Mentally, he could shift forty years without batting an eyelid.

I've seen him discuss the subtleties of drama with a hard-headed executive, then turn right round and rib young Toby Wing about her jaunty beach pyjamas. He has told me, indirectly, that therein lay the secret of the vitality of which he was, up to the time of his death, so proud. But it was no secret to anybody who knew his daily life, and routine. He was vitally interested in people, not as a scientist adding notes to his case histories, but as a man who loves his fellow men.

Paramount, like all major studios, has a sizable list of featured players under contract—and to these players, mostly juveniles, Sir Guy Standing was both willing coach and father confessor. Toby Wing, little blonde who has been on the fringe of stardom for so many months, thought that the sun shone from grey-haired Sir Guy.

Kent Taylor is one young actor on the up-and-up who owes a great deal to Sir Guy. I know for certain that Sir Guy worked all one day and far into the wee hours of the morning, some time ago. But he was on the Paramount lot at nine next morning because Kent had an im-

portant sequence coming, and Guy thought he might be able to help him with his lines.

He was that kind of fellow. He helped Kent a Dickens of a lot, with rehearsal after rehearsal until the whole job was perfect. But Sir Guy was still as fresh as ever. By lunch, he'd called up half a dozen friends, ranging from Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper, who were his close friends, to somebody named Pep in the property department and Bill Somebody, an electrician. After lunch at the studio commissary, he made a special trip to the studio publicity department to tell one of the lasses in there that just as soon

as her son had a morning off from school, he'd take him fishing.

An hour later, you could have found him back in the mountains in an old tweed coat, corduroy pants, with a smelly pipe.

Back at home was Jean Hersholt, something of an authority on painting and good books, and the dinner conversation hinged on a mutual understanding of the finer points of art and culture.

Sir Guy was a man with such a wide diversity of interests that one wondered how he found time to devote to them all. That he did was the secret of his youth. For it may well be said that, at sixty, Sir Guy Standing died in the prime of life. Sixty! If at sixty I can have half the joy and savor out of life that he did each and every day, I shall count myself the luckiest person on earth.

By Jeannette
MacMahon

TIME & CHANGE

Screen Reaches 43rd Birthday

By MARY OLIVIER

FORTY-THREE years ago, on April 14, the present-day motion picture was born. Not the talking, singing, shouting, whispering, noisy rejuvenate we know to-day, but a silent old man, faltering, stumbling, flickering in his wheeziness, a series of indistinct, often unfocused images which jumped about rather alarmingly, but, nevertheless, were the wonder of the age.

On April 14, 1894, the late Thomas Edison turned on a switch, and a fierce-looking dragon, spouting smoke and blinking huge electric eyes, bally-hoed the first American public exhibition of motion pictures in what was derisively called a *peep show*.

THAT electric sign was the first of its kind in the world, as was the theatre it advertised so sensationally.

The parent movie theatre was called Holland's Kinetoscope Parlor, and it offered Broadwayites the latest invention, a couple of animated pictures showing Fred Ott, a worker on Edison's experimental staff, and dancing girls in a few feet of action. Little attempt was made at scenario construction. Deficient as that entertainment would be now, it was a sensation then. For hours long lines waited to see Fred Ott make faces and heave his chest. An attendant switched on the machines run by electric current, one after another, but later Edison supplied a gadget that responded to a cent dropped into a slot and the operator was eliminated.

And so we have a mental picture of the first movie—or *peep show*—housed for several highly successful years at 1155 Broadway, New York, a monument to the genius and desperation of Edison, who desired a return on the \$5000 he invested in the development of "living pictures."

First Films

So signal was the initial success, that a month after the first showing in New York, Edison shipped kinetoscopes to Chicago, where Norman C. Raff opened an exhibition parlor in the Masonic Temple Building, at that time Chicago's great skyscraper. Some six or seven machines were banked in a row, and upon payment of 1/- patrons were permitted to see one of the following:

Bertoldi, the marvellous lady contortionist.
Cacado, the king of the wire, in his marvellous, breathtaking performance.

Mlle. Capitaine, the perfect woman.
First Rescue Scene, showing fine smoke effects.

The following year the first motion-picture studio was opened. It was a swarming nest that followed the light of the sun. But from these crude beginnings rose the great industry that ranks so highly in the world's commerce to-day.

By August of 1894 most of the principal cities of the country had kinetoscope parlors. The showing of moving pictures upon a screen was yet to come, following the work of Alexander Black.

Inspired by the kinetoscope, Black conceived and carried out the idea of presenting each significant bit of action until his story was told. These pictures he would show at the rate of four a minute. This was crude to us at this time, yet Black experienced great success with his "picture plays."

In September, 1894, Ottway Latham and his father, Woodward, visited a kinetoscope

parlor, and came away wondering if it would be possible to project the pictures on a screen. The father thought it could be done, and a few days later set about taking the pictures out of Edison's "peep show" box and putting them where they are to-day—on the screen.

Progress was slow, but the Lathams kept on with their experiments with screen-projecting apparatus, and with some success. On Sunday, April 21, 1895, Woodward Latham exhibited his screen projector to reporters for the first press preview on record. On May 20, 1895, the first public exhibition of screen pictures took place, with a stage fight between Young Griffo and Battling Barnett as the subject matter. This event spelled the doom of the "peep show" and paved the way for the motion picture theatre as we know it now.

To-day hundreds of thousands of theatres are scattered throughout every country of the world. I doubt if there is a single town or hamlet anywhere without a show-place of

GALLERY OF STARS

Grace Moore

Columbia's Singing Star

its own—be it ever so humble. The production of motion picture equipment and pictures upon which Edison spent \$5000 up to 1894, now expends approximately to \$50,000,000, whilst the industry pays millions of pounds each year in taxes, which comes from studio employees and tickets purchased by filmgoers.

Studios, too, have advanced like an H. G. Wells dream. No longer are they little wooden shacks with bad lighting and crude equipment. The modern film studio is a complete city on its own, covering a huge acreage, employing only the finest brains in the world, spending colossal sums each year producing the best in screen fare.

Zukor, all of whom entered the business somewhere round about 1910-12, and remain evergreen.

In 1927 the talking picture swept the industry off its feet. It took the film world a while to recover from the stunning it received from this new and great advance in production, and even when it had become established on a definite footing and accepted by the public, there were many who believed that it would not last. In 1937 it has reached the pinnacle of perfection, and the world is waiting for the next development—television.

And that dingy, dark little "peep show" was the beginning of it all.



THE MYSTERY THAT IS GRETA GARBO

Tragedies and Triumphs of Great Tragedienne

Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly By

John B. Davies
Our Representative in Hollywood.

asked about Garbo is "Why has she never married?"

Garbo has been in love, deeply and passionately, at least once. John Gilbert was the man to whom she really gave her heart. Maurice Stiller, the mystery man, exerted a strange power over his protegee, but Garbo denies that she ever loved him. What she found in Stiller was a sense of protection and security. The tall, broad-shouldered man with the deep voice and piercing eyes meant power to her; and she was grateful to him for all he had done for her. But it was not love.

On Sufferance

IRONIC and amusing is the fact that Greta Garbo first entered Hollywood on sufferance, through the influence of Director Maurice Stiller. The genius of the famous director was desired so strongly by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, that they yielded to his insistence that Garbo be given a contract, too. She was offered 200 dollars per week, a paltry sum in those days when movie salaries were at their dizzy heights.

The shyness that Garbo suffers from to-day dates back to the days when she first set foot in the, to her, foreign film city. Everyone in the studio knew that Garbo was there only because Stiller wanted her, and she was generally referred to as "that dumb Swede." Garbo knew enough English to feel the slight; and she suffered keenly. The first test they took of her was during Stiller's absence from the



THE GREAT GARBO as Camille, in which she is supported by Robert Taylor. The picture is soon to be released in Australia.

HAS Garbo ever been in love? Is Garbo really shy? Why won't she talk? Is she ill? What is the secret charm she has that lends potency to her mysterious glamor?

The heavy pall of silence that hangs persistently over the brooding queen of tragedy has rarely been penetrated. Of all the film celebrities in Hollywood, Garbo alone has managed to maintain a sphinx-like silence.

AND not only has Garbo herself maintained a consistent silence, but those who have known her well seem also to be held in the thrall of silence. What is this power that Garbo has over men she has known? Not one of them will talk.

John Gilbert would never discuss her or mention her name. George Brent, who became an intimate friend of hers during the filming of "The Painted Veil," almost threw a member of the Press out of his house when he was asked about her. Robert Taylor will not breathe a word about the woman he has held in his arms for the picturisation of "Camille." When he is asked if it is true that a romance exists between them, he merely smiles impersonally and says: "You flatter me!"

A proud, reserved, and truly shy woman is Garbo. She will not speak a word of the strange series of tragedies that have punctuated her career. The men who loved her most are now dead. Maurice Stiller, the great Swedish director, who first discovered her genius, died in Sweden, a broken and disillusioned man—because she gave her love to Gilbert. John Gilbert did not care to live after his once great fame had left him... and he died of a broken heart.

Her sister, Alva, whom Greta loved dearly, died in Sweden of pernicious anaemia. The rumors that Garbo is an ailing and bedridden woman are entirely untrue, but she must guard her health carefully. Anaemia is a constant threat against which she must protect herself by getting plenty of warm sunshine and selected nutritious foods. The question most frequently

studio. They took one look at the "take," and the unanimous decision was that it would be silly to spend a penny on a picture for her.

Heartbroken, Garbo told Stiller she was ready to return to her native land. Stiller raved furiously, and assaulted the studio officials, berating them for mishandling the "greatest actress in the world." Stiller made another test of his protegee, and lo! the studio officials saw another Garbo. They agreed that the Swedish girl had a strange power, bewildering, inexplicable. They would try her out in an inexpensive "Class C" picture.

"The Torrent" was the vehicle they selected, with Ricardo Cortez as her leading man. She was treated with contempt by the entire crew. They did not understand the moody, silent woman who could not speak their language. But Greta, always quick to learn, was quietly studying her English, and therefore did not miss the slighting remarks that were passed about her. She learned how cruel Hollywood can be. Without Stiller to protect her, she would have returned to Sweden and oblivion.

The overwhelming success of "The Torrent" staggered the studio and Garbo; but Stiller was not surprised. He had known all along what she could do. John Gilbert was at the very height of his career, the idol of a million women, when he was given to Garbo as her leading man.

It is said that love sprang into being from the moment that Greta and Jack set eyes on each other. The impersonal, cold and severe Garbo became a vibrant and pulsating being as soon as she met the flashing eyes of the popular hero of the day.

Sheer Ecstasy

LITTLE did they know at M-G-M.'s what a sensation the dark and dashing Gilbert and the fair, mysterious blonde would create. Such fiery love-making had never before been witnessed. When Garbo sank into her screen lover's arms she breathed sheer ecstasy. There was nothing make-believe about the passionate exchange of caresses between them.

In spite of her rise to great fame and riches, Garbo continued to live at the same modest hotel that she first chose when she came to Hollywood, but she loved to go to Gilbert's beautiful estate, swim in the great pool there, and play tennis. She was quite frank about visiting him freely, and everyone knew that she spent a good deal of time with Jack.

Stiller was painfully jealous of her interest in Gilbert. She saw little of her first director, but he was constantly inquiring for her and resentful of her new mode of living. Gilbert, too, was of a very jealous disposition where Garbo was concerned.

He once gave a large house-party, and he expected Garbo to attend. But Garbo said that she did not care to see people that evening, and retired to her room. Gilbert had been drinking, and pounded away furiously at the door with his fists, calling for her to come out. She still refused to admit him, and he plunged down the stairs and out into the night, leaving his party in full swing. His guests heard his car disappearing down the road.

The oft-married Gilbert confided to his close friends that the only woman he ever really loved was Garbo. Again and again he begged her to marry him, but she put him off.

Time To Part

THE Gilbert-Garbo team continued to be successful in pictures. They were paired for the third time in "A Woman of Affairs," and it was while this film was being made that they came to a parting of the ways. Garbo decided that love had no part in her life, and that she must think only of her career. She stopped going to Jack's home, and did not appear at his parties. He tried in every way to induce her to see him again, but she was adamant.

Then he met Ina Claire. And suddenly, to everyone's amazement, they were married.

Stiller, meanwhile, had gone back alone to Sweden. He died some time afterwards. It is understood that it was because of a broken heart.

It was during the time that she loved Gilbert most dearly that she became her moody and sombre self. More and more she demanded privacy. She did all her acting behind screens. Visitors were taboo. She stalked through the studio clad in dark slacks and sweater, looking neither to the right nor left until she reached the seclusion of her dressing-room.

All this has changed. Garbo strolls gaily on to the set, exchanging pleasantries with the technicians, greeting her co-workers gaily. She has actually invited friends to come and watch her act. The other members of the cast are astounded. Lionel Barrymore, who has worked with her before, is at a loss for an explanation. He just doesn't know what has wrought the change.

It is not so many years ago that, as Greta Gustafson, Garbo was living in a poor flat in Stockholm, and earning a livelihood as an attendant in a humble barber shop. To-day the old apartment house in 35 Bleckingsgatan is an object of interest to natives and visitors. The long-legged, lanky girl who aroused the contempt of sophisticated Hollywood has now reached the very top-most peaks of fame. But the wise little smile that hovers round her lips is not triumphant. It is merely faintly ironic.

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HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

EVERYONE seems to be off on a three weeks' vacation. Bill Powell is going fishing. Clark Gable and director Jack Conway will be off on a three weeks' hunting trip in the wilds of Canada as soon as the lengthy "Parnell" is finished.

And then Joan Crawford and hubby Franchot Tone will go on a yachting trip with Gary Cooper and wife Sandra Shaw when they complete their respective flickers. Both the Coopers and the Tones describe the planned excursion as a "second honeymoon." Evidently with the intention of dispelling rift rumors in both cases.

MARY ASTOR and her third husband, Martinez del Campo, hold hands while driving to work. The young groom is on his first job as an apprentice-writer in the story department of the David Selznick studio. Mary Astor is working on her new assignment, a leading role in "The Princess of Zenda."

After the elopement to Yuma, Mary said that she married Del Campo because she loved him, but those in the know say that it was more of a sympathy match than a romantic one. The story goes that the young man wept on Mary's shoulder all the way to Yuma, telling her that if she didn't marry him his family would never let him return to Hollywood. What could good-hearted Mary do, then, but marry him!

I MET a dashing Italian officer at Denham Studios—voluptuous Tullio Carminati, specially slimmered to wear a slick grey uniform in "Sunset in Vienna."

Tullio sings a little in the picture, but he explained to me, he is an actor first, a singer second.

Lots of people think I'm an opera star because in most of my pictures I have been associated with prima donnas," he said.

Lilli Palmer, the pretty Viennese, who was presented to Queen Mary after a recent film premiere, completely changes her personality for her role opposite Tullio.

In the past, Lilli has played "hard-boiled" young women. Now she becomes a shy young bride. "Variety" says Lilli, in her fascinating English, "is the spice of life. It's such fun not to be always the same character, isn't it?"

Methinks I scent an Australian somewhere! R.K.O. announces it has bought a yarn called "Kangaroo," by one Victor Maper, as a vehicle for Wheeler and Woolsey. To make it more suspicious Mr. Maper also wrote an epic titled "Boomerang."

ANNA NEAGLE will temporarily desert her Hampstead home, and her beautiful Persian cat, Raa, to stay at the luxurious club attached to Pinewood Studios.

"Slated" to play Queen Victoria in the forthcoming Herbert Wilcox production, she feels that she must be "handy to the job" all the time, as it will be the biggest role of her career.

When she says at the club, Anna swims in the studio pool, a wonderful creation by a leading London architect, surrounded by classic Greek sculpture and special sun-bathing lamps.

JEAN HARLOW'S keen wit is trigger-quick. She was travelling on a train from the State of Washington and at Albuquerque, New Mexico, a demon reporter boarded the train, located Jean's stateroom, and knocked on the door. La Harlow stuck her head out, and the reporter said:

"May I speak with you, Miss Harlow?"

Jean replied: "Miss Harlow has the flu, and cannot be disturbed."

"How about her mother?" Jean shook her freshly-shampooed hair emphatically. "She's got it, too. I'm the special nurse."

The reporter went away, and three stops later a newspaper was brought to Jean bearing this headline:

"Jean Harlow and Mother Seriously Ill—Private Nurse on Train!"

DOTS... and DASHES

home to Ireland for some woollen underwear and sweaters to see her through the cold spell. ● Spencer Tracy telling how his boss won out in her first race. ● Madge Evans taking lessons in Hungarian from Paul Lukas on the "Espionage" set. ● Freddie Bartholomew getting lots of praise for rushing into his burning dressing-room to rescue Aunt Cissie's fur coat.

● Jeanette MacDonald reluctantly bidding good-bye to her English sheep dog, Captain, because he persisted in biting people. ● Maureen O'Sullivan writing

LITTLE Bonita Granville, who made such a hit in "These Three," as the youthful villainess, has landed herself a long-term contract with Warners. Her first role for that studio will be in "Emile Zola." Every studio in town has been haggling for Bonita's services, and she's been kept mighty busy, so the Warner boys were lucky to land her.

MARIE WILSON, the lovely, pert little blonde, who plays "dumb" roles so wisely, has undergone a delicate operation. She was the victim of a three-car collision in downtown Hollywood, and physicians discovered that a piece of metal had penetrated her skull.

With her at the time of the accident were her mother, Mrs. Hazel White, and the film director, Nick Grinde. Only Marie was injured.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has the reputation of being pretty temperamental, but a recent incident between Miriam and her stand-in would make it seem otherwise.

Now a stand-in job isn't very enviable. She has to stand for hours under blazing lights while the camera is being set-up and everything prepared for the "take." At which time Miss Stand-in staggers off and Miss Movie Star strolls on cool and refreshed from a rest in her dressing-room.

Miriam's stand-in recently received an offer from R.K.O. to do a bit in a picture at eight pounds a day. And to enable her to take the offer, Miss Hopkins did her own standing-in for a week. Not many stars would have been that decent.

JUST back from America with her husband, Frank Lawton, Evelyn Laye is soon to star opposite Richard Taylor.

"I've had two years of being just a wife," laughed Evelyn, "and I came to the conclusion that it was time I got down to some really serious toil again."

Evelyn and Frank have decided to rent a house in the country.

LUIS RAINER'S new husband, Clifford Odets, one of the most important screen-writers in town, doesn't know how to drive a car. When his chauffeur isn't available he pedals a bike to the studio.

Luis should be able to teach him a few things. She's been nabbed three times for driving through Hollywood at seventy miles an hour and once had her licence revoked.

Norma Shearer, rarely seen in public, still wears deep mourning for her late husband, Irving Thalberg. She dresses entirely in black, even to furs, and with her deep sorrow and the quiet courage with which she bears it has come a rare new beauty. Her return to the screen is still a matter of some months.

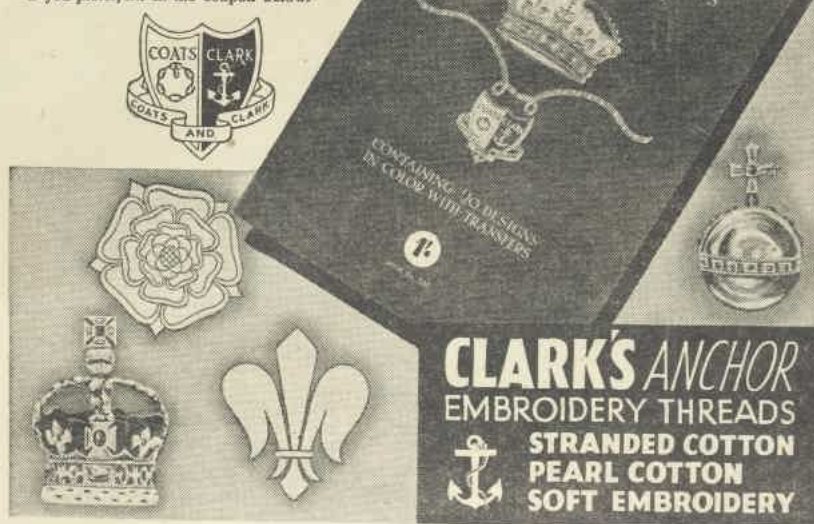
SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



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Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick keeps its color and texture. It's moisture proof—can be applied to the inner as well as the outer lips.

The loveliest woman looks plain if her make-up method is wrong! Make-up must blend with natural coloring, then individual beauty points are heightened. Ginger Rogers, R.K.O. star, has her make-up specially chosen by Max Factor. Her make-up secret—that of practically all the stars—can be yours, too! You can choose, with the help of Max Factor's Colour Harmony Chart, the right powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. Max Factor's Colour Harmony Make-Up will bring to you a fresh, sparkling beauty, an added allure!

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OF HOLLYWOOD
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FREE Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Powder and sample of rouge in my shade, along 48-page coloration book, "The New Art of Beauty Make-up." I enclose response in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with X.

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
A33	Fair	Blue	Black	Deep
	Olive	Grey	Light/Dark	Oily
	Medium	Brown	Brown/Black	Normal
	Ruddy	Black	Black	
CITY	Cold	Light	Light/Dark	Lips
	See Ten	Dark	Light/Dark	Dark

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ SALLY OF THE REGIMENT

Anna Lee, Wallace Ford, John Mills. (G.R.D.)

WELL, we have had the American army, navy, marines, air force, coastguard service and what you will on the screen. Now, the British army makes its debut, introduced, and very effectively, too, by Gaumont-British.

This picture, I admit, came as a surprise to me. To be candid, I thought it was going to be pretty poor. I was wrong; it is slickly produced and directed; the story is as good as anything of the kind turned out in Hollywood; the dialogue is well handled and with a dash of humor; the acting very competent.

Theme is the regeneration of a petty American crook, who, fleeing to England from a murder charge, finds himself, by reason of a stolen passport, enlisted in the army. His initial rebellions and final transformation are well handled.

Rabid pacifists will talk bitterly about "war propaganda" when they see this offering. Not being a red-hot pacifist (unfashionable of me, isn't it?) I found it quite good entertainment. And I'll eat my hat if audiences don't like it.—Lyceum, showing.

★ MURDER WITH PICTURES

Lew Ayres, Gail Patrick. (Paramount.)

THIS is as good a run-o'-the-mill little murder mystery as you're likely to get. Lawyer Redfield (Ernest Cossart) is "bumped off" just as he is celebrating the acquittal of his client, Girard (Oswald Stevens), a gangster, from a charge of murder. Chief suspect is a mysterious lady, Meg (Gail Patrick), but news-camerman Murdoch (Lew Ayres), convinced of her innocence, not to mention being smitten by her charms, shelters her and seeks evidence to clear her.

More killing takes place before everything is cleared up, and the guilty parties are exposed, the story providing plenty of excitement and suspense for those—and they are legion—who like this kind of fare. The cast is very competent, and the direction of the slick variety that

keeps everything moving and sparkling from beginning to end.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.

★ WOMAN WISE

Michael Whalen, Rochelle Hudson. (Fox.)

A THOROUGHLY enjoyable little support, chiefly remarkable for the fact that, in it, Rochelle Hudson succeeds for the first time in being something more than an animated and good-looking clothes-horse. And is this something? Why, the girl is really human, not sub-human, as I've suspected up to now. She still has a long way to go, but there's no reason why she shouldn't end up as a competent third-rater.

In this opus, Rochelle appears as the daughter of an ex-champion pugilist, whose father is knocked out by sports-writer Michael Whalen. But big-hearted Mike gives the old

father's employer. This leads to his father losing his job, but Penrod manages to right matters by capturing a posse of real gangsters, so causing a change of heart in the mean-spirited Rodney.

It is all put over in that ingenuous fashion made so familiar by so many juvenile pictures. But it rates one star.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

SOFT LIGHTS AND SWEET MUSIC

Ambrose and his Orchestra—and others. (B.D.F.)

HAVE you ever seen Ambrose? Well, have a look if you want to, but don't say I didn't warn you. And that applies to this picture as well. I've seen some haphazardly slung-together items since I've been bearing the cross of a film critic, but I doubt if I've ever seen one so

champ, half of the 2000 dollars he wins on the bout, and, as a result, Rochelle becomes his ally in the job of reclaiming the son of Michael's boss.

All ends as it should do, but not before misunderstandings, brawls and dirty work provide plenty of action. Very fair average quality.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

★ PENROD AND SAM

Billy Mauch, Harry Watson, and other small boys. (Warners.)

A PICTURE that will score a tremendous hit with most small boys, but for adults will have little appeal.

Penrod, with Sam, is at the head of a gang of small boys, juvenile G-men, who right wrong by force, and defend the weak by the power of the fist. Penrod gets into a scrape with Rodney, the mean son of his

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars . . . no good.

father's employer. This leads to his father losing his job, but Penrod manages to right matters by capturing a posse of real gangsters, so causing a change of heart in the mean-spirited Rodney.

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GAIL PATRICK, the mysterious brunette of "Murder With Pictures."

amateurishly put together as this agglomeration of dance band and tenth-rate vaudeville acts.

Lacking any clear idea as to how to start, the "creator" of the masterpiece introduces it in a manner that would bring shame upon the juvenile author-producer of a school play. Once under way the picture becomes just one poor variety turn after another, some of them so bad as to make the onlooker feel embarrassed, and one or two just capable of producing a laugh.

And the gags . . . ! May heaven have mercy on the soul of the man who perpetrated them. I'm not exaggerating in putting them below the level of a mentally deficient child of ten.

The producer had as much trouble ending his picture as he had in starting it. But did that worry him? Not a scrap! He just cut it off short at the end of one of his "turns," photographed "The End," and called it a day. What a man.—Lyceum, showing.

O'RILEY'S LUCK

Eleanor Whitney, Tom Brown. (Paramount.)

I WATCHED the opening of this picture, doubtful but determined to do my duty and see it through. By the time the fourth reel was running, I was not so sure of my endurance; five or ten minutes later, I gave up and deserted. After all, even a reviewer can stand just so much and no more.

Young America and collegiate football, with the hero getting into the big game at the last minute and wrestling victory from defeat for dear old alma mater—heaven defend us!

I'm a tolerant person, but I failed to see one thing in this opus to recommend it.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.



[A column of gossip devoted to the final motion pictures.]

My competition is a wow! My fan mail is terrific!

Only a few days for you to enter (closing date April 30) if you want to decorate your boudoir (or den) with a well set of black and white photos of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. (Size, 8 in. x 10 in.)

All you have to do is to take the list of eight pictures given below . . . enumerate them in order of preference . . . send to Leo of M-G-M, 20 Chalmers Street, Sydney . . . and if your entry coincides with the final tally of the voting . . . you get the prize.

Here are the eight M-G-M pictures concerned . . .

"Born to Dance". Stars Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Virginia Bruce.

"After the Thin Man". Wm. Powell, Myrna Loy and the bow-wow Asta . . .

"Camille". Greta Garbo loves Robert Taylor in the thrilling romance of the Lady of the Camellias.

"Love on the Run". Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone. Whoopie!

"Tarzan Escapes". Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan in the further thrilling adventures.

"Lost of Mrs. Cheyney". Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan.

"Mystery". Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, John Barrymore in a musical romance to win your heart.

"The Good Earth". Paul Buck's novel starring Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.

Not all these grand films will be released this year. Eventually you'll find 'em decorating the screens at the Sydney, St. James, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne (or the New Metro). And what decoration!

Right at this moment we have more big news.

"Rose Marie", starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, is breaking every sort of record at the Sydney St. James. Be patient, Mels and Brisbane . . . you'll get it soon!

That's all to-day. Yours for entertainment.

LEO, of M-G-M.

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PW 7

Here is Taken No. 46 for The Australian Women's Weekly Australian Home Gardener.

G 46

Here is Taken No. 22 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Mammoth Wonder Book."

WB 22

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 106-114 Castlereagh Road, Sydney.

THE Widow's CRUISE

Continued from Page 30

MORE and more curious her behaviour seemed to him, for again, acting upon impulse, he followed her. She did not take a taxi, she walked, asking occasionally direction from one or other of the policemen on point duty, and gradually reached the centre of the town.

For a moment she stood hesitatingly, and then turning into a side street, vanished. Garth hurried. Halfway down the street was a dingy pawnshop; as he reached it he glanced through its dirty window.

She was there, leaning against the counter while the man on the other side examined a silver clock which had clearly been taken from the parcel which she carried. Then he examined a pair of old-fashioned earrings and pushed them back to her.

He counted out some silver and a treasury note and pushed the money over to her with a pasteboard ticket. As she picked it up it seemed to Garth that her shoulders sagged as if with weariness.

Once again he felt the desire to protect her. In that instant he realised that he did not care what mystery surrounded her. She was alone in trouble, and unhappy. Impulse forced his hand to the handle of the door and he swung it open.

She gave a little frightened gasp as he confronted her and a wave of color rose painfully to flush her face. She had the appearance of a guilty creature convicted in some crime as she stood helplessly, unable to speak.

"What do you think you're doing, Jenty?" Garth asked roughly. He was as angry with himself as with her for the medley of emotions which possessed him.

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but still stood speechless. "Excuse me, sir?" interrupted the man behind the counter, "this lady's transaction is all right, isn't it?"

"No," Garth answered. "I'm afraid it isn't. We shall have to cancel it." He put down two pounds on the counter.

"Please wrap the clock up, my fiancée has won her bet . . ."

He gripped the girl firmly by the arm until she almost winced with pain and pulled her out into the street. Hailing a taxi he pushed her into it.

HE barely gave her a look after he had directed the driver, and then . . .

"I suggest that you wait to cry for a more convenient moment. In ten minutes we shall be driving to London in something more comfortable than this busheaker, and I shall not be so embarrassed."

The brutality of his tones seemed to cow her. Like an automaton she allowed him to transfer her to a luxurious car from a garage to which the taxi drove. She stared, away from him, out of the window rigidly while he collected her suitcase and his own luggage from the customs and saw it stowed safely on the car.

Once on the open road he pulled the blinds down on the side windows.

"Now," he said, "if you want to cry—cry! When you're finished perhaps you'll explain the letter you wrote to me."

"I can't," he understood her to say as she kept her face resolutely away from him.

"It puts you in a very difficult legal position," he offered.

At this she turned to him.

"Legal . . . position . . . ?"

"Breach-of contract. Of course if you have any explanation I am prepared to listen . . ."

"I've done nothing wrong . . ."

she said. "Truly I haven't. I couldn't help not being able to tip them . . . I didn't ask any of them to do anything for me after I knew I couldn't . . . I told the steward and I carried my own suitcase . . ."

She gulped and he saw her eyes fill with ashamed tears.

He found himself more bewildered than ever. He could make no sense of what she had said.

"Tipping . . . carrying her suitcase . . . ?" And he had found her in a pawnbroker's establishment.

"Listen, Jenty," he spoke aloud. "Are you telling me that you were short of money? . . . or what is it? Why are you wearing these clothes? Why didn't you take the boat train?"

She hung her head and burst into a sobbing fit.

While the car moved swiftly through the countryside, he drew her explanation from her, and pieced together the story of her life as he did so.

It had been a story like a thousand others . . . a young girl reasonably educated, but at her mother's death obliged to earn her own living . . . a shy girl without friends who at last obtained work in an antique shop, where she kept the books and attended on unimportant customers . . . day after day uneventful, evening after evening lonely and friendless . . .

Sometimes a movie, when she could afford it, after a frugal, silent supper . . . no pretty clothes, no parties at which to wear them even had she had invitations . . . twenty-one . . . twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . she was beginning to grow desperate . . . twenty-four; she began to talk to the girl in the hairdresser's shop to which she went . . . twenty-five . . . she was becoming conscious that the courage with which other girls swung into the world and grabbed enjoyment with bluff and charm would never be hers. Twenty-five, and she had never been asked to dance or flirt with a young man . . . then the ticket she had bought . . . the ticket in the Irish sweepstake . . . she had won a hundred pounds . . . "What good will it be to you in your old age?" had asked the girl as she cut her hair. "Why not use it to get out

into the world and give your looks a chance?"

I'd go on a cruise with it if I'd won it? . . . Who knows who I might meet . . .

Twenty-five, Jenty in her little room had heard the words ringing again and again in her ears. What the girl in the hairdresser's shop had said was true.

She had the courage . . . she might plunge into the gamble of her life . . . what was a hundred pounds for the rainy day when every day was rainy?

THERE was a cruise, the cruise of the *Anchusa* the ticket cost seventy pounds . . . but there would be millionaires, dukes, the pick of the world on board, the hairdresser had said enviously. Men that any girl would go on her knees to get . . .

Jenty with her face in her hands sobbed as the car swung onward.

"Now you can understand why I couldn't see you any more. I couldn't bear you to know the sort of girl I am . . ."

Garth tried to take her hands gently.

"I like your sort of a girl," he said. "I knew you had pluck . . ."

She looked at him with her blue eyes filled with tears.

"I haven't pluck."

"Did you refuse to see me any more because you couldn't bear to marry me, then, although I told you I could give you anything you asked for?"

"No . . . no . . ."

she cried wildly. "I asked you how we'd live because I wanted to think afterwards what I'd given up to prove I was decent enough to have had your love for a little while. I wanted to pretend that I'd had the chance of a lovely home and lovely clothes—all the things I've never had. It made what I'd done seem less beastly . . ."

Garth drew a long breath. It seemed to him in that moment that he had never been so happy in his life.

He sat for a few moments in silence.

"Jenty, it seems to me the luckiest thing in the world that I didn't catch the boat train . . . You'd have gone out of my life and I'd never have found you again," he said at last. "There's something I must ask you—why did I find you in the pawnbroker's?"

AGAIN she flushed painfully. "The precept ticket . . ."

she faltered. "Fifteen pounds was all I had. If I'd won I was telling myself I could buy some clothes and go out with you, and you wouldn't have to know that I'd been just a cheat . . . But I didn't win and it seemed a judgment on me . . . and I hadn't a penny for even my railway ticket . . ."

"Oh, heavens," groaned Garth. "My poor sweet . . . and I never gave it a thought . . . Darling, I'll buy you all the clothes you'll ever want . . ."

he broke off abruptly. "but you've never worn anything but mourning . . ."

"I know," she said, shamed again. It took him all the remainder of the journey to persuade her that the further deceit she had practised was to him the greatest joke he had ever heard.

While he held her in his arms carefully so that she could rest her tired head on his shoulder, he smiled as he thought of the two girls, she and the hairdresser's assistant, discussing the most important part of the projected adventure. He almost heard the more experienced one advising.

"Since you've no money for really smart clothes—be a widow, my dear . . . You'll need hardly anything and you'll put every woman in the shade . . . Men always fall for widows, that's why they are called dangerous . . ."

"I hope, my dear, you'll never be a widow," he said, as he leaned out of the window to redirect the chauffeur as the car entered London.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

He mentioned the name of a Bond Street Jeweller.

"I'm told they deal in emeralds," he replied.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

HAVE you a liking for drawing, for sketching people and scenery and putting your thoughts upon paper? Would you like to turn your talent for drawing into money? It is a fascinating and immensely profitable hobby to be able to draw quickly and easily the people you see about you, pretty scenery, trees and old houses.

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its antiseptic and healing powers destroy infection and clear the disease from the scalp. Cuticura stimulates the languishing hair roots, gives life and lustrous beauty to the hair and promotes luxuriant growth.

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Every day, gently massage Cuticura Ointment into the scalp with the fingertips. After an hour or so thoroughly shampoo the head with Cuticura Soap and rinse well to remove the soap. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the scalp. A matchless treatment for strengthening and restoring weak, lifeless hair, for preventing falling hair and premature baldness.

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"Don't try dear, Barry's Tri-coph-erous will quickly get rid of that dandruff."

"Oh, I feel so ashamed"

DANDRUFF GONE—now the centre of attraction.

"Sorry chaps, but this is my dance!"

If dandruff is robbing your hair of life and lustre, start using Barry's Tri-coph-erous today. It pours vigorous new life into languishing roots, stops falling hair, prevents greyness and promotes luxuriant growth of healthy, youthful, glossy hair. Of all chemists and stores 3/- a bottle.

NANCYE WYNNE TIPPED To Win World TENNIS TITLE

By JOAN HARTIGAN

By again defeating Miss Thelma Coyne, this time in the final of the West Australian championships, Miss Nancye Wynne has definitely proved herself the outstanding woman tennis player in Australia to-day.

SHE has also equalled the record of Mrs. Molesworth, who held the Australian championship and four State titles during the one season—1920-21.

Miss Wynne is now the Australian, South Australian, West Australian, N.S.W., and Queensland champion, her only recent defeat

being in the semi-final of the Victorian championships last November.

Given the opportunity, much higher honors are sure to be hers, and her matches against the visiting English team due to arrive in Australia at the end of the year are eagerly awaited.

If she goes abroad next year I believe she goes with a world's title within her grasp.

Nancy is yet young enough not to have her play hampered by the strain of holding year after year the titles she has so recently won in this country, and confidence plays a big part in success.

Her tall, athletic figure attired in neatly tailored shorts and graceful movement on the court, combined with a repertoire of orthodox strokes, make her an attractive court personality.

She has on many occasions been severely criticised for her display of temperament during matches, but one has to know her to realise this is nothing more than a mere mannerism and does not by any means indicate poor sportsmanship.

She has taken whatever defeats have come her way without any semblance of ill-temper.



NANCYE WYNNE, of Victoria, described by Joan Hartigan as the outstanding woman tennis player in Australia to-day.

NEW RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD HAS HOUSEWIVES REJOICING

Cuts out Hours of Work

GIVES DAZZLING WHITENESS

The discovery of a new time-saving, labour-saving, fuel-saving Rinso method has caused unheard-of excitement. Scientific washing tests have proved that the Rinso two-minute boil method is the only up-to-date way of washing clothes. Housewives by the thousand are taking up this amazing short-cut because it makes the hardest job of the week so quick and easy. At the same time it leaves the clothes that clear, dazzling white—the well-known "Rinso Whiteness."

RINSO SUDS WORK

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The cleansing action of ordinary suds takes place only when you rub the soap on the garment. But rich Rinso suds beneath the surface roll the dirt out by themselves and hold it till you rinse it away. Rinso is the one complete washer—no aids or extras needed.

RINSO for COLOURS

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Run through gently in rich, lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse thoroughly.

HAPPY COUPLE CELEBRATE



This is the first time Mr. and Mrs. Clarke have ever been out together on washing day. Mrs. Clarke was always too tired. But now she has changed to the Rinso 2-minute boil, she feels fit for anything after a big wash.

2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD POSSIBLE ONLY WITH RINSO

So simple, so quick, so effective

Shake Rinso into warm water to make a good suds (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Whip up well.

1. Soak white articles in the lukewarm Rinso suds for 30 minutes. Rub a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.
2. Bring to boil and BOIL FOR TWO MINUTES ONLY.
3. Rinse thoroughly.

NOTE: Very dirty articles should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

A LEVER PRODUCT

NEIGHBOUR PASSES ON HER DISCOVERY



FAMOUS DANCER And His SYDNEY WIFE

Espinosa Arrives This Month

Espinosa, world-famous dance authority, arrives in Australia on April 26 as an examiner on behalf of the British Ballet Organisation, and to give a series of lecture-demonstrations.

His wife is an Australian. Their romance was a case of love at first sight.

ESPINOSA has been dancing for over fifty years, teaching since about 1890, and has visited many lands.

He is of small stature, only five feet, but he has a tremendous personality, is full of energy, and is vitally interested in everything.

Quick and bird-like in his movements, quicksilver truly describes him.

He literally dances his way through life, and it is no uncommon sight to see him, when walking along the streets of London, stop suddenly, do a few ballet movements and then continue his walk.

His little French artist's bow replaces the conventional tie, and for dancing, instead of the ordinary ballet shoes, he wears laced boots.

His Romance

HIS wife is an Australian. She was Eve Kelland, of Mosman, Sydney, who found her way to London at an early age in search of a stage career.

She soon made her name on the variety stage and was called "The Australian Girl."

That old popular song, "Laugh And the World Laughs With You," became world-famous through her.

It was while she was singing in pantomime at Birmingham at the age of 15 that she met Espinosa, who was producing the show.

They fell in love at first sight, eventually married, and their son and daughter have followed in their father's footsteps, and are now famous dancers and teachers.

This love match has continued throughout the years. She is, in

fact, he says, his right hand, and finds time to edit a magazine, "The Dancer."

This wonderful little man comes from a dancing family. His father, Le Espinosa, was a celebrated figure in Paris, Moscow, and London, and was closely associated with the famous dancers, The Petipas and St. Les in the days when ballet was beginning to come to the fore in Russia.

Hard Work

ONE of his most cherished memories was his association with the Henry Irving Company, the Lyceum in 1889, when he assisted his father in the arrangements of the dances.

He has been connected with practically all the famous artists of the English stage. Our own Mr. Oberon was taught by him.

This little martinet never considers his pupils working until perspiration is pouring from their brows.

Espinosa is no stranger to Australia. Lovers of the dancing may remember the way he revolutionised the presentation of ballet on the Australian stage.

Through his influence, the ballet for the first time in Australia, theatrical history found themselves people of importance, and was actually accommodated with dressing-rooms on the first floor instead of having to scamp up to the story.

One of the leading spirits in movement launched in London 1921 to uphold the prestige of the art of dancing, he compiled the syllabus that has been universally adopted as the required standard for examination tests.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

The Sky Is the Limit with Arians

The high ambitions of Aries people (those born between March 21 and April 21) are well known to their associates. For with Arians, the sky is the limit.

The funny part of it is that quite frequently these people reach their goals not because of their steadfastness and capabilities so much as by their sheer aggressiveness.

DESPITE their faults — and they have many — it can seldom be said that Arians are bores. Rather do they bring too much excitement and upset into the lives of those they contact.

They always have something interesting to do or say, and are always busy doing something, and coming or going somewhere. Keep Arians busy and you keep them out of mischief.

This fact is worth remembering when dealing with Aries-born children. They are full of energy and vitality and the germ of unrest, but set them tasks — hard and often — and they'll come up smiling.

The husbands or wives of Arians can afford to remember, too, that these people never really grow up, and that they are easy to manage if this side of their character is played upon.

Arians of the fair sex shine as demonstrators, factory workers, typists, journalists, saleswomen, nurses specialising in surgery — and reception clerks.

They can usually handle an automobile or machinery of any kind as well as a man, and yet make good houseworkers and cooks, provided they are allowed freedom of action and thought. They also shine at physical culture or active sports.

Also nearly all Arians have a hankering for stage or film careers, and what is more to the point, their chances of success in this field seem unusually good.

Husbands of Aries wives must never forget that these people are

"individualists" at their worst when tied to routine work with no hope of advancement. But they respond nobly to freedom, change and recreation.

Arians of the stronger sex are even more energetic and capable than the womenfolk. They excel as organisers, mechanists, brokers, electricians and engineers. They make good chauffeurs, mechanics, iron-moulders, carpenters, architects and builders.

Many excellent soldiers, sailors and fliers are Arians, too. It all comes back to a few special characteristics — a natural ability to handle tools or machines of any kind, a desire for activity and excitement, and the faculty for contacting the general public in some way. Add to these characteristics the qualities of leadership, determination, aggression, and the desire to pioneer, and it is clear why they make themselves felt (and heard) in their own particular spheres of activity.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Work hard on April 18, 19 and 20. The stars befriend you then. Ask favors. Make changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Not spectacular. April 13 fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on April 14 and 15.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Continue to live quietly. Make no important changes. Things improve slightly soon. April 16 and 17 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be confident and optimistic. Go after

Some Famous

Aries People

AMONG the famous people born under the sign Aries are Princess Elizabeth, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Captain Follett, Oliver Cromwell, King George V, Gloria Swanson, General Gordon, King Albert (Belgium), and Houdini the magician.

Some of the world's best surgeons, barbers, journalists, actors, business heads and salesmen come from this sign of the zodiac.

what you want. Work hard, especially on April 18, 19 and 20.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on April 13.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live with extreme caution on April 16, 17 and early 18. Try to avoid losses, partings, oppositions and general upsets. Make no changes.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Get important matters started within the next few days. April 16 and 17 best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This is the time for you to get busy. Make important changes and ask favors. Seek promotion. Be confident and optimistic on April 18, 19 and 20.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Do not be too confident, nor attempt the impossible at this time. Difficulties, delays, annoyances and general worries may be your lot, especially on April 16, 17 and very early 18.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Live quietly on April 18, 19 and 20. Losses and upsets are possible. April 14 and 15 very fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Not spectacular for you this week. April 16 and 17 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

inexpensive ... Chic

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
TRAVEL BUREAU
St. James Bldg.,
Elizabeth St., Sydney.

MARRIAGE Service Unjust To Women

English Feminist On Discourtesies

From Our London Office. By Air Mail.

Discussing the indignities and disabilities still meted out to women, Miss Phyllis Corns, treasurer of the Council for Equal Citizenship, said it is an indignity to an able-bodied woman when a man attempts to assist her across a street.

It is also an indignity, she says, when a young man gives up his seat in a tram to a woman his own age, although she added that a young woman should be expected to give up her seat for an older man.

MISS CORNS agreed heartily with a statement made at a women's conference that the phrase in the marriage service, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" is a gross indignity to women.

Women, she contends, should protest against this question and all that it implies, especially the inference that woman is man's chattel.

"Women still have to endure numerous petty and irritating indignities that are a survival of the days before women's equality," she said, "among them the nonsensical and meaningless courtesies of two walking in the street, enter-

ing lifts, or travelling in crowded vehicles.

"Apart from these we have many very real disabilities that can only be eliminated by law in Parliament and in the churches.

"Women, except in a few free churches, cannot yet enter the pulpit or administer their own parishes, however high their qualifications.

"The London County Council is the only body here that permits married women to teach in its schools.

"We have yet to convince politicians about something that should be perfectly plain to them—that a woman with her own children is better fitted to teach other children than a spinster who has none.

"The same manifestly ridiculous rule applies to municipal medical officers.

BLINDFOLD
TEST No. 14

Corn Flakes have twice the flavour



The Barber Family makes Blindfold Test

After tasting four different breakfast foods whilst blindfolded, the Barber family, of 33 Merrenham Avenue, gave a nine hundred per cent. "YES" vote for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

— that's how the Barber family votes in the Blindfold Test



Votes "Yes"

Whole Family Loves them. "At last I've found a breakfast food that the whole family loves. No wonder! Other breakfast foods have never tasted half so good as Corn Flakes."

Says Mrs. M. P. Barber

Still another family gives a complete return of "Yes" votes for Corn Flakes in Kellogg's sensational Blindfold Test. And it's not just luck. You'd vote for Corn Flakes, too. Because Kellogg's pack each of those great big crunchy Corn Flakes with all the extra-rich flavour of natural corn. Corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain—and no other Australian breakfast cereal is made with corn. You'll love Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.

Man's Knitted Pullover in Relief Pattern

Made with high neck and long sleeves it is ideal for cosy winter wear

THIS smart pullover in medium man's size is knitted in sports wool in an unusual relief pattern which is quite simple to follow from the directions given here.

Materials: 16oz. sports wool, 6-ply, 1 pair No. 6 needles, 1 set of 4 No. 6 needles with points both ends.

General Working Plan: In order to ensure a good fit for the pullover it is advisable to work it according to a well-cut pattern. Such a pattern can be easily made out of paper with the following measurements, which are for medium man's size.

Measurements: Chest (width all round under arms), 36½ inches; front lower edge, 16½ inches; back lower edge, 15 inches; length from top of shoulder, front 24 inches, back 23 inches; shoulder seams 7½ inches; sleeves, full length from top of shoulder, 24½ inches; underarm seams, 19½ inches; round cuff, 8 inches; collar, 14½ inches.

To make larger or smaller add or subtract the required No. of inches.

PATTERN

*** 1st Row** (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl 3 into the next 2 stitches, knit 2, purl the next 2 stitches together. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): K. 1. Work the stitches of this row as they appear, i.e. purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit the stitches that were purled.

3rd Row (right side of work): K. 1, knit 2, * purl 3, pass the next 2 knitted stitches onto a spare needle, and let it lie to the front of work. Pass the next purled stitch onto a second spare needle, and let it lie to the back of work. Knit the next 2 stitches, purl the stitch from the second spare needle, then knit plain the 2 stitches from the first spare needle. Repeat from *, end k. 1.

4th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

5th Row (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl the next 2 tog., purl 1, knit 2, purl 2 into the next purled stitch. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

6th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

7th Row (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl the next 2 stitches together, knit 2, purl 3 into the next 2 purled stitches. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

8th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

9th Row (right side of work): K. 1, * pass the 2 knit stitches onto a spare needle, let it lie to the front of work; pass the next purled stitch onto a second spare needle and let it lie to the back of work. Knit plain the next 2 knitted stitches, purl the purled stitch from the second spare needle, then knit plain the 2 knitted stitches from the first spare needle, purl 3. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

10th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

11th Row (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl 2 into the next purled stitch, knit 2, purl the next



AN IDEAL WINTER pullover for a man. The smart relief pattern is quite simple to follow from the directions given here.

JOINING WOOL

IF this is done in the middle of a row it will cause uneven stitches. Join only at ends of rows. You can save odd lengths for sewing up the garment. If you must join in a row somewhere, thread a needle with the end of the old ball and run it into the beginning of the wool of the new ball for about two inches. This is easier than grafting and will not discolor the wool which rolling with damp fingers often causes.

end every 6th row until 50 sts., continue in k. 2 p. 2 rib until sleeve measures 19 inches. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of next two rows, then k. 2 tog. each end every second row four times, then k. 2 tog. each end every row until 14 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

With set of 4 needles, and right side of work facing, begin at left hand shoulder, and k. up 68 sts. around neck on 3 needles. K. 2 p. 2 rib for 4 inches. Cast off in rib, i.e. knit on a knit st. and purl on a purl st.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the parts, spread them on the paper pattern, pin them down at the edges and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. Press all seams under a damp cloth.



A CLOSE-UP of the stitches used in the pullover.

Loveliness!

There is about her a charm more lovely than beauty of face or figure; for after her bath she sprinkles herself with Johnson's Baby Powder. So soft and delicate it keeps her cool and fresh. This same powder, made originally for babies, will give you a sweet fragrance... a charming loveliness.

Product of Johnson & Johnson—Makers of 14k Toothbrush, Molineux, etc.

A 636

Johnson's Powder
Best for Baby—Best for you

2 together, purl 1. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

12th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

13th Row (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl 3 into the next 2 purled stitches, knit 2, purl the next 2 stitches together. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

14th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

15th Row (right side of work): Same as 3rd row.

16th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

17th Row (right side of work): Same as 5th row.

18th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

19th Row (right side of work): Same as 7th row.

20th Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

21st Row (right side of work): Same as 9th row.

22nd Row (wrong side of work): Same as 2nd row.

23rd Row (right side of work): K. 1, * knit 2, purl 2 into the next purled stitch, knit 2, purl the next 2 purled stitches together, purl 1. Repeat from *, end k. 3.

Work the next 13 rows, knit 2, purl 2.

FRONT

Cast on 60 sts. Work into back of sts. on 1st row. K. 2 p. 2 rib for 3½ inches.

Change to pattern and work from ** to **, at same time increase each end every 8th row until 68 sts. on needle.

When 23rd row of second pattern is reached, commence armhole shaping.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of next two rows, then k. 2 tog. each end every second row four times. Continue in k. 2 p. 2 rib on the 50 sts. until armhole measures six inches.

Leave 14 sts. in centre on a stitch-holder, and k. 2 tog. each side of neck every row until 14 sts. on each shoulder.

Work until armhole is 8½ inches. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge twice on each shoulder.

BACK

Work same as front until after armhole shaping, then k. 2 p. 2 rib until armhole is 8 inches.

Cast off 7 sts. at the beginning of next 4 rows, leave remaining 22 sts. for back of neck on stitch-holder.

SLEEVES

Cast on 34 sts., k. 2 p. 2 rib for 3½ inches. Work in pattern from ** to ** twice, and increase each

Helpful Knitting Hints

EDGES: Most important. When casting on, work the first row into the backs of the cast-on stitches. This gives a firm edge.

SIDE EDGES: Discard the old idea of slipping the first stitch. It has been proved a failure. Instead do your first stitch in reverse manner to the rest of the row, e.g. if the row is knitted, then purl the first stitch and vice versa—unless, of course, you are following a definite pattern, and must keep to the instructions given.

INCREASING: When increasing is necessary do it on the second stitch instead of the first, and on the one before the last instead of the last.

CASTING OFF: Do this loosely otherwise the edge will pucker.

SHOULDER SEAMS: Work both sides of the shoulder seams and do not cast off either until both are done. Then hold the two needles together and cast off both rows together. Thus you are sure of these seams fitting perfectly and are saved the trouble of sewing them.

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Beyond the Door

By . . .
CAROL
BROWN



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

COMPLETE BOOK-
LENGTH NOVEL

BEYOND THE DOOR

By CAROL BROWN



WHEN Manning Colby chose that particular table in Papa Marat's basement restaurant, at that particular time, on that particular night, he had no notion that he was thereby saving himself from possible conviction of murder.

He simply chose that table because it was the only one left. Although it was beastly hot—the restaurant was crowded. Real Bohemians, and would-be Bohemians, and persons who wouldn't have been Bohemian for anything in the world, but wanted to look in upon the Bohemians and the old studio building, were jammed together at rickety red and yellow and purple tables drinking anaemic coffee and eating monumental three-story sandwiches by the light of sputtering candles. The only vacant spot left was the coal bin, transformed by courtesy of orange paint into a very private booth.

The fact that it was private had no significance to Manning any more than there was significance in his leaving his table for a moment to telephone Brent, head of the Brent Art Company. He told Brent he would be out until nine o'clock. That was a lie—he intended to work all evening, but that didn't seem particularly significant either. Nor did it seem significant that he stopped and talked to a few casual acquaintances before he went back to his private booth—his coal bin.

Such trivial acts, and yet they did, and all the equally trivial things he did during the next hour and a half, were to influence the whole future course of his life.

Now, for instance—if he hadn't taken off his collar and rolled up his sleeves perhaps he wouldn't have been so careful not to be seen. That was an advantage of the coal bin. He could sit there in a state of comfortable dishevelment and later leave unobserved because of the screen which concealed the door as well as an adjacent door to a stairway leading to the first floor, which he as attendant of the building sometimes used.

THE coal bin had no other advantages. It was sweltering hot, it smelled like a cellar—an old cellar at that. There were beads of perspiration on the orange paint that covered the stone walls, and dirty little trickles of water—why, there was even moisture on the daggers stuck in the bracket across one end of the bin.

Interesting collection of daggers—souvenirs of a life of roving and romance as newspaper correspondent before Joseph Marat had become Papa Marat, proprietor of the basement restaurant in the studio building. There were cruelly curved Turkish scimitars, stubby wicked Senegalese knives, an Arabian dagger sheathed in a jewelled scabbard, a mean old Scottish dirk, but the one that had always most interested Man-

ning was gone. It had an exceedingly wide triangular blade, exceptionally thick at the base, but sharply pointed on the end. And the handle was of yellow cloisonne, with a blue and black dragon sprawled the length of it. Indeed, with its absurd blade, it seemed more of a caricature than a real weapon.

No time though to linger and look over the others just now. Manning had too much work to do. He finished his meal hurriedly and slipped out behind the screen, crossed a littered, dusty smelling basement room and climbed a rotten plank stairway up to the first floor.

There were no elevators in the old studio building. In the first floor hallway was a gaily-colored poster of a small maiden skipping blithely up an endless flight of steps and some tipsy letters, which read, "Take Our Elevator."

Following the directions on the poster you climbed around and around a great circular stairway, which coiled magnificently through the centre of the old building. And on each landing you found another poster of the same little maiden, just as gaily-colored, but less blithe, with more steps behind her and fewer steps in front of her, and the lettered names of the artists to be found on the floor. On the fourth floor was the name, "Manning Colby, Commercial Artist."

Manning paused for a moment in the doorway of his studio. The building was rather quiet, but there was a faint studio odor of turpentine and cigarettes, showing that a few people were working. And underneath that studio odor were older odors, brought out by the stifling August heat that fermented under paint and tapestries to find the odors of the old tenement the building had been before the artists came, and the odor of the old hotel it had been before that.

Manning screwed a high-powered light bulb into the socket in the centre of his studio, stripped off his clothes, put on his track pants, hung his wristwatch on his case, lit a cigarette, snatched up his palette and brushes, and began to daub viciously at the head of an Egyptian dancing girl on the canvas. Then he remembered the woman across the street who had a penchant for reporting him to the landlord when he appeared too scantily clad, and pulled the shade down. He was hotter than ever.

But that panel had to be done by nine o'clock—had to be! For then Brent, the man whom Manning had telephoned from the restaurant, was coming in to look at the thing, and to decide whether the Brent Art Company would award him the contract for the panels to be placed in the Egyptian Candy Shop. Manning consulted the wrist-watch—seven-thirty o'clock. He had just an hour, but by working on schedule he could do it.

The schedule, however, proved to be one of interruptions rather than of work. He had gotten as far as the turquoise over the maiden's left eyebrow, when from the studio below came a bedlam of noise as of a barnyard turned loose. The Morons had come in and had started

their ancient phonograph. The Morons were a quartet of college youngsters who had rented a studio in order that they might be "alone" away from the crowd, have "atmosphere," and do "creative work."

THEY succeeded in being "alone" every night, alone with four or five pals. They had "atmosphere"—an atmosphere hazy with incense and brew. They did "creative work" each night—they created a new dance step or a new and strange disharmony. To-night, one of them was singing something about "you'll be sorry some day-ay-ay-ay." Another was extolling "My Old Kentucky Home," the third was howling "Sweet Adeline," and the fourth was simply howling.

They kept it up until Mathewson, from the studio across from Manning's, yelled down the stairs at them in heated language to "shut up"; until Sprague, from the second floor, yelled up the stairway at them in even more heated language to "Close their traps"; until the janitor, working on the stairway itself, bellowed at them; until Von Veh, from the fifth floor, banged his studio door and came on down the stairs to discuss the disturbance with Manning.

Von Veh had evidently been working, for he wore a clay-daubed smock, and his angrily gesticulating hands were covered with clay dust. Everything about him expressed anger. His close-clipped grey hair, which always stood straight up as if it had been wired, fairly bristled with indignation. His eyes, always a bit protruding, almost seemed to pop from his head.

"Can't anybody stop that confounded noise?" he said. "The young people of this generation! Why do they act like that! It wouldn't be permitted in Europe!"

Manning was so angry over the interruption he was almost on the point of telling him to go back to Europe. Von Veh was always referring to superior conditions in Europe. No one was just sure what part of Europe. He had come to the studio building some twenty years before from Paris, where he had lived for years, but he certainly was not French. He had a German name, but he said he was not German. Recently he had brought to the studio building a nephew by the name of Sprague, whose American ancestry extended back over several generations.

Some people said Von Veh was not European at all, and that his haircut and his over-careful accent, which suggested that he had once spoken a foreign language, were affectations. But if the accent, just a slight blurring of "d's" and "t's" and a tendency to clip words short, were affected, he never lost it, not even when, as in this instance, he was very angry.

"I'm going to have those boys arrested!" he declared. "All this noise, night after night!—this awful jazz! It's bad enough to hear it in every restaurant,

BEYOND THE DOOR

to have it blared at you from every other store you pass, and from every house! Why, I walk to jazz, I eat to jazz, I travel to jazz, I sleep to jazz, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to model to jazz! I've had enough now.

"I've told them I'd have them raided. They dared me lot! Impudent, brainless—Morons! Morons!—they've chosen the right name! I'll call the police. I'll have the patrol here in a few minutes!"

VON VEH raved for fully ten minutes before he stamped down to the basement to call the police from Papa Marat's telephone.

A few minutes later there was a knock on Manning's door. Von VEH, he thought, was returning. He would not hear him. The Egyptian's head-dress was far more important than Von VEH's complaints.

He worked on until he reached the ruby in the centre of the maiden's forehead, and then interruption number three appeared on the fire escape outside his window, and with a laugh, a low musical laugh, leaped into the room, landing with a thud directly between him and his canvas.

Interruption number three had a mass of shaggy hair, which gleamed red-gold under the studio light. She had very dark grey eyes, a trifle elongated, with unbelievably long upcurling lashes. She had a perfect mouth and a lovely slender column of neck. And her voice was as low and musical as her laugh when she said, "Hello, Manning."

But Manning glared indignantly at this sum of perfections as he snatched frantically for his smock and began to struggle into it. "Good Lord, Virginia! What's the idea of bouncing in on me like this! I'm not dressed, I'm not decent! Curse this thing!" This last to the smock that seemed to have sleeves but no armholes.

There was another peal of laughter. And then Virginia looked the embarrassed Manning over with the coolly impersonal eye of the professional model.

"Look here, Ginny," Manning said, "I'm awfully sorry, but really I am busy! I have to finish this thing by nine o'clock."

"But, Manning," she interrupted, "I'm escaping—I have to go somewhere."

"Who are you escaping from?" he asked. "Von VEH!"

"V. V.!" Oh, no, I've already escaped from him—we had a quarrel, a regular quarrel, Manning. I posed for him until I was shaking all over and then we had a scrap. V. V.'s in an awful mood to-night. And so I came on down to the Morons' studio. I ought to have had more sense. Those Moron parties! Well, anyway, they drank so much they didn't know what they were doing, and I decided to leave."

Manning looked at her curiously. He didn't know her so well as the other men in the building did, she'd never posed for him, but the others were genuinely fond of her. They said she was reckless but absolutely square and straight. They called her the mascot of the studio building. But Manning had never particularly cared for her. Certainly he hadn't time to bother with her now. He looked at his watch. "Good Lord, Ginny," he said, "I have only half an hour to finish this thing. Sorry, but you really will have to scoot."

"Oh!" she said, "I haven't any place to go!"

"Go up to Von VEH's. He's in his studio," he suggested.

Then for the first time in his know-

ledge of Virginia he saw her lose her sang froid. "I will not!" she exclaimed. "I will not! I won't go near Von VEH! I told you we'd quarrelled. And we really have."

There were actual tears in her eyes as she clambered out of his window onto the fire escape.

Manning turned back to his Egyptian dancing girl, but according to the watch hanging on his easel it was now eight-thirty. Too late to finish the thing. He'd better go down to Papa Marat's and telephone Brent not to come. He hurried into his clothes and, closing and locking his studio door, wound his way around the curving stairway to the first floor.

At the foot of the stairs a lugubrious-looking old person with a long, pendulous under lip, was mournfully poking a pile of rubbish with a long-handled brush. Manning added another grievance to his list. Just like old Dan, the janitor, to clean the hallway at that particular time, when he was expecting a caller, a possible customer. He was about to say something about it when the old man caught him by the arm and with the air of a gossiping old woman pointed to the street door light. He saw a policeman talking to an artist who lived on the first floor.

Von VEH's raid! It was doubly important now that he head Brent off. He couldn't let him walk into that kind of mess. He'd never be able to sell him anything again. He stumbled down the dark basement stairway and, fumbling about, found the door that opened into the restaurant from behind the screen. Some of the same people who had been there an hour before were crowded about the little tables, sipping coffee and arguing. They evidently were not yet aware that the police were outside. Some of them joked him about his exclusiveness in staying in the coal bin all evening. He didn't even take the trouble to set them right. He was in such a hurry to get in touch with Brent.

He failed to reach him over the telephone, however, and decided to go up to Von VEH to see if the raid couldn't be called off.

He found old Dan still at the foot of the stairs, still standing beside his rubbish heap. But he was not sweeping. His gnarled old hands grasped his brush as though for support. His mouth was open, his pendulous under lip hanging loose, and his filmy old eyes stared into space with a sort of drunken concentration.

Manning reflected humorously that he could hardly be drunk. Dan, he knew, belonged to some strict religious cult that worshipped with a great deal of ballyhooing, across the street.

"Listen, Dan," he said, "if anyone asks for me during the next fifteen minutes, tell 'em I'm upstairs on the fifth floor talking to Von VEH."

"You can't talk to Von VEH," said the old man slowly. "He's dead!"

Then suddenly he seemed to gather himself together. Slowly the old eyes lost their vacant stare and focused upon Manning. Two glittering points of light gathered in their pale blue depths. He said in a voice of slow conviction, "and you're the man that did it."

The fifth floor of the old studio building did not extend over the entire structure. There were just two studios, fronting on the street, with a wide hallway between them. Each studio had just two windows, looking down upon the street, and a single door, opening into the hall-

way. The doors were exactly opposite each other. At one end of the hallway the circular stairway ended in a wooden dome, where the gold leaf of former glory showed dimly through cracked paint and dust, and a long extinct chandelier dangled dusty crystals.

At the head of the stairs hung a vivid poster, a picture of a gaily-dressed little maiden fallen exhausted at the top of endless flights of steps and the lettered legend, "Top Floor—All Out! Studios of Von VEH and Quirt."

Before this poster Manning Colby stopped out of breath and peered down the deep well of the stairway. There stood old Dan, leaning against the newel post with a litter of dust and papers at his feet, with his brush in his hand, still in that drunken attitude. Could it be that he had just said, "Von VEH is dead!"

Von VEH dead! Absurd!

And then there was a movement down on the stairway. Old Dan had dropped his brush and was coming up. Electrified into action, Manning climbed on up to the fifth floor.

The first thing that caught his eye as he rounded the last steps was an official-looking sleeve and the gleam of metal on a coat. A policeman was standing at the door of Von VEH's studio half-way down the hall. Near him were three men who turned strained startled faces towards Manning. They were Brent, with whom he had had the nine o'clock appointment, Mathewson, who had the studio across the hall from his own, and Sprague, Von VEH's nephew, who had a studio on the second floor.

None of them spoke as he approached them. They seemed to be in a daze. Mathewson opened his mouth, made a queer dry sound, and then touched his handkerchief to his lips. Brent's hard face was stern as though cast in iron. Frederick Sprague, a tall, thin youth with a skim milk complexion, and a shock of pale blond hair, shivered as though with the cold.

It was Sprague who finally managed to gasp in a tremulous hysterical whisper, "Oh, it's terrible! Something terrible has happened! My uncle, why, Manning, we were in there talking to him just a few minutes ago, we were in there talking to him, we stepped outside just a few minutes, and when we opened the door, there he was—he was—oh, we don't see what could have happened, we don't see..."

MANNING strode past Sprague to the studio door. But before he could step inside the policeman blocked his way.

"You can't go in," he said. "Live in the building?"

"Yes," Manning answered.

"Better stay here!"

"He can't do anything else," old Dan put in. "There's a policeman at the front door and one at the back of the building. It ain't often the police are right there when..."

But Manning did not hear him. Looking past the policeman into the studio he could see Von VEH. He was lying on the floor under the blue glass lantern that hung from the centre of the ceiling, lying on his side, with his protruding eyes staring straight toward the doorway. Under the weird light of the lantern the eyes were a blazing, living blue—fixed in glaring horror; the twisted lips were blue, ghastly purple blue; the fiercely bristling hair was blue; the hand that stretched forth from under the rumpled smock—

BEYOND THE DOOR

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

stretched forth as though to push something back—was blue, the cold blue of dead things; the stain on the smock was blue-black, like ink, though Manning knew it wasn't ink—it was that hideous light. It was that light that turned the mass of clay on the modelling stand into something decayed and evil, and the half-formed figure rising from it, with its clay dagger held aloft, into a thing of unholy menace. It was that light that changed the busts on the mantelpiece into floating, trunkless heads, ghost heads, with white sightless eyes; it was the light that changed the few statues into floating spirit figures.

Manning turned away sickened. The ordinary street noises—the clanging of a street car bell, the honk of an automobile horn, a shout of laughter, even the singing of the Morons—were sane, cheerful sounds.

"How?" he asked thickly.

Mathewson whispered, "Stabbed!"

And then Brent, the only business man in the group, more used than the others to dictating in emergency, attempted to take charge.

"We might as well sit down here," he said, pointing to a garish orange bench and chair at the head of the stairs. "We might as well sit down and wait for the inspector."

And when they had obeyed he began to talk in a curious, quiet and yet excited voice, like a person who has taken a drug and must talk on and on whether he will or not.

"I'll try to tell you all I know about it," he said to Manning. "I came up here to keep my appointment with you. I came at eight-thirty; of course you'd phoned you couldn't be here until nine, but I knocked at your door, and when I found you weren't there . . ."

Manning was about to say, "But I was there," but let the matter slip just then.

"When I found you were out I came up to see Von Veh. I had some work I wanted to talk over with him. These two men, Mathewson and the nephew, were there. Von Veh introduced me. They were having an argument. He'd called the police, asked them to do something about those young fellows making the noise downstairs, and they were trying to get him to call the thing off. I saw I couldn't talk business with him then so I said I'd come in later. They both got up, said they had work to do, and we all left together. I'd wanted to meet Mathewson, heard about him, but never met him before, so we stood outside the door talking for a few minutes. This fellow," he nodded contemptuously toward Sprague, "stayed, too. We talked for three minutes. I know that because I thought since they were leaving I might as well go back and talk to Von Veh. I was thinking about my appointment with you and looking at my watch. It was eight-thirty when we went out in the hall, and just three minutes later that I knocked on his door; he didn't answer, and then the nephew opened the door."

"Yes," Sprague wailed. Manning did wish he'd get hold of himself. "Yes, I opened the door and we found him—oh, why did I leave him in there."

"Did you go in, right in?" Manning whispered.

"Yes," Brent replied. "There wasn't a soul. We looked—well, you know that studio is almost bare—no place for anyone to hide, no other door."

The fire escape!

Manning wasn't sure who made the

suggestion; it might have been Sprague; it might have been Mathewson; but it was the thought in his own mind, a thought which drove him to the window to look out. He knew what he would see, of course—the fire escape zigzagging down one side of the front of the building past his window on the fourth floor, past the Morons' window on the third floor. The Morons' window! Suddenly he thought of Virginia—Virginia on the fire escape outside his window—Virginia insisting upon coming in when he'd insisted that he was busy and wasn't dressed—Virginia saying she'd been posing for Von Veh, and had quarrelled with him—Virginia, angry and with tears in her eyes, climbing back on the fire escape from his studio—Virginia!

He peered out of the window and saw the police patrol down in front, and a crowd gathering about the doorway, and some people looking up at him from the fire escape landing on the second floor. He couldn't see who they were. Their faces were white patches, with black holes for mouths. He drew back quickly.

"They've been out there all evening." It was Brent whispering in his ear, whispering out of deference to their nearness to that blue-lighted doorway.

"Who?" he replied, also whispering. "That family on the second floor, and Stuebena, one of the artists down there, was with them. No one could have come up the fire escape from the street."

He was aware that Brent was still speaking, not whispering now though, speaking in a louder voice, a hard voice with a curious edge to it. "I say, were you in your studio to-night?"

And then Manning did a thing he would not have done had he had time to think it over. In that instant all sorts of phrases stood out in his mind—caught in a trap—circumstantial evidence—and before he could check himself, he said, "No, I was out all evening!"

Then it was that he saw old Dan standing behind Brent, looking at him deliberately, with two malicious, glittering pin points of light in his pale old eyes.

Manning waited for Dan to speak, but after the first quick glance the old man turned away. But the glance had been definite. He had deliberately caught Manning's eye and registered that he knew he was telling a lie.

MANNING looked at the little group, grotesque in their paint-stained smocks, huddled on the orange bench, and the bench itself was grotesque—grotesque and out of place when one knew what lay in that ghostly dim room. And the maudlin shouting of the Morons, brazenly, defiantly grotesque.

"Gosh!" he found himself saying nervously. "I wish that thing would stop! It's been going all evening."

"I thought you were out!" Brent caught him quickly.

Manning felt as he had when a small boy when someone came up behind him and tripped him.

"I was," he said, "I was down in Papa Marat's restaurant."

Now, why had he said that? He had been there, of course, for a while. But someone would check up. Someone would find out. But why should he care? Why should he be afraid? He was an innocent man. Why should he even bother to use that word "innocent"—that word they used in connection with crimes?

He took out his handkerchief and

wiped his forehead, wiped away a moisture which didn't come from the heat. After all, he thought, it was best that he had said he was in Papa Marat's. He had been there earlier in the evening.

He'd gone into Papa Marat's private booth—the old coal bin. He'd left by the door behind the screen. He'd gone back later, appearing from behind the same screen.

Looking over the banister, down the great coils of the stairway, Manning saw the top of a wide-brimmed hat. No one but Papa Marat ever achieved such an impossibly rakish angle in a hat brim.

There he was, pulling a pencil out of his pocket, searching for a piece of paper. He bent over Dan's rubbish heap. He picked up something, a long white envelope. He started to write on it. Suddenly he stopped. He stuffed it in his pocket and came on upstairs hurriedly. On the third floor landing he paused. He looked down and around, but not up; queer that he forgot to look up. He took the envelope out of his pocket and looked at it. He bent over as though he were reading it eagerly. Then he looked up and saw Manning staring down at him. Quite deliberately he tore the centre out of the envelope, rolled it up and stuck it in the buttonhole in the lapel of his coat. Then he wadded the rest up and threw it away.

As he reached the top of the stairs it could be seen that there were a number of rolled bits of paper in his buttonhole, most of them torn and dirty. His suit was dirty, too, his coat was frayed at the cuffs, and on the bottom. His collar was filthy, but the tilt of his broad-brimmed hat was cavalierish. The sweep of his long white moustaches was magnificent. The Mark Twain cut of his hair was impressive. His hawklike old eyes darted about keenly as he said, "Nasty business here."

Sprague began to wail again, but Marat passed him by and made for the door of the studio.

The policeman barred the way.

"Newspaper man," Marat told him, and drawing aside his coat, displayed a police star on his breast. Old rascal! He wasn't on the staff of any paper in the city. He must have borrowed it or appropriated it from some newspaper man.

The policeman was unimpressed. "Can't help that! You'll have to wait until the inspector gets here!"

"But we'd like to get the story now," Marat insisted. "I've got to make the first edition."

"Can't help that!"

Papa Marat drew himself up with dignity. "In all my newspaper career," he said, "I've never had an experience like this. When I was on the New York 'World' . . ."

"Can't help that," the officer repeated, but without waiting for him to finish Papa Marat began to poke about, peering out of the window, looking down over the banisters, asking Brent numerous questions. Then in the midst of one of Brent's replies he pointed at the door directly across the hall from Von Veh's.

"Anyone called Quirt?"

"No use. It's no use!" Sprague interposed again, hysterically. "No use. We were right in front of the door! His—he couldn't even have opened his door."

But Papa Marat was paying no attention. He had taken one of the small rolls of paper from his buttonhole and, holding it against the wall, was writing on it with a stub of a pencil.

BEYOND THE DOOR

"Here," Brent demanded testily, "what are you doing? What are those rolls of paper?"

"These," said Papa Marat, running a dirty hand over his lapel, "are my file. Since man's clothes are so unbecomingly they might as well serve his convenience. Now this first note," he touched the roll of paper Manning had seen him tear from the envelope on the stairway—"this is a reminder to have a lamp shade fixed. And this next one is a memorandum about butter and pepper for the restaurant. I'm now writing that in the half-hour that has elapsed since it happened no one has taken the trouble to call Quirt."

"You aren't a newspaper man," Brent interrupted angrily, "you're the restaurant keeper, why you . . ."

"That is merely my avocation, a little fad on the side," said Papa Marat, and turning his back on Brent, he knocked on Quirt's door.

"Here," began the officer, "leave that to the inspector."

But already a voice within answered, "Come in."

THE officer opened the door. At the far corner of the room a man stood before an easel with his back to them.

"Come in," he repeated, "I'm ready for that crit you promised me!"

"Grip?" inquired the policeman, "You was expecting a friend with a grip?"

"Crit," Manning explained mechanically, "criticism of his picture."

At the sound of the two voices, the man turned and came quickly to the door. He was tall and graceful, a sort of faded sheik—in his early thirties, perhaps—with yellow hair slicked back and plastered close to his head, flat puffy cheeks, and very large light brown eyes, beautiful at first glance, but with no more expression than a goat's.

The eyes widened now with terror as he stared across the hallway at the huddled thing under the blue lantern.

"What?" he gasped, "What . . ."

But no one replied, for at the minute the inspector appeared. There were questions, quick, concise. Brent, Sprague, and Mathewson were asked to go over to headquarters to tell their stories there. Quirt explained that he'd been in his studio all evening, but hadn't heard a sound because of the noise the Morons had made below and the street noise coming in his open window.

Manning found himself repeating his lie about having been down in Papa Marat's restaurant, repeating it with a guilty furtive feeling, despising himself while he did it, trying to look the inspector in the eye, then looking away quickly again, afraid he was overdoing the thing, wondering if Papa Marat heard him, wondering if Dan were there, if he had come upstairs again.

Dan was there. He spoke from directly behind Manning, and his voice was meekly virtuous, but at the same time a little exultant.

"I've found out something! I think I know something nobody else knows!"

Manning felt a slow paralysis of anger and terror creeping over him.

"Yes," Dan continued, "Von Veh's mail box was broken into."

In spite of his own perturbation, in spite of a strange giddy feeling of relief, Manning found himself staring at that roll of paper in Papa Marat's buttonhole,

the one that, because it was cleaner than the others, he knew was the one torn from the envelope salvaged from Dan's rubbish heap.

And then relief, conjectures were forgotten, for under the inspector's directions the blue lantern that shrouded the electric bulb in the centre of Von Veh's studio was taken down and under the pitiless white glare the place lost its witchery and became just cruelly bare, just four blank walls, with a few sticks of furniture and a few statues and busts, rather old and a bit chipped, and lying there on the floor a dead man in a dirty old smock, but a dead man who lay as though the horror in him was still alive, horror in the grimacing open mouth, horror in the hand that stretched out as though it would push something away, something that lay on the side of the room towards the door.

Manning, watching from the hallway, saw that the inspector's glance followed the frozen gesture of that hand and that he was looking towards that side of the room. He knew what he saw there, just a bare wall, a broken Venus De Milo, a few dusty old shoe boxes, bulging with papers, a cracked dirty old statue of a figure posed on one toe of a tipsy pedestal. Nothing to be afraid of, and yet there must have been something, something to put that expression on the face of Von Veh, something to cause that red stain on the breast of his smock. Suddenly he realised that whatever had made the stain was gone. What had become of it, where . . .

"Oh, my heavens!" It was Quirt, chattering and pointing, and the horror on his face was almost like that of the dead man's, and his hand pointing was like the hand of the dead man—pointing at that piece of clay on the modelling stand—that clay with the head and shoulders of a woman rising from it, and the arm outstretched with the hand held high. And Manning found himself staring, felt a slow freezing terror. In that knobby clay hand, that half formed contorted thing, was not a clay dagger, but a real one with a yellow cloisonne handle, and a curiously wide triangular blade with a thin strip of red on one of its edges.

There was a silence, a strange empty silence. Then the voice of Papa Marat cut in, thin, almost childish, "That's mine." They all knew without his naming the thing what he meant.

"It's mine. I lent it to Virginia!"

At 11 o'clock that night newsboys were shouting, "Morning paper, morning paper—read about the great murder mystery! Read about the studio murder! The studio murder! The studio murder!"

One of the papers had a scoop—the story of the murder was on the front page. And it was signed Joseph Marat. The old newspaper man had scored. Through friendship with a city editor he had stepped back for a moment to former glory.

At four o'clock in the morning, when the final editions were out on the street, all the papers had the story, and Frederick Von Veh's name was more widely known in the city than it had been during all the years he had so patiently labored as a sculptor.

One of the papers had played up the story of that dagger. They called it the Ghost Dagger! Papa Marat was speaking of it now. Papa Marat was the only one of them who did not seem to be tired. The glory of his success was strong upon him. His hawk-like old eyes glittered. His hat was tipped forward at a swashbuckling

angle—his sweeping mustachios had taken on a curve of pride.

With his bony forefinger he tapped the front page of a paper lying on the table. "Good idea of mine—good idea! The Ghost Dagger!" He repeated the words with relish, "The Ghost Dagger! That was my lead for my second story. Makes a good follow-up story. Good stuff—queer-looking dagger with a wide triangular blade found in the hand of the statue on which the murdered man was working. Medical inspector says that dagger undoubtedly inflicted the wound that killed Von Veh. His blood's on it. And yet there are no finger-prints on the dagger or on the clay hand holding it except the fingerprints of Von Veh himself. But death came to Von Veh instantaneously—great stuff! And you three men"—indicating Brent, Mathewson and Sprague—"you three men all testify that the dagger was in the hands of the statue when you left the studio, just a few seconds before his death. Great!"

Quirt asked in his smooth, cold voice, "Did you leave the studio unguarded at any time after you discovered the"—he hesitated as though he dreaded to pronounce the word—"the murder?"

"Why, man," Brent said, "the police were there when it happened, you know that—and they came upstairs immediately when we notified them."

"But who notified them?" Quirt persisted.

Brent was about to reply when Papa Marat interrupted with pointed sarcasm. "Brent, of course. He, you know, took charge of things. He went down to telephone them—didn't know they were outside. Sprague discovered them—looked out of the window and saw the patrol down there. Am I right?" Sprague nodded. "And then Mathewson went down to call them—didn't want to make a disturbance by yelling from upstairs on the fifth floor."

At this point Manning lost track of the conversation. For there was the curious aspect of the case—Old Dan had testified that no one had come up the stairs while he was working there. And yet he had met Manning there as he came up from the basement restaurant and had accused him of the murder. Otherwise Manning was sure his alibi couldn't possibly have stood. There were any number of people who had seen him go into the private dining-room from the basement restaurant and any number of people who could testify that he had emerged from it after the murder occurred. But there was no one who could say that he had remained there during that time. The police, of course, had taken note of the concealed door. But with old Dan's testimony—why had he perjured himself? What was his game?"

MANNING, sickened of the whole thing, excused himself and made his way upstairs.

There before his own door he found Old Dan—waiting patiently—like a faithful old dog. Not an old dog that waits from affection for its master, but an old bloodhound which has followed a scent and is impatient for its quarry.

Without waiting for an invitation the old janitor seated himself in the most comfortable chair in Manning's studio. In a leisurely manner his watery old eyes travelled about the room. His flabby, lugubrious old face showed no

change of expression as he surveyed a Venus, bronzes, a gay, unintelligible Japanese print, a shocking German print, a Chinese iron picture, a Russian ikon, a bit of wood-carving. Objects d'art inspired no awe in Dan.

He did remark, finally, with a flapping movement of his pendulous under-lip, "That picter there—the one of the cows with the sky behind 'em. That's the one you sold for a calendar, ain't it? It ain't so bad!"

"I assure you that the cows are incidental!" Manning bristled to the defence of his art even in the midst of weariness and horror. "It's supposed to be a picture of daylight, just coming, as we see it now through these windows. The cows happen to be standing there by the pool."

The old man ignored the correction. "It's a queer thing to me," he continued, "how a young fellow with a trade like you've got, and a good start in life—how he'd cut himself off by doing this sort of a thing. It says in the Scriptures . . ."

"What are you talking about?" Manning towered over him with fists clenched, almost voiceless with anger. "What—what?"

DAN looked up calmly. "Now, now, young fellow! Now, it ain't no use quarrelling about it. I seen you, didn't I?"

Manning raised his hand and let it fall to his side. He couldn't strike the old man. He could only protest in helpless fury. "What are you driving at! How do you dare suggest such a thing—how—how!"

"I seen you," the old man repeated placidly. "I seen you on the stairs. And I ain't no fool—if I do scrub steps." A flame of cunning flickered in the pale eyes. "If you didn't do it, why did you lie about being in your studio?"

"I—I . . ." to his disgust and humiliation Manning found himself only able to stutter meaninglessly.

"There," Dan went on in the soothing tone in which one would speak to a delirious person. "You can see it ain't no use." And Manning realised the utter futility of trying to make the slightest dent in the old fellow's cast-iron convictions. He could only vent his rage by shouting, "Then get out!"

Dan took no notice of the command. "I suppose you know what I did for you last night?" he asked.

"Yes, you old hypocrite, I know. But you didn't do it for me!"

"No, I didn't do it for you. That's right. But since you was helped by it you ought to appreciate it. Now, I figure this way, young man—Providence has got some reason for everything. Now, when it put a murderer in my path . . . Manning controlled himself with an effort. This was maddening! "When it put a murderer in my path, there was some reason. Now I've been a good man all my life. I was saved . . . when I was fourteen . . . I joined the Holiness sect . . . an' all that. But still, I'm getting old. An' I got to live. I ain't ever been able to save any money."

"You dirty old blackmailer!" Manning was beginning to see behind the old fellow's distorted philosophy.

Dan raised his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, no, I ain't no blackmailer. As I told you, I've been raised a religious man. But I've got to live—an' I thought—now that . . ."

"But I haven't any money," Manning put in. "I have only what I earn."

The old man went on as if unaware of the interruption. "You have the two thousand you got for the calendar pitcher. I read about it in the paper. Now, two thousand would keep me. Now, if you was to give me that much in cash—in cash—of course I could keep still. I could just put off tellin' the police fer—let's say, a week. That would give you time to make a getaway."

"I'm not making a getaway," Manning informed him. "And don't you know—you old fool—that you've perjured yourself. What do you think the police . . ."

Still Dan's serenity was unshaken. "Oh, I can fix that. That'll be all right," he said. "But you'd better come to some kind of a decision, young man. You know a week . . ."

A week! Manning rose to his feet, suddenly exultant!

"All right," he said. "All right! You win. You get your two thousand dollars and I get my week! I get my chance! Now get out—get out quick!"

But Dan sat placidly in his big chair. "Oh, no! What bank do you keep it in?"

"First National," Manning responded impatiently.

"Then you go over there and I'll stay right outside while you get the money. We'll go over right now."

And so Manning made the trip to the bank with the doglike old fellow trailing behind him, waiting outside while he transacted his business, and following him back to his studio.

There Manning gave him the money in bills and watched him fold them, place them in a dirty envelope, and stick it in his vest pocket.

"And now young man," he said, "I'm leavin' you. But you'd better take my advice an' try to go straight. There's nothing like the comforts of religion. You'd oughta try."

Manning took him by the shoulders, propelled him gently towards the door, opened it, and pushed him out. Then he locked the door, removed the top of his model platform, to disclose a comfortable bed, all made up, and flung himself into it, to drop into a deep sleep. He awakened about noon wondering what time it was and why the sun was hitting him in the face and why the room smelled of stale cigarette ashes and why his palette and brushes lay there uncleaned.

Then, as realisation dispelled the fog-giness, he jumped up, hastily folded his bedding, and put the top of the model platform back in place so that his bedroom became again a studio—that was a daily ritual not to be neglected whether his day's work was to be painting or sleuthing—stepped behind the carved sandalwood screen and came out again clean shaven—opened a tall red lacquered cabinet which looked as if it contained nothing less than a Chinese Emperor's sacred treasures, but was in reality an ordinary walnut wardrobe of the genus boarding-house, took out a freshly-pressed suit, and set forth in quest of a combination luncheon-breakfast.

"WHO is this girl, Virginia, anyway?"

Brent's hard voice asked the question. And Manning, hearing it, pushed opened the door of Mathewson's studio and joined the group within. There were Sprague, Mathewson, Brent and Papa Marat. It was just six or seven hours since they had met in Papa Marat's

basement dining-room. Nothing new regarding the murder had been discovered. But their common experience of horror seemed to draw them together in endless futile speculations.

"Who is the girl, anyway?"

Manning listened eagerly. Since lunch-time Virginia had ceased to be a nuisance and became a clue. And really he knew almost nothing about her.

"Virginia?" Mathewson answered, with a sort of "Dutch uncle" indulgence in his voice, "oh, she is really a model. She's posed for almost every man in the building. She's been coming here for three years—ever since she came to the city, I believe. She posed for Von Veh first. We all like her. She's a nice kid. She's the genius of all our parties. Wonderful model! She has the most perfect mouth and the most beautiful neck I've ever seen."

Brent laughed a grating ugly laugh. "I'd say she was Venus in the flesh! She was posing for one of the men when I came up here one day. I called to talk about some work. She wasn't even phased by my presence! Sat there and jabbered on as if she were covered with a fur coat and mittens. A girl like that—why . . ."

"A girl like that . . ." Mathewson began indignantly.

Then Sprague broke in hotly, "You don't understand Virginia. She's as straight as a string!"

Even Manning found himself springing to her defence—after all she did belong to the old building. He felt Sprague was right, and he shared Papa Marat's antagonism to Brent. Therefore, he tried to set him right with regard to the girl. "Clothes mean no more to Virginia than they do to a jungle African," he said. "And she's used to the attitude of the average artist. The human body is a matter of business—so much beauty to be set down on canvas—so much material."

Brent grunted. "Well, of course, I'm merely a business man, but to the average man—a girl . . ." He did not finish the sentence, but letting the implication rest, went on, "She'd been posing for Von Veh, hadn't she? Spending all her time in his studio for weeks? She was posing with that dagger—she'd borrowed it from our newspaper friend." He cast an ironic glance at Papa Marat. "Let's see now, you testified, didn't you, that she got it from you yesterday afternoon?"

PAPA Marat's old eyes became suddenly quite bland and child-like. "I believe I did," he said.

"What did she want it for? People can pose with any kind of knife. She certainly was in the building when the thing happened."

"Yes," agreed Papa Marat. "She was with those Morons. They testified. You know."

Brent ignored the answer. "Who is she, anyway? Who are her folks?"

Sprague answered. Apparently he had more information about Virginia than anyone present. "She lives with an old nurse. Her mother's dead."

"Where's her father?"

"He travels—for a furniture company—travels in Europe, I think." And then he added, "She's a girl of real culture." He paused, looking from one to another of them as if he expected to be contradicted. "She plays the piano—really well. She reads—not just anything—"

she has both discrimination and taste. Her comments on books are original and interesting—she's a born actress—had one small part in a stock company here, and a chance for something more, but let it go.

"And with this array of talent, she poses for two dollars an hour," Brent interposed.

The same thought had occurred to Manning.

Brent went on relentlessly. "How long's she lived here?"

Sprague considered. "I think, three years."

"Where'd she come from?"

"Virginia. She's named for the State—her people belong to an old family there—ancestry way back—the MacBrayers, of Virginia!"

Papa Marat tore off a corner of the margin of a newspaper lying on Mathewson's table, scribbled something on it and slipped it into his buttonhole.

Brent had opened his mouth to comment upon the act when a lovely contralto voice sang out: "Hello, everybody," and Virginia stood in the doorway. She wore a cheap old black satin dress with a skirt, which fitted too tight across the back, and a quite uninteresting black turban—that is, it would have been uninteresting on anyone else. Its very commonplaceness seemed to set off Virginia's extraordinary loveliness. She pulled it off and flung it carelessly on the table and her brilliant hair sprung from its confinement in circles of flame about her face.

"Hello, Mat," she said. "Hello, Fred, hello, Manning, how are you? Hello, Papa Marat—are you busy with the buttonhole files?"

She kissed them all, quite impersonally and impartially. Mathewson took the kiss as easily as it was given. Papa Marat returned it with gallantry that matched the cavalier angle of his hat. Sprague flushed as Virginia bent over him. Brent's hard lips bent into a cynical smirk. Any suspicion he might entertain regarding her had no bearing upon his enjoying it.

Manning accepted the offering as an annoyance to be born politely. Since Virginia's kisses were always as free and meaningless as the wind, there was no reason why she shouldn't kiss them all on this particular morning just as she would have on any other morning. He had thought that—considering the knowledge that lay between them—she would be a bit self-conscious in his presence. He had wondered how she would get around the situation. Would she try to have a private talk with him, and, if she did, how would she contrive to bring it about?

Apparently there was in her mind no thought of contriving. She faced them all rather seriously and said in her low even voice: "I know, you are talking about last night. Have you found anything new?"

They all shook their heads. "I didn't think there would be anything so soon," she said. "I want to talk to all of you but I came this afternoon to see Manning. I have something to say to him. Couldn't we go over to your studio, Manning?"

Manning gasped. It had been done so simply. No evasion. No attempt at concealment. He couldn't have been so frank himself. But her open manner produced the same frankness in him.

"Why, yes," he said. "My studio's

still a mess. I haven't cleaned it up since last night. But come on."

As he held the door open for her he saw on Brent's face a look of bewilderment as though he could not decide whether to be suspicious or not.

Papa Marat began pawing through the papers on the table in search of a bit to make a note on. This habit of Papa Marat's, when it affected one personally, was decidedly annoying.

As Virginia passed through the door the handle of her handbag caught on the knob and the bag was pulled open, spilling the contents on the floor. There was a compact, a lipstick, a handkerchief, a much-used powder puff, a notebook, a purse—all the incongruous collection of things one might expect to find in a woman's bag—but here was also a letter. Manning happened to pick it up for her. It was in a thin envelope with a foreign stamp, and it was addressed to Frederick Von Veh.

He handed it to her quite deliberately and she took it with a smile, and said in the same open easy manner with which she had asked him if she might talk with him in his studio: "Thank you, Manning. I almost lost some valuable correspondence."

Taking her time she found a place for it in the inside pocket of her bag. The others had not seen it.

UP in Manning's studio Virginia flung herself into a chair, and stretched forth her hand.

"Cigarette, please, Manning," she requested.

He offered his cigarette-case, and, drawing one out, she tapped it on the back of her hand.

There were dark shadows under her eyes. He remembered that she had been hauled out of the Morons' studio with the four boys themselves the night before and taken to the police station. An ugly and a harrowing experience for any girl! Any girl of his own circle would have been in bed now, prostrated, with a doctor and a nurse in attendance, and a nervous breakdown looming in the future. But this girl's spirit seemed to be unbroken. Was it because she was bold—hardened? No, not exactly. Was it because she had had such experiences before? Perhaps. Was it because she had some hidden knowledge? Again, perhaps.

She smiled, a twisted humorless smile. Of course Manning, you and I are the only two persons who could possibly have done this thing.

There was a surface lightness in her voice and manner, an almost masculine manner of covering deeper feeling with a joke. Manning answered her in kind. "Yes, if we began to tell what we know about each other." He stopped. That was not as he had intended to put it at all. It sounded mean!

Virginia evidently thought so, for she looked at him quietly for a moment, all pretence of humor gone from her face. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"I . . .," he floundered and tried to recover the light tone. "Oh, I was thinking the things we know about each other would convict either one of us—in the eyes of the police or of anyone else for that matter—if either one of us were to tell."

She seemed to be surprised. "Why," she said, "I didn't suppose there was any question of that."

He felt cheap and humiliated that she had shown herself bigger minded than he, and yet—a lingering doubt and the exigencies of the new role he had assumed forced the question from him—"I say, Virginia, where did you go when you left my studio last night?"

"Why," she said innocently, "I went to the Morons' studio. I've told everybody that. Don't you remember? I told you I was going back there. I climbed out of your window onto the fire escape."

The doubt still lingered. He could not hold back the next question. "But did you go right back there?"

Virginia stared at him, puzzled for a moment. Then suddenly she started ever so slightly. She flung her cigarette to the floor and rose to her feet. She walked up to him and looked straight into his eyes. Then she said in a small almost awed voice, "Manning—you think—you actually think—I—I did that!"

"No, no, I do not—I don't—really I . . ."

"Then why did you ask that question!" she cut in scornfully.

"I . . .," he detested himself, but he had to go on with it, "I—well, you said you'd quarrelled with Von Veh."

"Of course I had." Her voice was at white heat now. "I hated him! I hated him!" Her eyes filled with sudden tears. He stared with a sort of fascination as they welled up curiously large and clear and seemed to cling to the long lashes. Suddenly she turned away, walked to the window and stood there with her back to him, her fists clenched, her whole figure rigid. He let her stand there undisturbed. He felt that she wanted to get control of herself.

At length she turned to him, smiling. "Well," she said, in her flippant studio party manner, "I'm going now, Manning. I haven't anything more to say to you."

"Virginia," he began, "I feel like a dog."

"Give me another cigarette," she requested. "Thanks. There isn't any apology one can offer for a thought of that sort. It's no use for you to try it—but then—perhaps you aren't really to blame. You're just a big handsome dumb-bell."

It was his turn to be angry.

"Does your quarrel—with Von Veh . . .," he hesitated—he must put this question carefully. "Does your hatred of him have anything to do with a person who might have had a motive?"

Again she answered, "I don't know." She looked him square in the eyes again defiantly. "And I'm not going to tell you anything, Manning. It isn't any of your business, you know!" She said it with a smile, which took away any offence. And he agreed with her.

"No, Ginny, it isn't my business, is it?" He'd forgotten just then why he had made it his business in the first place. "Rule out all my questions," he said, "that is—after I've asked you one more. I really do want to know—though that isn't my business, either—how the Morons happened to keep still about the thing. They knew you were out of their room just before it happened. Why didn't they say anything about it?"

"Gentlemen's agreement," she said. "You know the Morons spend all their spare time—between drinks—discussing the new standards and proclaiming that the age of chivalry is past, but they are the most quixotic bunch you ever saw. For instance, when I came back and told

them the patrol wagon was coming—that Von Voh's threat to have them raided was being carried out—they wouldn't believe me. They went on whooping and hollering. They kept it up for half an hour or more. Then Pete opened the door and saw a policeman in the hall. He asked him what had happened, and the officer said, 'Go back to your room there.' But I saw Pete talking to old Dan. Then he came back and said, 'Something's wrong—listen fellows, if there's any trouble we've got to keep Virginia out of this. When they come in, don't say she's been out of the place. And so they lied like gentlemen.'

"But will they continue to?" he asked. "Do you realise, Ginny, how flimsy our alibis are? They're ridiculous. Perhaps they're so ridiculous that they'll hold. I don't know. But it may be only days or hours . . ."

"I know," she said, rising. She looked into his eyes again—a long, level look. It was almost hypnotic, that look of Virginia's, it was clear and childlike, and yet it was as though she were trying to look deep down into his soul and to give him a chance to look as deeply into hers.

"I've been telling you the truth, Manning," she said. "And you'll have to let it go at that—without question. And I think, after all, we might as well promise each other to keep still for the—the days or hours."

"We will, Virginia," he said. "I believe you." And he meant it. He did believe her. He was beginning to like her. She intrigued him with a touch of mystery. She was unexpectedly strong, steady—there was a tangy bitter-sweetness about her.

"Thank you, Manning," she said, and gave him her hand. Evidently Virginia's kisses were reserved for public occasions. He liked that, also.

After she had gone he realised he had not mentioned the letter with the foreign stamp with Von Voh's address—the letter that had fallen out of her handbag. He had not asked her what she knew about the dagger she had borrowed. He had only quarrelled with her and "made up" like a High School boy. And on top of that he had promised not to ask her any more questions, and to keep still about the whole affair. He wondered angrily if, after all, he were a "sweet lamb."

QUIRT appeared on the stairs with a suitcase the second morning after the murder. Ordinarily Quirt or any other tenant of the studio building might have carried a dozen suitcases painted red, white, and blue in and out of the building without exciting any comment. But now the moment a step was heard in the hallway heads popped out of the doors like prairie dogs in a field.

Manning, peering over the banister, saw Mathewson also peering over the banister with mild curiosity. Sprague, meeting Quirt on the stairs, looked up with a shadow of apprehension on his face. But then Sprague's face wore that expression continuously now. He seemed to be unable to recover from the shock of his uncle's death. He made a gesture as though to stop Quirt, then checked himself with apparent effort.

But Papa Marat felt no such compunctions.

As Quirt stopped for a moment on the third floor the old man stepped in front of him, paused for a leisurely moment to

bend the broad brim of his hat a little farther to the right, pulled at his long moustaches and asked: "Are you going away?"

Manning, coming down the stairs, saw Quirt turn his great yellow goat's eyes upon him without a flicker of expression as he answered, "Yes."

Papa Marat reached in his pocket, drew forth a soiled envelope, and, holding a pencil poised over it asked, "Where are you going?"

Quirt, bored but polite, explained, "I'm going to our artists' camp, The Mole Hill—an ugly name, but a nice place. I'm going up there to work for a week or so."

"To-day?" Sprague piped up suddenly.

"So soon?"

Quirt turned toward him with a faint assumption of hauteur. "I beg your pardon?" he asked coldly.

Sprague was confused. "Oh, I mean—so soon—right after—what's happened."

"Oh, I see." Quirt set his suitcase down. "I see. Well, this camping trip has been planned for some time. And there isn't really anything I could do here. In fact, my being in my studio—the only other one of the fifth floor—isn't, well . . ."

He reached in his pocket, drew out a cigarette and lighted it, then threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

"You're doing that again," Papa Marat said querulously.

"What," Quirt inquired. "Oh, yes, I forgot, you object to that nervous little habit of mine."

"Oh, no," Papa Marat demurred. "Oh, no, not in the least. It's merely interesting."

"Then I'll do it again," Quirt promised him. He reached in his pocket but Sprague interrupted the action with a sudden sharp demand—almost a scream.

"I'd like to see the inside of your suitcase!"

The others caught their breath at his daring. Quirt looked amazed. "Really," he exclaimed. And then he smiled gently as one does at the whim of a child or an insane person, and opening his suitcase dumped the contents on the floor. There were a change of clothes, a razor, a comb and brush and his paint box. He placed his hand on the paint box doubtfully, then opened it. "You see," he said to Sprague, "the requisite things—a few extra tubes of greens and blues. I'm doing landscapes up there."

Papa Marat scribbled on the soiled envelope and, rolling it up, added it to his buttonhole collection. The buttonhole was filled with new notes constantly—totally unrelated facts—and yet he seemed to value them, for as it became too stuffed he took them out and stuck them into his pockets. He was a regular walking wastebasket.

As Quirt bent over his things on the floor, Manning was struck by the beauty of the man's profile. Time or age doesn't destroy a profile. Quirt's face was not handsome, not even particularly attractive as seen from the front. But a few years ago, ten years ago, say, it must have been beautiful—not handsome, but beautiful. But in his early thirties he had faded as women fade.

He was still repacking his suitcase when Inspector Morris came up the stairs, still amiable, still professorish-looking.

"Going away?" he inquired easily.

"Yes," Quirt answered. "I'm doing a week's work at the camp, The Mole Hill."

"I'd like to see your work some time," the Inspector remarked. "I don't know much about art, but I do like outdoor pictures. That's your line, isn't it?"

"Yes," Quirt replied. "I'd like to have you come up to my studio some time when I come back. Come in any time."

"Pretty good artist?" the Inspector inquired as Quirt left them.

"Just mediocre," Mathewson replied. Mathewson was kind but he was also frank when it came to art. "Just fair."

"He's a newcomer to this building, isn't he?" the Inspector inquired.

"Yes," Mathewson replied. "He's been here about three months."

"Did any of you know him before he came here?"

They all shook their heads.

AFTER twelve o'clock at night one light was always kept burning in the old studio building. That was in the hallway of the first floor. To Manning, looking down the great coil of stairway from the fourth floor, it seemed like the light at the bottom of a pit. As he descended it threw about him grotesque and ever-changing shadows, giving him the feeling of being watched, spied upon, first from above, then from below. And as he stood in the full light on the ground floor looking up into the dimness above he felt as though a full glare had been turned upon him. It was a relief to open the door to the basement stairway, step quickly inside, and close it.

He was suddenly in utter darkness. He wondered whether he might strike a match. Perhaps, better not. He stretched forth his hand tentatively. It touched something soft. He became suddenly tense as though paralysed. The soft stuff moved—it swayed slightly against his fingers—cloth! He drew back and put his hand out again and clutched something. It was soft—it separated under his fingers—hair! Then his suddenly nerveless hand lost it. When he reached forth again, he found nothing. He moved his arm in a wide arc. Still nothing! From outside there came muffled clamorous street sounds. They seemed distant and far away. Somewhere below there was an intermittent gnawing—of rats. But there beside him on the stairs—there was not a sound, not a breath—not the swish of a garment.

Where had the thing gone! Where was that person? He stooped, cautiously—grabbed and caught a hand.

It seemed to crumple helplessly in his grasp. He was surprised at its frailty. It was soft, like rubber, but there was something hard, something that cut his palm, an enormous ring with sharp edge somewhere. It prevented his grasping the hand as tightly as he wanted to. He started to reach up for the arm, but was arrested by a creaking noise below him. Then another hand was placed over his mouth. He grabbed the wrist. And then he realised that the hand against his mouth lay there soft and motionless. The person meant to caution him to silence. The creaking continued. It was the door between Papa Marat's restaurant and the basement room. The person was headed for that room. He must be there by this time.

Then suddenly he realised that the hand no longer lay across his mouth. His one hand that had held the other

hand was empty. In his intense excitement he had let it drop. He reached out to touch it—nothing there! He stepped down a step noiselessly but quickly—then another—and another—always reaching before him. He touched nothing.

There were two persons in the basement besides himself. One of them knew he was there—had warned him. Evidently that one was as eager to remain hidden as he. That one did not wish his presence to be known to the other. That one evidently considered himself in league with Manning. Perhaps knew who Manning was. He had probably seen him in the light of the hallway as he opened the door, but who was that one—and where was he now?

SOUNDLESSLY he made his way on down the stairs into the darkness. Soundlessly he advanced, hands before him. He must not stumble. He must not be caught unaware—he was playing blindman's buff with a murderer. He must be approaching the door. He moved his hands along the wall until he found the opening. This was a time for caution. Either of these others might be looking for the opening also. A touch—a quick stab in the dark—the three-minute murder! He stepped through the doorway.

It was hard to believe there was anyone in the room besides himself. But then there was a tiny sound, no louder than the running of a rat. He listened. It was repeated. The striking of a match! It was repeated again. Then there was a small spurt of flame behind some boxes at one side of the room. Then a faint steady glow. Someone had lighted a candle. Someone was moving things behind those packing boxes—close to the wall it would be—why it would be directly under Von Veh's studio—against the outside wall. It would be at the base of the fireplace.

With more speed than caution, he crossed the room and crept up behind the boxes. On top of the inconspicuous pile was a chair laid sideways so that he could peer through it as through a barred window. He saw a man bending over something on the floor. He saw a pair of hunched shoulders and the top of a scraggly grey head—two long arms busily at work moving things away from the foot of the chimney boards and rolls of paper and boxes—they had evidently been untouched for some time. The dust on them was so thick that the long bony hands left marks like the claws of a gigantic bird.

Suddenly there was a sound—it might have been almost anything—a cough, a suppressed sneeze, a mouse. It was difficult to judge just where it came from—probably from across the room. The man lifted his head—he turned. Manning dropped quickly behind his barricade. But he had seen—he had seen Papa Marat, his old eyes keen as a ferret's, his hair hanging in wisps over his forehead, his mouth under the sweeping moustaches drawn in a thin taut line.

Manning waited, breathless. The sound was not repeated, but he saw a long shadow on the wall—distorted in the candlelight—so that the beaked nose reached half across the room. Papa Marat was peering about for the intruder. The shadow disappeared. There were rat-like scratchings. The old man had resumed his task of removing the debris.

Cautiously, Manning peered at him again through the bars of the chair. He was opening a small iron door—the opening to the chimney, of course. He lay down with his cheek to the floor and peered into it. He stuck his hand in and raked out a handful of ashes. He peered at them. He drew up his sleeve and, lying flat, thrust his hand farther into the opening—more ashes—the long bony hand clawing through them—ashes on the long skeleton arm—ashes in the flying white hair—ashes in a smudge like a death shadow across the thin cheek—a ghoul digging into a grave—digging for what?

He drew his hand out again and there were two red smears on the ashes. He brushed them off and disclosed a long cut on his hand. The cunning hawkish old face lighted with a smile of triumph. He plunged his arm eagerly into the opening and drew forth something covered with ashes and with drops of blood on it. Carefully he dusted it off on his shirt sleeve. It was a strange-looking dagger—with a yellow cloisonne handle and an odd triangular blade.

In his eagerness to examine the thing, Manning leaned too far forward and the chair toppled to the floor with a crash. The old man leaped to his feet. His old eyes, strangely glittering, peered into the darkness. He held his hand aloft with the dagger in it—ready to strike.

Manning hurled himself over the boxes and landed at his feet. Before Papa Marat could move, Manning had grabbed his wrists. One of them he held in a vice-like grip. The other he twisted, trying to keep the dagger away from himself. Strange the strength in that bony old man! The old man made vicious stabs at him, and Manning at first found himself barely able to hold his own. Then suddenly Papa Marat's knees seemed to give way. They both fell. Simultaneously the lights went out—and a woman screamed.

Manning loosened his grip on his opponent. He sprang back. He was aware that the other also had risen. He could hear him—at his side—panting and trying to catch his breath. Then he seemed not to breathe. He was listening. Dead silence again, and blackness. Then his own voice rang out oddly. "Who are you?"

There was a sound of footsteps running frantically, unguardedly, towards the door by which they had entered. Manning ran in the direction of the footsteps. He crashed into something and fell prone on the floor. He rose and groped for the door—and then as his hand found the opening he saw a sliver of light at the head of the stairs. Whoever it was had managed to climb the stairway and probably was in the street by this time.

"Young man," said a voice close to his ear, "I think we may venture to speak now, or to go out of here if we wish to."

Papa Marat struck a match and held it up. His old face had lost its hawkishness and cunning and become mild and childish again. The dagger was nowhere to be seen.

"What did you do with it?" Manning demanded, his anger mounting. He was to be cheated! Cheated out of his evidence!

"I tell you," he whispered, "give it to me—give it to me! Or I'll . . ."

"My dear boy . . ." the old man spoke gently, "that dagger is mine. I've owned it for twenty years. I picked it up, you

know, in China. You've heard the tale. There was an old mandarin who . . ."

Was he about to become reminiscent standing there in the dark basement with the dagger that had killed Von Veh in his hand? Was he crazy? Or was Manning crazy?

"Give it to me," Manning repeated savagely. "Give it to me, I tell you. I know all about it! I know how you did it! I know how you got into Von Veh's studio and—"

Still more gently, Papa Marat interrupted. "You are excited my boy. Now a newspaper man like myself would never fly to pieces like that in an emergency. And, really, it's the height of absurdity for you to accuse me when it happens that at the time of the murder I was in my private dining-room picking up the dishes you had left."

"Then . . ." the words stuck in Manning's throat. "Then you—why, you know

That you weren't in my dining-room at that time?"

"Then, why—why didn't you say so at the inquest?"

"I would suggest," Papa Marat said with malicious courtesy, "that we just step into my private dining-room. We would be much more comfortable there. Evidently no one is about."

In the dining-room, which had once been a coal-bin, he insisted upon making tea—tea, of all things! He pottored over it like an old woman—tea in the middle of the night with a murderer's dagger lying on the table! For he had placed it there quite carelessly between the sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher. Manning studied it. There was no blood on it. The ashes had removed it. He realised now that the blood on it when he first saw it had come from the cut on Papa Marat's hand. It was easy to see how it had gotten there in the ashes. It was flat and narrow, and the murderer had slipped it through the grating in Von Veh's fireplace. Evidently when they had walled the fireplaces up they had removed the grates on the other floors so that there was no obstruction and it had fallen clear to the basement.

Then he remembered! He spoke to Papa Marat, who was laying the lemon slices in geometrical order on a plate. "But," he said, "this dagger was in the hand of the statue when we found it. The inspector had it taken away along with the other things."

PAPA MARAT beamed like a child who enjoys holding a secret. "This dagger," he said, "was not in the hand of the statue. That dagger is, as you just stated, at headquarters."

He waited expectantly for Manning's next question, and when it was forthcoming he replied, "I had two of these daggers—twin daggers. I got them, as I said, from an old mandarin. Charming, cultured old fellow—the finest type of aristocratic Chinese. He had an insane ancestor who had these made because—"

Manning headed him off with, "But the blood on the other dagger?"

The old man shook his head. "I don't know yet. I will know!"

"And when did you lose this one?"

"The afternoon of the murder. It was taken from this bracket." He indicated the long line of daggers on the wall and the empty bracket that Manning had noticed the night of the murder.

"But who was here in the afternoon?" Manning demanded.

Papa Marat answered thoughtfully, "I

don't know exactly. The Morons were in here early, about three o'clock, with some girls. They drank tea—that is, officially, tea, as far as I'm supposed to know—until about five o'clock. When they got through the place was in such a mess I asked Dan to come in to clean it up. He was here working for about half an hour. No one else was in there, so far as I know, until you came."

"Dan?" Manning asked significantly.

Papa Marat nodded as significantly. "Yes, Dan. Of course, the police know that, but they do not know that there was another dagger."

"I suppose now, though, you'll turn this over to the police," Manning pointed to the dagger on the table.

"The police!" Papa Marat almost shouted. His brown old face reddened to a dark mahogany. Sparks of fire appeared in the old eyes. The thin lips bent into a line of scorn. "The police! Why in the name of—why in—why, my dear young man—why should I give it to the police? They have completely ignored me. They've treated me with contempt. They've refused me the customary courtesies shown to a newspaper man. They've refused to let me into that room! They've held back on me in every way. The night the story broke they let me in—and you'll remember I got a front page story—first edition. But since that time they haven't given me a thing because some cub reporter told them I wasn't on the staff of any local paper. Yes, sir, they gave the story to a lot of cubs! And those cubs laughed at me. Newspaper men aren't used to that, are they? They don't know a story unless it's handed to them on a platter. And they laugh at me. I'll show 'em what newspaper work is. I'll show 'em how to go after a story. I'll trim the whole lot of 'em. Insolent young pups! And I'll scoop the police."

"I hope you will," Manning said, and meant it sincerely. Hitherto he had laughed with the others at Papa Marat's reminiscences.

"Mr. Marat," he asked him, purposely dropping the "Papa," "Mr. Marat, have you a definite theory?"

THE new tone of respect brought a glow to the face of the old man. "I have," he said. "I've had a theory from the first—one that the police couldn't possibly have because I happened to have an accidental bit of knowledge that they couldn't possibly have."

"The other dagger?" Manning suggested.

Papa Marat shook his head. "No, oh, of course, the dagger will hold them off. That is, their not knowing of the existence of another dagger will throw 'em off the track. The wound was very wide—made by that triangular blade—no ordinary blade could have made it. They'll work from that. Though, of course, the lady who screamed in the basement half an hour ago knows of the existence of this other dagger."

"Perhaps not," Manning said.

"Just what do you think she went to the basement for if not for the dagger?"

"You can't be sure," Manning didn't try to define even to himself his reasons for defending the unknown. He didn't even attempt to name her.

The morning after his basement encounter with Papa Marat found Manning puzzling over two questions—the

identity of the woman who had been there in the dark basement with them and the possibility of Dan's having taken the second dagger from the bracket in Papa Marat's basement dining-room on the afternoon of the murder.

He had not seen Dan since he gave him the blackmail money in bills on the preceding afternoon. But it was not difficult to persuade him to come into the studio.

He entered with a certain air of importance, seated himself in Manning's most comfortable chair and, looking around appraisingly, remarked with deliberate disrespect, "I don't see any signs of you moving out."

"No—and you won't see any," Manning replied.

"But it's the second day, you know," the old man warned him. "You have just five more days."

"And you have just five seconds," Manning retorted, "to tell me why you took that dagger out of Papa Marat's private dining-room."

Dan blinked his eyes, his long underlip flapped comically. He was plainly taken by surprise. Manning decided to catch him with more questions before he could contrive an answer to this one.

"You were seen, you know," he lied. "But what did you do with the dagger afterwards?"

The old man seemed dazed. "Why—I left it in Mr. Sprague's studio," he stammered.

"In Mr. Sprague's studio!" Manning's own surprise almost cost him his equilibrium. But that would never do. He must keep ahead of the slow-witted old man.

"But why did you take it in the first place?" he insisted.

Dan's face cleared. That was apparently an easy question to answer. "Why—I got it for that girl!"

Manning knew whom he meant by "that girl." It was his way of designating Virginia and his manner of pronouncing the word told exactly what he thought of girls who spent their time hanging about men's studios at all times of the day.

"She came in early in the afternoon and said she was in a hurry to get up to Mr. Von Veh's, and asked me to get her that dagger to pose with. I said I'd do it and she ran on upstairs."

"But didn't you take it to her then?"

"No, I cleaned the place for the old man." He used the term "old man" almost as expressively as he did "that girl."

"I didn't get through until about five-thirty. I wasn't going up to the fifth floor and I didn't see no reason why I should wait on that girl."

"Dan!" Manning rebuked him.

But the old janitor gave no heed to the reproof. "So I was on the second floor, and I see Mr. Sprague's door open, and I just laid it in there on his table. Thinks I, well, his uncle can get it from him if he wants it. That's how I come to know how you got it."

"How what?" Manning gasped.

"Sure." Dan was maliciously triumphant. "I seen you come downstairs to supper right after I put it there. And you stopped in Mr. Sprague's studio."

Manning remembered that he had seen the door open, that he had looked in and, finding the studio vacant, had gone on down to the basement restaurant. "But why didn't you say anything about it to me before?" he demanded.

"I didn't aim to have anybody know

I brought that dagger up. You can't tell how the police might figure things!"

"Or how a stupid old idiot may figure things either," Manning replied as he opened the door by way of dismissal.

He wanted to talk the thing over with Papa Marat and he started for the restaurant via the basement stairway. He stopped for a moment in the damp dusty smelling darkness, then decided he wanted to visit the back room by daylight, the room in which he had crouched about the night before to find Papa Marat pulling the dagger from the chimney, and to hear that woman scream.

But even as he stood there thinking it over a man appeared in the doorway. It was Frederick Sprague! He came toward Manning, stepping warily, with an expression of abject terror on his dead white face, with his pale eyes darting hither and thither in the darkness. Then he saw Manning standing by the door. He stopped. His eyes bulged. His hands flew to his throat.

Sprague put his hand against a packing-box and leaned on it, laughing hysterically. "Oh—oh—I thought—oh, it's you! I didn't expect to see anyone. I—you see—I'm becoming nervous—ridiculously nervous! It's the shock I've been through—the shock. I just came down here to get something of his—my uncle's. You know, I asked the inspector for something. I wanted something to keep. I thought—I knew some of his things were down here. So—you see—I came!"

"DID you find it?" Manning shot at him.

"Find what?" Sprague's answer was as sharp as the question. Then he seemed to become suddenly quite calm. "I didn't expect to find anything in particular," he said. "Just something of his—but none of his things are here. What are you looking for?"

The question caught Manning by surprise—fair enough, though. "Why," he said, "for some old canvases I've had down here for a long time."

And leaving Sprague, whom he heard going on upstairs, he went into the back room. He examined the opening in the chimney. The rubbish was piled about it just as it must have been before Papa Marat disturbed it the night before.

In the small, untidy kitchen in the rear, Papa Marat, coatless and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up so that below the neckline he looked like a dish-washer (with his moustaches newly trimmed and trained and his hat brim curved in a line of distinction, he looked like nothing less than a Russian Grand Duke above the neckline) was sloshing glasses about in a pan of soapy water. He continued to slosh them about while Manning told him of Dan's having left the dagger in Sprague's room, and of his own experience with Sprague in the basement.

Then the old man took his hands out of the water, wiped them and adjusted the angle of his hat brim. "Dan told the truth. He isn't clever enough to do anything else. Virginia probably did ask him for the dagger. I'll verify that next time I see her. Then when he didn't come up with it, she came down about three o'clock and asked me for it. I gave her the other one because I didn't want to disturb my display in the brackets. Yes, we've gotten my yellow cloisonne dagger as far as Sprague's studio. Where and how did it travel from there? It's a matter of locomotion and destination. Perhaps

Sprague knows. Perhaps he went to the basement to look for it. Of course, anyone else might have gone into his studio that night, just as you did, and taken it. We have no way of accounting for the actions of anyone in the building during the earlier part of the evening. We know where they were at the time of the murder—but before that. . . . Sprague says he went out to dinner at six o'clock, came back about seven, and worked in his studio until he went up to see his uncle just before the murder."

"Who went up to Von Veh's studio first?" Manning asked.

"Sprague and Mathewson went together."

"Who came out last?"

"Mathewson; he says so, and I'd believe anything Mathewson said. Brent went out first, then Sprague, then Mathewson. I'd believe anything Brent said, too. He's the most disagreeable person I've ever encountered, hasn't the first instinct of a gentleman, but he's honest."

COMING downstairs late that afternoon Manning paused in the hallway, for from behind the closed door of the Morons' studio came an exclamation of pain and surprise in a man's voice, then an oath. The door opened and Virginia stood there, in her scant little black dress, with her flaming hair dishevelled about her face, her firm chin lifted high on a slim taut column of neck in an attitude of pride and contempt—with a lighted cigarette in her hand. Behind her stood a tall gangling youth, about 21, dressed so much like an artist that it was impossible to believe he could really be one. He wore knickers, a nipped-in coat, a lavender shirt and a flowing tie. His mouse-colored hair was combed back from his face and dripped over his collar in the back. His insignificant features were decorated with a small reddish moustache, which perched on his upper lip like a butterfly.

Just then the red of the moustache was dimmed by the crimson of his face. He put his hand to his chin to feel of a small round burn. Manning stared fascinated at Virginia's cigarette; she had confirmed the current legend concerning her—"She draws a line, and when a man steps over that, she burns him with a cigarette."

She saw Manning and smiled, but the youth evidently did not.

Virginia laughed, a mellow contralto chuckle. Then she called to Manning. "Hallo, Manning. Pete and I are quarrelling. Come on and tear us apart. Pete, this is Manning Colby, who has just sold that landscape to the big calendar people. And this, Manning, is Peter Hughes."

Peter Hughes lifted his small moustache and showed his teeth like an angry guinea pig. "Come in," he said with the utmost ungraciousness.

She threw the crumpled cigarette that had been an instrument of punishment into an ashtray, selected another from a box on the table, and flung herself down on one of the ubiquitous couches. The Pete person stood by the window scowling out at the street. Manning had disliked him immediately. On snap judgment he would have said that there was something mean about him—not bad or vicious—just mean. He was capable of littleness. For instance, if Virginia were

to hurt his vanity, he might break the agreement the boys had had and tell the police what he knew of her being out of their studio at the time of the murder. Virginia must be careful not to hurt his vanity. Which was exactly what she proceeded to do.

She pointed to a picture on the wall in back of her. It appeared to be a small house, drawn with four uncertain lines as a six-year-old child might have done it, standing on a pile of spaghetti and leaning lopsided against a large moon.

"Pete's work," she said with a hint of amusement in her eyes.

Pete turned, ran his hand over his flowing hair in a world-weary gesture, and said: "I don't suppose you'll understand it. You do commercial work, don't you? I never could do that hack stuff. You see, I've stumbled on something I must express."

"Stumbled is the right word, Pete," Virginia laughed. "You'd better not show that house to the building commissioner—he might condemn it."

Pete's sallow face flushed a dull red and there was a mean light in his small eyes. Virginia must be cautioned to be careful.

And then the conversation automatically shifted from the art of painting pictures to the art of mixing drinks, for the other three members of the Moron quartet burst noisily into the room, three rather ordinary, rather good-looking youths of about college age, hatless and coatless, with shirts open at the throat, and nipped-in waists and trousers which flapped about their ankles like tents in a wind.

"We've got it," they chanted, "we've got it," and from somewhere they produced a number of bottles.

"George," Virginia said to the best-looking one, "George, this is Manning Colby. He has a studio above you."

"Hello, sweetness," George shouted to Virginia. He flopped down on the couch beside her and rested his head against her shoulder. Virginia took the head in her hands, moved it to a lavender chiffon pillow, and smoked on unperturbed. But Manning had a violent and, to him, inexplicable urge to take the aforesaid George by the seat of his voluminous trousers and pitch him through the window.

"Mike! Fred!" Virginia hailed the other two who were attacking the bottles on the table with corkscrews. "Boys, I want you to meet Manning Colby."

"For Heaven's sake, don't spill it!" Mike said. "You know it took all my allowance."

"I know you'd be interested in Manning's work," Virginia went on. "He has some beautiful stuff in his studio now."

"There, you spilled it yourself," Fred scolded.

George offered Virginia a glass. "Drink, Ginny?"

She shook her head. Manning also refused after looking at the table, stained and pock-marked by drinks spilled at previous parties.

And so the party moved forward. They discussed art and the stupid unimaginative work of the average commercial artist, women and their proper place, a certain peroxide blonde known as Pistol Shot Susie, modern poetry, and they explained to Manning very carefully how sophisticated and cynical and disillusioned and bored they themselves were.

Manning also was bored, but at the same time amused. He seated himself beside Virginia, and under cover of the general hubbub said, "Nice kids, really, underneath. Perfectly harmless. But they're taking the sowing of their wild oats seriously."

Virginia echoed his amusement. "Yes," she agreed. "They're Babbits debabbiting, and doing it as Babbits would. Some time they'll be Babbits again. Funny children."

"Children?" he queried. "How old are you, anyway, Virginia?"

"Twenty-four," she told him.

Twenty-four. Three years younger than he. But she looked eighteen. Her skin was as delicate as a baby's. There was a fresh softness in the outlines of her face. Just then her mouth was atrociously painted. But there was about her features a fine tracery that bespoke generations of good breeding. That very lovely head should not have as a background, as it had at that moment, a large poster or kicking burlesque ladies. There should be—

"You'll be sorry some day-ee. . . ." Pete had begun to sing in a mushy, syrupy crooner's tenor.

The others joined in howling. "You'll be sorry some day-ee—perhaps when I'm gone."

Manning felt a ghastly sickish sensation. The sticky sentimental ballad had turned the hands of the clock back—again he heard old Dan mutter, "Von Veh is dead!" while that song, garish and derisive, floated out from behind the Morons' closed door.

He turned to Virginia and saw in her eyes just for a moment—what was it?—a terrible fear? Before he could be sure of it, it had vanished. She called out in a phrasology oddly at variance with her lovely voice, "Oh, can it, boys!"

"Yes," George chimed in. "Stop it. You know we ushered in the angel of death to that song the other night." His voice was flippant, but his rather fine brown eyes were troubled.

Pete continued to wail in that silly crooning voice, "You'll be sorry some day-ee. . . ." and Manning fancied that his eyes were on Virginia and that there was a spark of vindictiveness in them.

"You'll be sorry some day-ee. . . ."

THE song snapped off. The singer stared with his mouth agape. At the open door stood a man, holding back the lapel of his coat. Under the lapel was a star.

"You fellows'll have to come along with me," he said. "The chief wants to talk to you."

The four of them filed out as quietly as though their going were a part of the daily routine.

As quietly Manning and Virginia stood there, robbed for the moment of all power of thought and speech, Virginia's hand was raised in a half gesture just as it had been when the man appeared. She held it in that position as though she were posing for a photograph.

Finally Manning spoke. "What . . ."

he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "I can't imagine."

"But," he began, "what could there be?"

Then his sentence was cut off as suddenly as Pete's song had been. He was staring at Virginia's upraised hand—the left hand. On the index finger she

wore a topaz ring—such a very large ring—with a sort of sharp silver leaf protruding from it.

He looked at his own hand—at the cut made by a large ring—a ring on the hand he had grasped and held in the dark in the basement—before the woman screamed.

MANNING tore his gaze from Virginia's ring and his thoughts from all possible conjectures the sight of it raised in his mind, and managed to suggest quite casually that it was six o'clock and that perhaps she might care to go out to dinner with him.

"I would, Manning," she responded with a somewhat shaky gaiety. "I'm short two cents of the price of a malted milk and I couldn't possibly afford to eat dinner and ride home on the car, too."

Her suggestion as to a cafeteria proved an advisable one as far as privacy was concerned. There was such a clatter of trays, cutlery and crockery that plots to overthrow a dozen different nations might have been hatched at a dozen different tables without attracting the slightest attention.

Under cover of this mealtime symphony he put to her again the question he had asked before they left the Morons' studio. "Do you know of any reason why those four boys might have been arrested?"

"Not a thing," she asserted positively. "There isn't anything that you've held back from me?"

She replied candidly. "No, not anything that has anything to do with those boys. The only thing I can say about them is this: all four of them were in their studio when V.V. was killed. I know that."

He was silent for a moment, frowning, turning the thing over in his mind. Then he asked, "But didn't you say, Ginny, that that night, when they discovered that the police were there, they said, 'They've found out something; we must keep Ginny out of this?'"

"Yes," she said. "They did. I don't know what it was all about, but I don't think it had anything to do with the murder of V.V. I don't think they knew anything about that. They couldn't have had any motive."

He flashed a quick question: "Do you know anyone who could have had any motive?"

She laughed and despite the much-discussed classical lines of her face she looked like an impudent little samin. "Did you bring me here to eat my dinner or to answer a questionnaire? I'm hungry; I somehow missed out on lunch to-day. And here in front of me is a nice piece of shad roe all wrapped in bacon. I love shad roe and bacon. Can't you wait just a few minutes?"

He found himself wishing he had known her more intimately before this thing had happened to cast gloom and suspicion over everyone connected with the old building. Then unconsciously she placed her left hand on the table so that the ring sparkled in the light, and he asked abruptly, the more so because of a certain regret, "Virginia, what were you doing down there last night?"

She dropped her fork. Her mouth, which just a moment before had been softly curved and laughing, hardened slightly.

"Down where?" she asked.

He was still abrupt. "Down in the basement at two o'clock in the morning. Were you looking for the dagger?"

She seemed puzzled. "What?"

"The dagger Papa Marat found in the chimney. The yellow cloisonne dagger with the triangular blade—the dagger that killed Von Veh," he explained, brutally.

"Dagger!" Virginia stared at him with unfeligned amazement. Then she made identically the same remark he had made to Papa Marat the night before, "But that dagger was in the hands of the clay model!"

"No," he told her, "it was not." He explained that Papa Marat had two triangular daggers. He repeated what the old man had told him of having sent one to Virginia herself earlier in the afternoon of the murder.

"Yes," she said. "I couldn't get the effect V.V. wanted when I simply stood there and held my empty hand up. He said he wanted more of an effect of menace. And so I went down to borrow a real dagger of Papa Marat. And I posed with it. But the other one?"

"That," Manning told her, "was taken from Papa Marat's bracket in his private dining-room later in the afternoon by old Dan. He says he left it in Sprague's room."

"Sprague!" Again her voice was so shrill that he looked about him in consternation. A visible tremor passed over her. She set her coffee cup down weakly. Then she seemed to rally suddenly; perhaps she had caught his fear of observation. At any rate, she contrived a casual expression, asked him for a cigarette and lighted it nonchalantly.

She seemed to be lost in thought. Her smooth forehead was knotted in a perplexed frown. She appeared to be looking down at the cigarette stub she held in her hand. But although the downward sweep of the long lashes hid her eyes he knew she did not see anything that lay before her.

He called her back to the present by saying: "I might not have been certain you were the woman in the basement last night but for that ring. See?" He held out his hand and pointed to the cut.

She looked up then and he caught, just for an instant, an expression in her eyes of anguish so deep that his heart was wrung with pity. Then it vanished and he looked into mocking grey depths.

"Oh, yes, of course!" she said. "We haven't filled out the questionnaire. We must complete it and sign our name before we can go home. I went down to the basement—at two o'clock. Or perhaps it was two minutes after. You had better check up on that. Four minutes—or it may have been five minutes later, I saw your handsome profile in the doorway—and four seconds after that—or was it six seconds?—you . . ."

He held up a protesting hand: "Oh, don't, Virginia, don't!"

"All right, I won't." She dropped her mocking manner. "You seemed inclined to want to wrestle with me. I heard the door to Papa Marat's restaurant open, and I put my hand over your mouth to warn you. Then I ducked downstairs and hid under the steps until you had gone by and I followed you to the door of the back room. I saw the light behind those packing boxes, but I couldn't see who was there. Then I saw Papa Marat spring up with a knife and I screamed. I couldn't see that the knife

had a yellow cloisonne handle, or a triangular blade. I got out before you and Papa Marat did and ran up to the Morons' studio. I stayed there all night. And that's that."

"I see," Manning said. And then he realised that he did not see at all. "But why did you go down to the basement in the first place? What were you looking for?"

Her grey eyes met his steadily, with that curious little trick she had of seeming to want deliberately to register her sincerity. "I'm not going to tell you, Manning. I haven't told any lies thus far and I don't intend to. But neither do I intend to tell you any truths or any half truths that I might suspect. Why are you so interested in this affair, Manning? V.V. didn't mean anything to you personally."

Manning interrupted her savagely. "Did he mean anything to you?"

To his surprise she smiled an amused smile with a curiously humorous twist. And her voice was particularly low with a chuckle in it as she said: "You aren't by any chance jealous, are you, Manning?"

"I didn't bring you here for a personal discussion," he said, with deliberate rudeness. "There are several important questions I wanted to ask you."

She interrupted him by rising. "And I didn't come here to answer your questions," she answered imperturbably. "There is no reason why I should. I came because you asked me to have dinner with you. I have had my dinner and I don't like your way of entertaining me. I'm going home."

She held her hand out to him and her manner became all at once sincere and friendly again. "I'm sorry, Manning, but, as I said a moment ago—that's that. Thank you for the dinner. Good-bye."

He rose quickly. "Wait," he begged. "Wait a moment, I'll take you home."

"No, thank you." Her tone was positive and quite final. He remembered that various men in the building had complained that Virginia had never invited them into her home, in fact had never allowed them to accompany her even so far as her door.

He escorted her to the entrance and stared after her until she had disappeared in the crowd. A gallant little figure—shabby but conspicuous for a certain erect grace.

AND this, Brent waved a newspaper triumphantly, "this settles the whole thing."

"I hope so!" Mathewson said fervently.

The inevitable group had gathered for one of their inevitable discussions in the inevitable place—Mathewson's studio on the morning after the arrest of the Morons. Manning had joined them. There was a strong bond of sympathy between him and the kindly middle-aged Mathewson. He felt that Mathewson's eagerness to clear up the mystery sprang from a real love for the old studio building. He wanted to remove any ugly suspicions that might hang over it. A solution of the mystery would allow the artist colony to settle down to a peaceful existence and remove any unsavoury reputation the occurrence might give the place in the minds of outsiders.

But Brent—Brent forced himself into

the thing from vulgar curiosity, and because of a perverted feeling of importance he seemed to get in being involved in the affair.

The newspaper to which he pointed informed them that the four boys calling themselves "The Morons" were being questioned in connection with the mysterious murder of Frederick Von Veh, sculptor, in his studio on the night of August 30, and that a girl, Goldine Pond by name, and a forged cheque, were involved. The girl was missing, but she had written to the police, telling the whole story. The Morons, her letter explained, had had numerous altercations with the fiery Von Veh, who had threatened on several occasions to call in the police if the noise in their studio didn't stop. One night, three days before the murder, when drinks had been flowing freely, the boys had retaliated with what was intended to be a practical joke.

Von Veh had designed a wall bracket, which had been reproduced in large quantities and was sold for fifteen dollars. Knowing that he had two or three of them in his studio, the boys had sent the girl up to him with a cheque for twenty-five dollars. She had told the sculptor that the boys wanted to buy one of the brackets and offered the cheque in payment. The cheque was made out to "Peter Humph," signed "O. U. Phool," and endorsed by the same "Peter Humph."

The girl told him that the boys didn't happen to have any cash on hand, and asked if he would accept the cheque and give her ten dollars in change. Von Veh, very busy, always impractical and absent-minded, was inclined to trust anyone, and practically anyone there in the building would have complied with her request, not noticing the play on the name signed to the cheque or that the endorser was not Peter "Hughs."

THE ten dollars had paid for the Morons' festivities that night. And it had all seemed very funny.

But, the news story went on to relate, "when the haze of homebrew had faded away the next morning," it did not seem quite so funny. The boys were worried and the girl, to whom twenty-five dollars was actually a fair-sized sum and who had never made out a cheque or had a banking account in her life, was terrified. The boys told her they'd "deal with Von Veh," that he'd never report it, but she worried. She, it seemed, had written the cheque and in her ignorance she imagined she would be sent to the penitentiary for life.

Someone who knew no more than she did had told her that in such a case the cheque would be mailed back to Von Veh from the bank.

The next morning when she read of Von Veh's murder, she had been horror-stricken and had fled from the city. She felt sure the four boys were involved, and that she would be implicated. She hoped to exonerate herself by writing the letter of confession and explanation.

All this she explained, although undoubtedly not in the language employed in the news story.

"Who was this Goldine Pond?" Brent asked.

"Why," Mathewson replied, "if I'm not mistaken, she's old Dan's granddaughter. Don't you remember," he turned to Manning, "the little blonded thing with the pretty eyes and awful teeth that used to

come to see Dan? She's been going up to the Morons' studio lately."

Manning did remember, and that memory combined with other more recent memories seemed a damning fact.

"Where is Dan?" Brent asked.

"Dan?" Mathewson answered thoughtfully. "I haven't seen him since yesterday noon. Any of the rest of you seen him?"

They shook their heads, and there was silence.

THE arrest of the Morons was a most helpful incident. Papa Marat announced as he paused in the slicing of a ham long enough to select a cigarette from a row of half-smoked ones that lay along the edge of an oil-cloth-covered shelf, take a puff at it, and set it back in line again. "It sets the police off the track, plays up a lot of evidence that hasn't anything to do with the crime, and covers evidence that has."

"But," Manning objected, "the threats the boys had made, the robbing of Von Veh's mailbox, the accessibility of the fire escape from their studio, Dan's own granddaughter . . ."

"Granted Dan's granddaughter had anything to do with it," the broad-hatted, mustachioed oracle argued. "Granted he let her get into the studio by going up the stairs from somewhere, how did she get out of the studio after she'd committed the crime?" I tell you, young fellow, other persons besides Dan's granddaughter profited from the breaking open of the mailbox."

"Of course they did," Manning said quickly.

Under the shadow of his broad hat-brim, the old man's eyes flickered momentarily, then they became quite blandly childish. "What?" he inquired innocently.

"When you came upstairs just after Von Veh's death was discovered, I was watching you from the fifth floor," Manning informed him. Still the old eyes maintained that expression of wide-eyed simplicity.

"I saw you stop by the pile of rubbish Dan was sweeping together at the foot of the stairs. You picked up a long envelope. You started to write on it. Then suddenly you seemed to scan it more closely. You tore a piece off it, rolled it up and stuck it in your button-hole."

"And here it is," Papa Marat finished with an air of charming naivete. He pulled a piece of paper from the button-hole in his coat lapel and held it out to Manning. It was the return address on an envelope.

"Of course, with our agreement, you wouldn't say anything about my having this," he went on craftily, but in the same childish manner. "I'd thought of confiding in you, anyway. When Dan had thrown his rubbish out the next morning, I found the letter that had been in this envelope wadded up there. The girl, in her haste, must have opened the envelope by mistake and thrown it away. The letter was written in Russian. It was from an old friend in Vilna, Poland. Evidently a boyhood friend. He mentions Von Veh's contemplated return to the old country. Speaks of his joy that Von Veh has come into his own, and asks him if he intends to recognise the other claimant—she can hardly legally get hold of the thing now, it says."

"She," Manning broke in. "She—who would she be?"

"Sprague's mother," Papa Marat replied.

"Sprague . . ." Manning began. "But I always understood he was German on his mother's side."

"His mother was born in Germany," the old man told him. "I've looked that up. So have the police undoubtedly. She was Von Veh's younger sister. She was born in Germany. But previous to that they lived in Russia, that is a part of Poland which before the revolution belonged to Russia. They were German Russians, as far as I can make out. I asked Sprague about his mother's nationality. He was badly upset. He said she was born in Germany, came to this country with an aunt when she was quite young, and married an American. He didn't seem to know anything about his own family. At any rate, he professed not to. His mother is dead, you know."

"Oh," Manning said. Then again, "Oh, then if there were any money coming to anyone anywhere, Sprague . . ." He paused to allow the realisation to sink in. "Why Sprague . . ."

"Exactly," Papa Marat said, coolly. "Sprague . . ."

"But he couldn't," Manning protested. "He couldn't. He was outside the door with Brent and Mathewson when it happened."

"That has been said before," Papa Marat remarked dryly. He seemed to be enjoying the bewilderment of Manning. "It has been said many times. And it is so. But you must admit, my dear sir, Sprague had a motive—that the dagger was left in his room that night—that he went to the basement for something yesterday. Take your choice between that and the Morons with their cheque!"

"Oh, I see!" Manning exclaimed, enlightened. "You told me yesterday you had a piece of information the police could not possibly possess. It was this letter."

"It was not!" Papa Marat said.

THE following morning Manning found a letter in his mailbox. It was written on cheap lined tablet paper, and in a sprawling, illiterate hand. It read, "I feel like I ought to remind you that this is the fourth day. You only have three more." It was not signed. It was postmarked "Chicago."

Evidently Dan, and perhaps the missing Goldine Pond, had betaken themselves to that city. Or perhaps they had stopped there en route. However, Dan's conscience seemed to be still in working order. He intended to report to the police in three days—per schedule. But then, if Dan knew anything concerning any suspicions that might touch Goldine, how would he dare hold this over Manning's head? He asked himself this question and then instead of answering, said to himself, "She profited by Goldine's breaking into that mailbox. She had a letter in her bag. The day after the murder she dropped it on the floor right at my feet—she didn't offer to explain it to me."

She being not Goldine but Virginia. He took up his neglected palette and brushes, and tried to concentrate on the Egyptian panel he had been working on the night of the murder. He made a few ineffectual dashes with his brush at

the dancing girl's headdress, but apparently the maiden's brow was destined to go unadorned. For as he stood there trying to remember whether he had planned to bedeck her in turquoise or rubies, he saw, through his open door, Papa Marat going upstairs to the fifth floor. And a few minutes later Brent, following him on tiptoe. And after Brent came Mathewson—also on tiptoe.

"Where are you going?" he called after them.

Brent colored, looked sheepish, tiptoed down the steps again, and whispered, "After that old fool! What's he up to?" Whereupon Manning dropped his brush and palette and joined the procession, also on tiptoe.

They found Papa Marat kneeling on the floor before Quirt's door. On the floor beside him lay a huge bunch of keys. He was laboring with the lock.

"What do you think you're doing?" Brent inquired, indignantly.

Papa Marat answered without turning his head or ceasing his manipulations. "It is my impression, my dear sir," he said, "that this thing I hold in my hand is a key, and that I am trying to fit it into this lock."

"On what authority do you enter a man's room when he is away?" Brent demanded.

Papa Marat selected another key from his pile and proceeded to poke it into the lock, remarking, "There are only three persons who would think of entering a man's room when he's away, and going through his private papers—a woman who's in love with him, a police detective or a newspaper man. Good! The key fits."

He rose and opened the door with a flourish. "Will you gentlemen come in?"

The gentlemen would. Now that the door was open they forgot all ethical objections.

NONE of them had been in Quirt's studio before. It was not a particularly attractive studio. It was almost as barren as Von Veh's. There was just a couch, two chairs, a lot of very large canvases, such as one might use for panels or for the carnival work it was said Quirt did, and on an easel a canvas on which was a sort of tentative sketch. Papa Marat studied the canvas thoughtfully. "I don't know much about art," he remarked. "But I'd say this thing was hardly more than blocked out. It would hardly be finished enough for a criticism, would it?"

Both Manning and Mathewson shook their heads.

"Was Quirt well acquainted with Von Veh?" he asked.

Again they shook their heads and Mathewson said: "No, Quirt, didn't have much to do with other men in the building. Von Veh himself was pretty much of a hermit—never interested in newcomers. I shouldn't be surprised if he had never met Quirt though they were across the hall from each other."

He looked toward the closed door of Von Veh's studio as he spoke, and then went over to Quirt's door and closed it as though to shut out a memory.

"Curious," Papa Marat went on, "that Quirt should ask Von Veh for a crit, particularly for a picture that wasn't ready for one."

The others, all looked more or less blank.

Papa Marat took a scrap of yellow

paper from his buttonhole, unrolled it, and stuck it back again. "No, that's not it." Fished a bit of folded newspaper from a pocket, unrolled it and returned it to its hiding place. "Where did I put that?"

"Wait a minute," he urged them. "I'll find it." He went through vest pockets, trouser pockets, hip pockets, and finally back to his buttonhole before he produced a piece of wrapping paper which he perused carefully.

"Yes, I'm right. You were all out in the hall. It was half an hour after Von Veh had been killed. I asked the policeman on guard why no one had opened Quirt's door. I knocked and Quirt called. 'Come in.' I opened the door. Quirt was working at his easel with his back to us. Without turning around he said, 'Come in, I'm ready for that crit you promised me.' Who promised him a crit—any of you?"

A third time they shook their heads. "Who in this building was in the habit of giving him crits?"

"No one," Brent and Manning answered in unison.

"Then," said Papa Marat, tapping the air with a long forefinger, "then you all assumed that when he said, 'that crit you promised me,' he was expecting Von Veh?"

There was an assenting silence.

"And yet Von Veh wasn't in the habit of giving him criticisms, and the picture wasn't ready for a crit."

"You mean," Manning speculated, "you mean that Quirt was trying to put up a bluff—trying to produce the impression that he was expecting Von Veh?"

Brent burst in with a grating laugh. "I suppose that settles it all."

"My dear sir, I am deducing nothing," Papa Marat replied as he wandered aimlessly about the room. "Have you heard me offer a suggestion when this thing has been discussed? One thing a newspaper man learns is to hold his tongue. As far as this crime is concerned, I'm an agnostic. I know nothing."

As he spoke he opened Quirt's wardrobe trunk and methodically went through its contents—three suits of extreme cut with empty pockets, and some neatly-folded shirts and underwear.

Suddenly he stooped and picked up something, which he laid on his palm carefully as one does a jewel or a strange specimen of insect, and went to the window that he might examine it more closely.

"What's that?" Brent inquired jealously, following him. He peered at the thing incredulously and then burst into uproarious guffaws. "It's—it's . . ." he choked with mirth.

Manning went over and looked at the thing on the old man's outstretched palm. It appeared to be a piece of celluloid about a quarter of an inch square but pointed on one side.

"It's . . ." Brent gasped, "it's a finger-nail! Beautiful finger-nail! Valuable thing! Wonderful find! I'd take care of that, if I were you!"

"I will," said Papa Marat, folding it carefully in a piece of tissue-paper salvaged from the waste-basket and placing it in his pocket.

Mathewson explained, "It's a queer fad of Quirt's to let the finger-nail on the little finger of his left hand grow very long—actually it's as much as a half an inch long."

"Was it long that night?" Papa Marat inquired.

"My mind was on other things than manicures . . ." Brent began.

But Papa Marat cut in triumphantly. "It was not! Do you remember that early the next morning, down in my dining-room, when we were reading over my front-page stories of the crime, Quirt kept lighting cigarettes and suddenly throwing them on the floor and sticking his hands in his pockets. I asked him why he did it. It was because the finger-nail was gone."

Again Brent indulged in bolsterous good humor. "Wonderful idea, Marat! Magnificent! You ought to enter an imagination contest! Quirt cut off his finger-nail and used it to open Von Veh's door. Big scoop! You'd better hurry over to the paper with that before any enterprising reporter beats you to it. That finger-nail will be exhibit A."

PAPA MARAT paid no attention. He was occupied with an examination of Quirt's toilet articles, which stood on a shelf above the sink.

After leaving Quirt's studio they all stopped for a moment in the fifth floor hallway—one of those pauses a group makes, with no particular reason, before breaking up—Mathewson intending to go back to a landscape he had left on his easel; Papa Marat perhaps with an idea of returning to his ham sandwiches and coffee percolator; Brent with a thought of giving the Brent Art Company some attention; Manning with the determination to make a contribution in paint to the attire of the Egyptian lady.

But the Egyptian lady seemed doomed to go her painted way with only half a headdress for, as was always the case when he planned to turn his attention to his work, there was an interruption. It came from behind the half-open door of his own studio in the form of quarrelling voices.

"I tell you, I don't know what became of it," Sprague cried, with that touch of hysteria that was becoming an abomination to all of them.

"You do," Virginia replied scornfully. "You do! You must tell me what has become of it."

"But why should you care?" Sprague wailed. "You never loved . . ."

And then Papa Marat sneezed, an explosion which would have done credit to a dinosaur. There was a sudden complete silence behind the door.

Brent glared balefully, but the old man's expression was guileless as a child's as he searched through his paper-stuffed pockets for a handkerchief.

"Oh, pardon me," he said loudly.

"Lovers' quarrel," Brent whispered, with a knowing twist of his hard mouth.

"Lovers' quarrel nothing!" Manning replied, but not aloud.

And then Virginia opened the door and greeted them all in her lovely low voice.

"Hello, my dears. Go into Mathewson's studio and see what I have there—spaghetti, tomato paste, onions, olive oil, skillet, matches—but no stove. Did you know, Mat, that your electric plate had given up the ghost? Forgive me for invading your studio, Manning. I was thinking of borrowing your stove. Where do you keep it?"

Obediently Manning reached under the bed that was under the model platform and drew forth a gas-plate.

"We're having a spaghetti party," Virginia explained. "It's nearly dinner-time,

and it's about to rain, and it's going to be a dismal night. I thought we might try to have one of our old-time parties. I'd have had it started if it hadn't been for Mat's stove."

Manning heard himself inviting them to stay there in his studio, but he was looking at Sprague, wondering at the two crimson spots on his usually colorless face and the poisonous blue flame of anger in his eyes.

And then for at least two hours they argued violently but without rancor about every question under the sun—art, modern and otherwise, religion, communism, morals, marriage.

VIRGINIA stood at the sink behind the velvet curtain and washed the dishes under the faucet while Manning and Mathewson wiped them with somewhat doubtful towels, which looked as if they had served part time duty as paint rags—and all of them were determinedly gay. "Determinedly" say. That, Manning felt, was the trouble—particularly with Virginia.

Virginia's little flare of gaiety had burned out, and she was eager to leave them. He was not surprised when, as soon as the dishes were put away, she announced she must go home. Brent reminded her that it was raining, called her attention to the steady downpour outside, and offered to call his car and drive her home, but she refused with a hint of sharpness in her manner.

"Mad at me, sweetheart?" he asked in the sort of tone used in street corner badinage.

Manning expected a cold retort from Virginia but she flew to Mathewson, flung her arm about him in a gesture of wanton, and yet like a child asking for protection and said: "Mat has an old umbrella some lady left in his studio. He lends it to me off and on. Let's go and get it, Mat?"

But while they were gone Manning slipped downstairs and quite luckily managed to hail a passing taxi. When Virginia stepped out into the street she found him standing beside it in the rain, holding the door open. She really had no excuse for not accepting his invitation.

That was exactly what Manning had intended. He intended to go home with Virginia. She gave the taxicab driver a street number. He slammed the door upon them and they were as isolated as though they were alone on a desert island. The rain closed them in. It beat a tattoo on the roof of the cab. It ran in criss-cross trickles over the windows. Lighted restaurants were merely blurs of brilliance. The headlights of passing cars were moving streaks of phosphorus. Pedestrians huddled under their umbrellas were shapeless blobs. Each person was concerned only with himself in the downpour. But Manning was concerned with Virginia.

He had arranged to take her home partly out of solicitation for her comfort—a very big brotherly, decidedly altruistic solicitation, so he told himself—but mainly because he was concerned with the unravelling of this ugly tangle in which he was certain she was involved. He burned with questions. Each of them demanded an immediate answer.

Manning Colby felt that he must know—must—why Virginia had carried a letter of Von Veh's in her bag; why she

had gone prowling down to the basement two nights before; what she had been quarrelling over with Sprague in his studio just two hours ago.

He looked at her covertly, moving his eyes but not his head. She was sitting very erect, looking straight ahead. Her profile was beautiful silhouetted against the vague background of the window.

What could he say to her? One cannot pick up pointed personal questions and hurl them javelin-like at another person without any preparation—without leading up to them in some way. He must steer the conversation in the right direction. He must make an opening that would justify his curiosity.

He made an exceedingly poor beginning. He asked her if she didn't think it was stuffy, and if he hadn't better open the window.

She said "Yes," and when he had finished with it he turned to find her leaning back against the seat cushions. The curves of her mouth and cheek were sweet and childlike there in the half-light, and her eyes were very deep and soft. Mathewson had painted her like that—"Spring-time"—just a shadowy face in an open window, with a spray of apple blossoms blowing behind her. It had been a good likeness. But, then, Sprague had painted her doing a dance as "Salome"—and that, also, had been a good likeness.

She stirred lazily, and asked, "Got a cigarette, Manning?"

He found his cigarette-case and held it out to her. He struck a match and she bent over the spurt of flame, the cigarette in her mouth. Now for that tactful beginning. . . . How long her lashes looked in the splutter of light! They lay against her cheek like the lashes of a sleeping child.

He blurted forth, "Virginia, why in the dickens do you kiss all those men promiscuously?"

He flung the match away with a gesture of rage. What had he said? What in the deuce had he said. Couldn't his brain and tongue co-ordinate? He could and would force them to co-ordinate! Now to recover the casual air.

He struck another match and held it out to her in a manner superlatively disinterested. She looked up at him with that sort of mischievous gamin expression he had caught on her face before—but those eyelashes—they were like—he held the match until it threatened to burn his fingers, while he sought earnestly for a simile. . . . why they were like the long black marks one sees on the petal of a violet.

"You kiss allcomers," he accused her violently, "and yet you are evidently a lady!"

"I'd suppose that was taken for granted," she said.

He liked her for that. But now to extricate himself from this conversational predicament—to get away from the personal note.

"Virginia," he said seriously, "Virginia, did it ever occur to you that none of these men would marry you?"

He cursed himself for an asinine fool. What an old-maid, schoolteacher remark!

Virginia laughed, a low, lovely, quite aggravating chuckle.

He was furiously angry. Although he had made a fool of himself, it seemed to him that the subject under discussion was a tremendously serious one.

"Did it ever occur to you, Manning,"

she said "that I don't want to marry any of those men?"

"Of course not," he agreed, and he was amazed at a certain feeling of lightness that took possession of him.

"I don't know why I kiss them," she went on meditatively. "I suppose it's a gesture of defiance—that and my being a model!"

"Defiance?" he questioned.

She ignored the question. "Of course I like those men in our building," she continued. "I love artists. I wouldn't kiss a man I really disliked. There are only two men I wouldn't kiss—a man I hated or a man whom I really loved."

She flung her cigarette, unsmoked, out of the window, and dropped back into her corner. He could not see the expression on her face. He wondered what would happen if he were to lean over and kiss her then. Why shouldn't he? Why not? What would she do?

The taxicab slowed down and stopped. Virginia said, "Here we are."

Almost before it had stopped she had opened the door and hopped out. Manning had an instant's impression of a mid-Victorian bay window with a table lamp lighted and a face pressed against the window glass. Then a rectangle of light appeared as the front door opened, and a voice called, "Sshenya—Sshenya—is dat you?"

Virginia answered "Yes," quickly, and with a brief "Thank you, Manning," slammed the taxi door, literally slammed it in his face, for he was getting ready to step out, intending to escort her to her door with the hope of being invited in. As he opened the taxi door again her own door slammed behind her.

For a moment he stood there, stupidly, forgetting to order the driver to take him back to the studio building. That name, "Sshenya." That was the nearest he could get to it. The voice in the doorway had pronounced it more softly, more slurringly than that. There was something familiar about the accent, soft, and yet clipped. Where had he heard it before? Von Veh. Yes, Von Veh!

"SZHENYA—Sshenya." Manning repeated the name over and over to himself as the taxicab carried him back to the old studio building. Immediately upon his arrival he sought Papa Marat's basement restaurant. He found the proprietor hatless—a sure sign of depression. When the broad-brimmed hat adorned a peg on the wall instead of perching on the head of its owner one might be certain the spirits of its owner were at low ebb.

With a sweeping Shakespearean gesture he pointed to a baked ham, adorned with cloves, which stood in isolated splendor on the counter. "I've tended this thing like a nursemaid all evening trying to keep it properly covered and warm in the hope that some person would come in and buy a ham sandwich, but no one's been near the place," he grumbled. "This rain keeps 'em away. I might as well have been attending to my own business instead of chaperoning a ham! I might as well have been working on that case. I can't quite get hold of the thing I'm after. It'll be found eventually. But I must get hold of it before the police get ahead of me. I don't think they could under the circumstances, but. . . ."

Manning, waiting impatiently, the words all ready to leave his lips, interrupted. "Mr. Marat, have you ever heard the name 'Schenya'?" he said.

"Sounds Russian," the old man ruminated. "Russian pet name. . ."

"For Virginia!" Manning broke in—and immediately wished he had not spoken.

Papa Marat ruthlessly tore a piece of wrapping paper from a loaf of bread, which awaited its sandwich future on the counter. On the paper he wrote, in a newspaper man's unintelligible scrawl, "Schenya?"

"Why do you do that?" Manning asked sharply.

THE old man rolled the paper carefully and stuck it in his buttonhole, before he explained, "Because it is just the sort of thing I've been looking for."

"Do you mean," Manning demanded, surprised at his own vehemence, "do you mean you're holding a girl's nickname against her?"

Papa Marat took his hat from the peg, and set it athwart his waving grey hair at a tilt expressive of satisfaction and a renewed interest in life. He produced from about his clothing a piece of magazine cover and the back of a letter, and laid them side by side on the counter.

From them he read, "Virginia Mac-Brayer—had been posing for Von Veh for three years! Posing that night with the dagger. . . ." He looked up from his reading. "Enough to put the idea into her head if she had any reason to commit the crime." He bent again to the perusal of the papers: "Went to the basement the next night for something. . . . Don't look startled. It must have been she. I discovered she stayed all night that night in the Morons' studio. Discovered that Von Veh had somehow come into property in Russia. Discovered that Virginia has Russian nickname. Discovered that Virginia has Russian woman in her house. . . ."

He stuffed the papers into his vest pocket. "Well?" he inquired.

Manning mentally added the three facts not recorded on Papa Marat's slips—her quarrel with Von Veh, the fact that she was on the fire escape at the time of murder of the sculptor; her having a letter addressed to him in her possession. Then, violently repudiating the whole idea, he exclaimed aloud, "No! No!"

Papa Marat smiled roguishly. "My dear boy," he observed in a voice that dripped sentiment, "that's because you're in love with her."

Manning gasped and said stiffly, "That is absurd!"

Papa Marat placed his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Don't worry, son," he consoled. "Don't worry! She, perhaps, didn't actually commit the crime, but she's certainly connected with it. I'd hold off for a while if I were you. I wouldn't let the thing go too far."

Manning opened his mouth to reply that the thing was not "going" at all, when Papa Marat closed it by declaring, "I won't believe she actually killed Von Veh unless someone can prove to me that she was out of the Morons' studio at the time the deed was committed."

Manning drew his breath in suddenly as though he had been plunged into icy water. "Good-bye," he said abruptly, "I must get upstairs. I have a new idea

for that panel I'm working on. I want to sketch it in before I forget it. I must hurry. See you in the morning."

He did see Papa Marat in the morning—saw him, heard him, wondered at him—or, to put it in chronological order, heard him, then saw him, then wondered. Heard him saying, "How do you do! My dear sir, what a change! I didn't recognise you at first!—then opened his door and saw him out in the hall talking to an unpressed, unshaven individual, wondered who the tramp might be. Then, in the rough, stubble-covered face, he saw the great goatlike eyes of Quirt.

"I didn't recognise you at first," Papa Marat repeated.

Quirt smiled, his flashing, expressionless smile. "No? The camp rules at The Mole Hill must be blamed for that. We've issued an edict that no man may shave while he's there, you know—just tomfoolery. I'm going up to my studio now to shave a little of this off. I think, perhaps, though, I'll keep part of it. You know, I had a moustache, and I'd shaved it off not long ago. Actually I miss the thing! I'm going to let it grow. And I'm considering raising a Vandyke. You know the average person's conception of an artist. It might have commercial value!"

"Yes," Papa Marat agreed, "hirsute decorations can be made to serve several purposes. But as to your obeying an edict of the Art Club, I understood they'd just moved out of The Mole Hill."

Quirt stared at the other man for a moment and waited as though there were something more to be said. But his face was expressionless, unless it could be said that his yellow eyes became even more glassy than usual.

Then, as Papa Marat seemed to have lost interest in the conversation, he picked his suitcase up from the floor and went on upstairs. Before he disappeared around the curve of the stairway Manning saw him turn and look down—just for an instant—and his eyes were like those of animals that see at night. Then he was gone.

Papa Marat produced a scrap of paper and proceeded to inscribe something on it.

"More clues, honorable Sherlock?" It was Brent who had just come up the stairs.

"Quirt's growing a moustache," Papa Marat said, thoughtfully. "He had one before; I remember he shaved it off a week ago. Now he's raising another."

The hallways echoed unpleasantly to Brent's laughter. "Fine! Wonderful! Now it's his moustache! You have his finger-nail!"

PAPA MARAT and Brent were interrupted by the appearance of Inspector Morris, an expression of boredom and disgust on his usually placid face. He was accompanied by Sprague, who seemed to be for the first time in several days rather cheerful, but at the same time nervous and voluble.

"The inspector has been so kind," he informed them. "They've all been so kind over at his—his office. They've been so kind!"

The inspector interrupted him impatiently. "If you'll be so kind as to show me just what things you want, we'll see what can be done about it."

The two of them went on up to the fifth floor while Brent, Papa Marat and Manning waited in the hallway below with the avid curiosity that had become a part

of their attitude toward the slightest incident that occurred in the building.

A few minutes later the inspector called down to them, "Can any of you lend a helping hand here?"

All three men answered his summons.

It was the first time any of them had been in Von Veh's studio since the night of the tragedy. Save for the absence of the half-finished statue of Virginia, which had held the dagger in its hand and which had been removed by the detectives working on the case, the room looked just as it had when the sculptor was working there. Strange how Von Veh had always managed to produce such an untidy effect in so barren a room! The row of busts across the mantelshelf—Von Veh's own work—portraits of men locally and nationally famous, were turned at all sorts of angles, some of them facing the room, some in profile, and some with their faces to the wall, and were heavy with dust. Von Veh always had moved about in an accumulation of dust. The bits of his work standing about on the floor, some of it fanciful and some of it portraiture, were grimy, and many of them were chipped. And there was a litter of old shoe boxes stuffed with papers, many of them yellow with age, all dirty and torn.

Sprague had one of these boxes under his arm. "My uncle's papers," he quavered. "Mr. Morris has turned them over to me. Little personal things—you know—clippings and letters. They couldn't mean a thing to anyone but me! But to me. . . ."

BRENT interrupted. "I suppose you've looked these over?" he asked the inspector.

Morris nodded curtly. "Naturally, I called you because he wanted someone to help him take the stuff down to his studio."

"I'm taking these," Sprague said. He pointed to a bust of a child. "Isn't this a beautiful thing? His little sister, my aunt, who died. He did it when they were small children. Isn't it a lovely thing? I want it. And this. . . ." He pointed to a dusty life-size statue of a youth, which poised perilously on one toe on a pedestal in one corner. "These two things are his most beautiful work—his most beautiful work! Oh, I. . . ." Weak tears came into his pale eyes and as he seemed on the verge of breaking down Manning hastened to relieve the strain by offering to help him carry the larger statue downstairs.

They lifted it as though it were a corpse, Sprague holding its feet and Manning its head. In order to get it down the stairway, Sprague turned and went first, backing down, and Manning faced him, so that his back was to the hallway.

They had descended just a few steps when suddenly Sprague halted, an expression of consternation came over his face, his mouth dropped open, his eyes stared. His whole body seemed to grow limp. He loosened his hold on the figure and it crashed down the stairway to the landing below where it broke into pieces. But for the moment the tragedy of the destruction of Von Veh's masterpiece was lost upon Manning in his eagerness to discover what had brought the sudden alarm to Sprague. He turned to see Quirt standing in the doorway of his studio, politely amazed by Sprague's behaviour, but nonchalant withal.

"What has happened?" he inquired, hurrying to look over the banister at the

scattered pieces of plaster of Paris on the stairs and in the hallway.

It was only then that Sprague seemed to realise his loss. "Oh!" he wailed. "His Narcissus. His beautiful Narcissus! Broken. Ruined! It was a copy of his masterpiece—his best work!"

He ran downstairs, wailing as he went. "Oh, it's my fault! I slipped—I don't know why I slipped! But I did, and I lost my hold! It was an accident. And it's my fault!"

MANNING, following after him with the others, made a mental note. "He didn't show any concern about the breaking of the statue for the first few seconds after the accident took place. He was too much wrought up over the unexpected appearance of Quirt."

Sprague went dolefully back upstairs to collect the other things he had asked for. Manning went back to his studio, and squeezed some paint on his palette—stood before his easel—realised that he had emptied a tube of red paint when what he needed at that particular moment was turquoise-blue—squeezed out a bit of turquoise-blue—went back to the easel—discovered that he hadn't a brush—went back to a vase of brushes and selected one—came back to his easel—stared at it with intense concentration but without seeing a thing—and then, as a lovely low voice came floating up the stairway, dropped the whole thing and went downstairs to meet Virginia.

"Yes," Papa Marat was telling her. "All smashed to bits. Too bad. But it was only a reproduction, of course. And Sprague has another beautiful piece—head of a child—and a lot of papers, notes and things—says he wants them for keepsakes."

"Yes," Virginia said. But the word was a bare whisper. It seemed to Manning that her face had gone white under her heavy make-up, so very white that the rouge stood out on her cheeks in grotesque round red spots, but she moistened her lips and asked, quite in the tone of a person who is showing interest only in order to be polite, "What did he do with—the things?"

"I suppose he took them to his studio," Papa Marat replied. "Well, I must go down to the basement. Good-bye—Sshenya."

He used the Russian nickname quite casually, and his old eyes were blandly childish, but Manning knew that he had observed that Virginia was trembling—that she was in a kind of weak, pitiful terror. He was indignant with the old mocker!

"Come on, Virginia," he begged. "You look—you look—tired. Come on into my studio. Better sit down by the window—there's a breeze there—and I have a bottle of wine, which . . ."

She turned from him like a petulant child. "No, I feel—oh, all in a mess—I don't want to talk to anybody! I'm going to the Morons' studio for a moment. I'll—I'll see you later."

Manning went back to his studio and to work on his Egyptian panel, and managed in the next three hours to ruin it beyond repair because, although he was working on the dancing girl's habiliments, his mind was on the doing of the girl in the Morons' studio down on the third floor. He made excursions every few minutes to the top of the stairs to peer down to see if by any possibility she might be coming upstairs.

It was on one of his excursions from studio to hallway that Manning saw Virginia down on the first floor talking with Pete. Looking down upon him from above, Manning could not see the youth's face, but he recognised the Moron's ludicrous long waving hair and the Windsor tie. He saw him take hold of Virginia's arm and pull her toward him. He saw Virginia break away and run toward the street door. He watched the youth plod sulkily up the stairs. Then he heard the angry slamming of his studio door.

Manning stood there, in a conflict of emotions, wondering whether to follow Virginia, deciding that that would be impossible—she would be too far away by the time he got downstairs—wondering where she might have gone, deciding to go down and call up her house, deciding not to—and then saw Sprague coming up the stairs—saw him go into his studio on the second floor—saw him come out a moment later, waving his arms in a frenzy, and heard him say, "My uncle's papers, my uncle's papers! They're gone!"

Mathewson came out of his studio, startled, curious.

Pete came out of his studio, peevish, angry.

"My uncle's things!" Sprague repeated. "Those boxes of papers! They're gone! I put them on the table. I locked the door. I've been out for an hour—and they're gone! I tell you, they're gone!"

Mathewson was only mildly excited. "Were they really very important?" he asked.

Pete's small eyes glittered with a spiteful triumph.

"Where's that inspector—Morris?" he demanded. "I want to see him. There's a lot of things I might have said to him before. I wish I had. Where is he?"

The significance of the disappearance of Sprague's papers was lost upon Manning. He was concerned with only one thing—Pete's insistence upon seeing the police inspector. That could mean just one thing—he intended to tell the inspector what he knew of Virginia's having been out of the Morons' studio at the time of the murder. And that in turn meant just one thing—that he, Manning, must find Virginia, must find her immediately.

Without waiting to discover whether or not Pete had located Inspector Morris, he went forth in search of her. He looked in upon Papa Marat's basement restaurant to see whether she might possibly be there, asked quite casually if the old man had seen her, and received a negative answer; looked over the tables in her favorite restaurant; telephoned an advertising company where she often posed for photographs, and last of all called at her home. It was curious—one never thought of Virginia in connection with her home.

A voice with a soft and at the same time clipped foreign accent answered the telephone. The accent was evident even in the pronunciation of the word "Hello."

"May I speak to Miss MacBrayer?" Manning asked.

"She is not here. Who is dis?"

"This is Manning Colby, one of her friends at the studio building."

"Oh," there was a sigh of relief. "Oh, I know. She was going to pose for Mr. Smith dis afternoon."

"That's fine! Fine!" Manning answered. It was! At any rate he hoped

it was. Smith's studio was in his home out in a suburb. Because of frequent visits to the house, Manning knew that the interurban cars left only on the hour. She would be half-way there now, providing she had made the last car—and she would be safe temporarily from anyone down town who might be trying to find her.

His instantly-formed plans were definite. He hailed a passing taxi, made a quick visit to a bank, and drove on out to the interurban stop near Smith's house. He reached there ten minutes before time for the interurban car, and sending the taxi back to town, strolled along the little dirt road that led to the old farmhouse where Smith lived and worked. Hopeful speculators had given the section a fancy name and put up signs to indicate future streets, but this far the only signs of civilisation were the bench at the interurban stop and the roof of Smith's house showing above the tree tops. The little road made a turn into a leafy tunnel of interlocking trees and masses of wild briars and shrubs.

He sat down on the railing of a wooden bridge that spanned a wide, shallow stream. The water barely seemed to move.

A bird dropped down beside the stream with a gentle flapping of wings and stood there motionless on long still legs. Then suddenly his beak struck at the water. It snatched something and swallowed it greedily and became again motionless, like something growing out of the soil. Suddenly a hoarse, gritty shriek ripped into the silence. The bird lifted its startled wings and flew away. There was a grinding of wheels as the interurban car stopped, and then started again. And a moment later Virginia came around the bend. Her shiny, smooth, black satin dress cut too sharply against the dim background of the woods, but her hair was ablaze in the sunlight. She walked with a quick, easy grace, and she waved her arm gaily as she saw him.

He was held by a feeling of unreality of anything but the present moment, but he forced himself to break the spell.

"Virginia, you'll have to get away from here as quickly as possible," he said. And his words sounded harsh in this lovely place, just as the shrieking of interurban whistle had been harsh.

THE lines in her face matched the sophisticated hardness of the black satin dress.

"Why?" she demanded.

"That rotten Pete," he told her. "He was hunting the inspector—when I last saw him—an hour ago."

"Then he'll tell! He'll tell!" she cried. "He said he would, this morning."

"You'll have to get out quickly," he urged.

But she interrupted him. It was the first time he had seen her panic-stricken. "He'll tell everything he knows," she repeated. "He knows too much."

"Listen, Virginia," he insisted. "Listen to me. I have everything planned. You haven't much time. There's a train leaving here in twenty-five minutes. There's a railroad station across the interurban tracks and up that little hill. A ten-minute walk. I'll take you over there. You're to get on the train and go to Chicago. I have two hundred dollars for you. I just drew it from the bank."

"Oh, it's all right," as she raised a

protesting hand. "You can make it up to me afterwards, if that'll make you feel any better about it. But you must get out now. Let me know where you are. Do you know Chicago?" She nodded. "Then write me from there tomorrow—tomorrow, Virginia. I must know if you're all right—I couldn't stand it if— I . . ."

VIRGINIA interrupted him. "Wait—just a minute! I will. I'll go! I will. But I want to go up to Smith's house first and telephone Anusha, my old nurse. It'll take just a minute."

"You can't do that," Manning protested. "What if someone else knows you were going there? They mustn't know you're here. That's why I met you here on the road. You must go now. I'll phone Anusha."

"No," she was stubborn. "I must tell Anusha."

"I'll phone her that you're gone. I promise to tell her," he offered impatiently.

"No," she insisted. "There is a message—I must deliver a message. I want her to have it before I go. I want to know she has it."

"Then I'll do it for you now," he suggested. "You wait here and I'll go up and phone your message. What is it?"

She hesitated. "Well—tell her—tell her . . ." She stopped and seemed to be wording it. "Tell her I've gone away—that I'm all right. And that—that I want her to mail that letter to Papa Marat. Tell her that."

"To Papa Marat . . ." he began, but realising the necessity for haste he waived explanations.

"Step back here under the trees," he said. "I'll hurry back."

But he hesitated. He was afraid to leave her—even for a few moments. He had a curious feeling that he was saying good-bye to her now.

He took a few steps toward the house, then turned to look at her, as though he were fixing a picture in his mind. The sunlight coming through lacy branches cast checkered patches of gold on her hair and on her dress. There was a golden light in her eyes, deep and clear. Her mouth was very sweet.

He strode back to her and took her in his arms. Quite naturally her arm slipped around his neck. For a second time he stood still. Everything else in the world ceased to be.

Then he felt her stiffen in his arms. She drew sharply away from him. It was as though a veil had been drawn across the clearness of her eyes.

"No," she said sharply, "no!"

Queer how the words seemed to dance in the air before him as he trudged up the soft muddy road towards the house. Queer how, with the stress and hurry of the present moment, with danger lurking so close at hand, with newly-laid plans and fears settling in the foreground of his mind, his thoughts could turn back to something Virginia had said two nights before in the darkness of a taxi as they rode through the rain: "There are only two men I wouldn't kiss—one that I loved and one I hated."

He found the two Smith children in the front yard. They said "Daddy" was in the studio at the back of the house. He told them not to disturb him, went to the telephone in the hall and called Virginia's home number.

When the soft-clipped voice answered, he asked, "Anusha?"

"Da," the voice said, "yes, yes."

"This is Manning Colby. I'm with Virginia. She wants me to tell you that she's leaving. . . ."

He heard a quick intake of breath at the other end of the wire.

"She's all right," he went on. "She wants me to tell you to send the letter to Papa Marat—she wants. . . ." An automobile was passing the house. He paused to listen.

"Vere is she?" the voice demanded. "Vere is she? What did dey do with my. . . ."

"She's all right. . . ." he began.

A scream cut the air!

He dropped the receiver and ran out into the road. A small black automobile stood where he had left Virginia. As he looked it moved away. He ran after it. It gathered speed. It turned the bend in the road. He ran madly around the bend across the interurban tracks. He saw it disappear over the hill.

He saw the city-bound car coming towards the stop and ran to catch it. Still he had no object, but there was in him a demand for action.

The car moved too slowly. The stops seemed terribly long. The chatter of the two young girls in the seat at the back of him drove him mad. He turned and frowned at them and they giggled. It seemed monstrous to him that they should be able to laugh. It seemed monstrous when he got back to the studio building that Papa Marat should greet him jubilantly in the hallway.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, and then, looking around cautiously to assure himself that all doors were closed, "Stay right here. Don't leave the building to-night. And watch. It'll be worth your while."

"Come on up to my studio," Manning suggested, and the old man followed him enthusiastically up the stairs. Manning closed the door behind them and began, "Virginia. . . ."

But Papa Marat interrupted. "This has been a big day. I've found exactly what I needed to prove my theory. Exactly the thing I've been looking for. To-night I'll prove it beyond a doubt. The name of Joseph Marat will be on every front page in the country. It's the strangest story that . . ."

Manning cut in desperately—"Virginia has been kidnapped."

"Eh!" At last the flood of enthusiasm was stemmed. "Eh? What's that?"

"She was taken this afternoon," Manning went on. "And in addition to that the police are after her or they may be at any moment."

Papa Marat's face was the picture of bewilderment. "The police!"

Manning told him of having seen Pete talking to Sprague in the hallway early in the afternoon; of Pete's evident anger, and Virginia's leaving the building; of the discovery immediately after her departure of the theft or disappearance of the boxes of papers. Sprague had just gotten from Von Veh's studio; of Pete's threat to tell Inspector Morris things he "might have told him before."

"But what could be tell him that might concern Virginia?" Papa Marat inquired. "That she was not in the Morons' studio

at the time Von Veh was murdered," Manning told him.

"What!"

Then Manning realised that he had told him more than he had intended. But then the thing might as well be out now, and so he went on with the account of her visit to his studio and her climbing out on to the fire escape.

Papa Marat received the news with a sort of dismay that was inexplicable to Manning. "Then as far as the police are concerned, the case against her is perfect. This may hurt my story."

"Your story!" Manning exploded. "Your story. I tell you she's been taken away—I don't know where. I went out to Smith's house this afternoon to warn her of Pete's threat, and to get her out of town before he could see the inspector, and while I was in Smith's house telephoning she was taken in a small black car. I heard her scream and saw the car leave, but it got out on to the State highway and there's no way of tracing it now—unless you know something that . . ."

MANNING flung the studio door open, left Papa Marat sitting there alone and stamped down stairs to the first floor, still bristling with anger at Marat's seeming apathy concerning Virginia's fate. Then his sudden access of fury left him. What was to be done? What could he do? Where could he go? How could he make some sort of start towards something? He went up and knocked on Mathewson's door, but there was no answer. Well, it was for the best, after all. What could he tell Mathewson if he were to see him? And what chance was there of Mathewson's knowing anything about it? But Sprague . . .

He knocked on Sprague's door several times, but there was no response. Perhaps Papa Marat might know of Sprague's whereabouts. He went down to the restaurant and ascertained that the old man had not seen Sprague since noon. He inquired of several others in the building. No one else had seen Sprague since noon.

He thought of Quirt—perhaps Quirt might know something. But a knock at Quirt's door elicited no response.

At any rate, he could call Virginia's home again and see if Anusha could help.

The soft clipped voice sounded strained from weeping, but when Manning announced his name a note of hope crept into it.

"Vere is she?" Anusha demanded. "Vere is she? Ven you stopped talking dis afternoon on de telephone I vas frightened. Vere is she? Tell me!"

"I can't!" Manning said. "I'm sorry. I don't know! But tell me—now think—tell me—did anyone else call the house to-day?"

"Yes," she replied. "Mr. Sprague and another man."

"Sprague! When?"

"Right after you call de first time—ven you ask vere she is and I tell you she is at Mr. Smid's—right after dat Mr. Sprague call, and I tell him too dat she is at Mr. Smid's. He was anxious to find her—and den anoder man call and I tell him de same thing—dat she is at Mr. Smid's."

"You told them! Don't tell anybody else anything. Listen, Anusha! Listen carefully! If anyone else calls—no matter

who it is—do you hear me—no matter who it is—don't tell anything—not a word! Don't mention my calling this afternoon—don't mention my calling or the other man! Tell them you don't know where she went to-day. Don't even tell them she was going to Smith's. Remember—not a word."

"I will," she promised. But where...
"Sorry," he replied. "I can't tell you now." And he hung up the receiver.

The admonition was in case the police questioned her later. If they did not know that either he or Sprague had called, they might be staved off a little while longer. They were likely to discover that Virginia had intended to go to Smith's but they need never know that she had arrived there. Of course, it might eventually come out through the Smith children that he had been there, but that need not mean anything. The police knew nothing of the black car. Perhaps, though, they ought to know. Perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken in his understanding of Pete's threat.

HE found the answer to that question about 11 o'clock that night when he stepped into a little back street restaurant for a cup of coffee. At one of the tables a group of men were talking over the first edition of a morning paper.

"Did you see the latest in the studio murder mystery? Seems like there's a new suspect. They're after a girl."

"Yes, I figured from the first that the girl that was in the studio with them young fellows, the model, had something to do with it. I'll say she has some looks."

Manning went over to their table and peered over the man's shoulder. The blood drained from his heart, leaving him limp, then surged back again, pounding through his veins. There on the front was Virginia's face smiling up at him from under a big garden hat—every lovely line distinct. The picture was from a portrait Mathewson had done of her. It had appeared in local papers before. He read the lines beneath it: "Missing Beauty, Possibly Involved in Murder, Escapes Police." Black headlines danced before his eyes: "Model May Be Involved in Murder of Sculptor. Youth Confesses."

Manning bought a paper and took it up to his studio before he so much as opened it.

According to the news story, "The youth," Pete, had gone to the police with his tale earlier in the evening. Probably, Manning reflected, he had nursed his grievance all afternoon before arriving at a definite decision. It was fortunate that he had. Otherwise Manning could not possibly have talked to Anusha as he had, along about dinner-time, six o'clock, because, just a short time later, perhaps, she had been questioned, for the newspaper stated: "The Russian woman professed to know nothing about the girl's whereabouts although the police suspected that she was holding something back."

Before Manning had finished the story there was a knock on his door. It was Inspector Morris. He wanted to know when Manning had last seen Virginia. Manning told him he had seen her talking to Pete in the hallway along about noon. Then he wanted to know whether Manning had seen Sprague. Manning told him he had seen him also about noon. He told him the circumstances—

and was glad when he left seemingly satisfied with his replies.

Manning's conviction that Sprague had something to do with Virginia's disappearance grew when Sprague did not return during the night. He went down and knocked at his door at intervals, not giving up until he heard the clomp-clomp of the milkman's horse and the clink of bottles along about five o'clock in the morning. Then he lay down and fell into an exhausted sleep to awake about eight o'clock and knock again on Sprague's door.

All through the morning he searched for him, not too obviously. He was afraid to do that, but with apparent aimlessness he wandered about Sprague's haunts, coming back at intervals to the studio building to see if Sprague had by any chance returned. He knocked on Quirt's door several times also, but Quirt apparently was out. Papa Marat also was away. He had left an old ex-bar-tender, who occasionally helped him, in charge of his restaurant, and he had no notion where the proprietor had gone.

At six o'clock he was sitting in his studio, his thoughts hopelessly following one impasse after another. And when he heard a knock on his door he leaped eagerly to his feet. It would be Papa Marat, of course.

He was so sure of this that when he opened the door and found old Dan standing there he looked at him unseeing. The bent old figure, with its abnormally long arms and the sagging, bloodhound face, registered themselves upon the retina of his eyes but not upon his brain.

Even the old man's voice was not real. The words he was saying meant nothing to Manning.

"I suppose maybe you thought I wouldn't come back."

"Why, no," Manning said. "Er—yes—yes—what is it?" He didn't have enough sense to ask the old man in, but Dan entered, closed the door, and seated himself, as on his last visit, in Manning's only comfortable chair.

"Well," he announced, "yer time's up to-day."

"What?" Manning asked vaguely. The old man nodded dolefully. "I see the thing's got on yer mind. Well, I should think it would. You do look purty bad. Yer face is kinda green and peeked like, and ye ain't had a shave fer a long time. I sh'd think ye'd get out. You still got time."

And then it came to Manning. Of course! Old Dan was to report him to the police—this would be his last day—the seventh day—he would report him to-day. But it didn't seem to make any particular difference.

"Well," the old voice went on, "I'm giving you three hours more."

Three hours more! It came to Manning with staggering force that it did make a difference—a tremendous difference. Only a few hours to reach Virginia—why time was the most important thing in the world—only three hours!

"Why—you can't do that to-night!" he protested. "You can't! You'll wait until to-morrow, of course. I must have more time! I must! You must wait! I tell you, you must wait!"

But he shook his head. "Oh, no, I couldn't hardly do that. It's becuz I know so much more now that I'm givin' you this extra time. I'm a'givin' you until eight o'clock. I suppose you're a wonder in why I come back?"

"I can't say that I am," Manning re-

flected. Now that his lethargy had disappeared, he was becoming impatient.

"I come to bring back your two thousand dollars—most of it."

He waited a moment, his face alight with gentle anticipation, for the effect of his words. But Manning showed no response to the munificent offer. Two thousand dollars? What was two thousand dollars? He needed time, not money—time!

"Don't you understand? I'm bringin' it back—that is all but thirty-four dollars and sixty-one cents. I spent eight dollars gittin'—well, where I been all week. And eight to get my granddaughter, Goldine, there, and eight to git back here to-day—that's twenty-four dollars—and ten dollars and fifty-eight cents while I was there—and three cents to send a letter to you. That totals thirty-four dollars and sixty-one cents. I've got it written out and added up fer you here. Here it is, and here's the money." Dan handed him a box tied with a dirty string.

"Thanks," Manning said quite absently. "Now, if you could wait until to-morrow morning..."

"No!" he shook his head again stubbornly. "No! Listen here, young fellow. You ain't even askin' why I brought this back, but I'm goin' to tell you. You young people of this day don't know what a conscience means. But I gotta conscience. I told you I was brought up religious. I told you I was a member of the Holiness Sect when I was sixteen. As long as I thought you was a murderer, I felt like maybe the Lord just sort of put you in my path. But now I know you ain't, it's different. When I seen the papers last night and seen it was that girl..."

Manning sprang at him, roused at last. "Shut your mouth, you dirty sneaking old..."

The old man spoke mildly, as he had when Manning had threatened him once before. "Now, I seen the papers, didn't I? An' Goldine told me somethin', too. She said the night old Von Veh was killed that girl—oh, well, you ain't interested in hearin' me talk."

"I am," Manning said. "I am. Sit down!" He was interested now—desperately interested—in what Dan had to say.

"Well, that night—you see my granddaughter—well, she got kind've mixed up in bad company, and those young fellows, the Morons..."

"YES," Manning put in, impatiently. "Yes, I know. I know about the cheque and her part of it. I know."

"Well, then you know that Goldine broke into Van Veh's mailbox en' left it open."

"Yes."

"Well, after Goldine done it, she came back and peeked into the hall—it must've been along about a quarter to eight—and she seen that girl a takin' the letters out of Von Veh's mailbox and agoin' through 'em like she was crazy. She took one and stuck it in her dress and started to go to the door—and then she stopped like she didn't know what to do—and then she run on upstairs and Goldine went an' looked upstairs and she didn't see the girl no more. She thinks that's when she went to the Morons' studio. But she seen Mr. Von Veh comin' down lookin' awful mad. And Mr. Von Veh went to your studio. He didn't go down to his mailbox at all."

That, then, was how Virginia had

gotten hold of Von Veh's letter—the one that had fallen out of her dress in his studio that following morning. But why had she taken it? And she must have run to the Morons' studio because she saw Von Veh. Why didn't she want to meet Von Veh?

But Dan was still talking. "And now that I seen in the papers that she was out on the fire escape I know she done it, of course. But I know you musta been mixed up in it or you wouldn't have lied about being in your studio. I'm a reportin' you, of course. But I'm a givin' you time—I'm givin' you till eight o'clock to-night. That's because I'm sorry for you. You ain't bad, but you got in bad company with that girl—I know what she was as soon as I seen her."

Manning took him by the shoulder and pushed him towards the door. "You old fool—get out of here—get out, or I'll—"

Out in the hall the old man turned to him mildly but firmly. "Now remember—you have jest three hours."

JUST three hours in which to find Virginia, and Manning Colby was no nearer to a clue as to her whereabouts than he had been twenty-four hours earlier. An hour passed during which he knocked several times on Sprague's door and made several futile trips to Papa Marat's restaurant. Papa Marat had not returned. The old ex-bartender was trying ineffectually to serve the throng of diners who had crowded into the little place following the publication of the newspaper story of the "Beautiful Model Involved in Murder Case."

Another hour passed during which he alternated between standing in the hallway staring into Papa Marat's mailbox and standing in the front doorway staring up and down the street.

And then at seven o'clock Papa Marat himself came swinging along with his hat set at a dispirited angle and his mouth pressed sourly together and—of all things—a ham in each hand.

"Hello," he greeted Manning in the tone of one who had found everything in the world at cross purposes. "Had a disagreeable day! I went to find something but came home without a thing. Got just these two hams for the restaurant—nothing else."

Manning assumed that the message decoded meant he had discovered nothing that might lead to knowledge of Virginia's whereabouts. But there was still the letter. The old man, however, was apparently in no hurry to open his mail. He went down the steps to the restaurant in a leisurely fashion carrying his hams through the front door.

"How Bohemian!" Manning heard a feminine voice near the door gurgling. "He carries his provisions right through the guests!"

Manning did not follow him down to the restaurant, but he assumed that Papa Marat took ample time to "carry his provisions through the guests" and to deposit them behind the counter for five more minutes passed—five valuable minutes—before he came up the stairway end, still unhurried, made his way to his mailbox. Manning watched covertly from the doorway while he sorted his mail over carefully, stopping even to scrutinize the addresses on the bills and rejected manuscripts, before he opened the letter

Manning assumed was from Virginia. He opened it, glanced through it carelessly, and without looking at Manning went through the doorway to the basement stairs.

This was more than could be endured. Manning followed him, by the front door, however. He had a curious feeling that even now every move he made was under scrutiny. He made his way to the private booth, and hoped Papa Marat would follow him. He did, about ten moments later—only forty minutes left now—and brought him a glass and the other paraphernalia that preceded service—and the letter.

"Read it," he commanded. "I'll bring you an order." And he was gone.

The letter was written in a characteristic handwriting, angular and yet graceful. He felt that even without the signature at the end he would have known it was Virginia's. It was just a sort of statement, written with no attempt at embellishment, and minus emotion. It read:

"Papa Marat,—

"In case I should have to run away I am leaving this letter with Anusha, my nurse, to be delivered to you. It may help you solve the mystery of Von Veh's death. If the police were to have the information I am giving you they would undoubtedly believe I was guilty, and the thing would end there. I am not. And I don't know why, but I believe you know I am not. I believe you feel as I do, that there's something back of it all that none of us understand, and that perhaps these few facts may help you to find it. You are to give them to the police only in case Manning Colby should get into any sort of trouble. They would prove that he is innocent."

"I don't know just how much to tell, and therefore I shall set the whole thing down fully. I am Frederick Von Veh's niece. He has known it for three years, ever since I came to the studio building, but he hasn't been willing to acknowledge me because he considered me illegitimate. At least he pretended to think so. Now I believe it was because there was a fortune at stake."

"As to my relationship to him. My mother was his youngest sister. Frederick Sprague's mother was his older sister. Frederick Sprague does not know of the relationship. His mother married young and left for America while my mother was almost a child. They lived at that time in Russia. They are German Russians, but both the daughters, Frederick Sprague's mother and my mother, were educated in England and spoke English like natives. Their father, my grandfather, was very bitter over Sprague's mother having married an American and gone to America to live, and when my mother fell in love with an American, my father, he opposed the marriage violently."

"The result was that my mother and father ran away. Runaway marriages were difficult in old Russia. Banns had to be read in the church for three Sundays preceding the marriage, unless the couple were given a special dispensation. This could hardly be arranged with a runaway marriage, and then, too, my father was not a member of the Russian Church."

"They were married in England a week after they left her home, but because of the one week her father disinherited her. And Frederick Von Veh professed to believe the worst of her. He

had adored his youngest sister. That lovely child's head in his studio is a portrait bust he modelled of her when she was a little girl. But his love must have had a peculiarly jealous quality."

"He and the others of her family lost track of her after her marriage, for because of the disgrace their attitude had attached to her name, my father brought her to America, and no one in our home town in Virginia knew that she was Russian. As I said, she spoke English like a native. And Anusha did not come to us until after my mother's death three years ago. I have called her my nurse because she had been my mother's nurse back in the old home."

"When my mother died my father seemed to go all to pieces. He went back to travel in Europe and he sent Anusha to me. But, I may as well be frank, he has not seemed to be able to send us enough to live on very comfortably."

"It was through Anusha that I learned more about my mother's family. She told me of how Frederick Von Veh had become a fairly well-known sculptor. And she told me a curious thing about my grandfather's will. She said that the third of the estate that would have gone to my mother had been willed to a model who worked for several years with Frederick Von Veh in Paris, and whom he believed to be partly responsible for his only really great success. Anusha said she had heard that both my grandfather and Von Veh were almost superstitious in their belief in the influence of this model on Von Veh's work."

BUT the property, Anusha said, was in a part of Russia that formerly had belonged to Poland. Following the world war it was returned to Poland and the family believed they had lost it. That accounts for the fact that all of them lost interest in the will."

"She told me how Von Veh had had rather hard luck in Europe and had come to America, and where he was to be found. I determined to hunt him up. There didn't seem to be anyone anywhere who was particularly interested in me and I wasn't really well enough trained in any one thing to make a living. I thought he might be interested in helping me make a start. I found him unwilling to recognize our relationship. I don't mean he made me promise to keep it a secret or anything of that sort. He simply never mentioned it and I felt that I couldn't. He let me pose as a model for him and looked on in a sort of sneering way when I posed for other people. And I think I developed a sort of defence attitude that won't be any help to me now. But that was nothing to do with this story."

"A week ago Anusha heard through a letter from friends in Poland that after a great deal of litigation the property in Poland had been returned to the Von Veh family, and that my grandfather had died leaving a new will in which the portion of his property which was to have gone to the model was to go to my mother or her descendants if they could be found."

"Of course I was interested. And I went to Von Veh and asked him frankly about it. He became very angry and called my mother an ugly name and we quarrelled. That was just three hours before he was killed."

"If the police learned this—coupled with the damning evidence Pete had given them! But the letter—what further admissions did Virginia make?"

After we quarrelled I went on downstairs, intending to leave the building. Manning read on anxiously. "Then I saw that his mailbox had been broken open. In my anger I went through his mail and I found in it a letter from Poland. I thought it might have something to do with the will, and I decided to take it upstairs and face him with it—make him read it to me. I put it in my bag and went into the Morons' studio and sat around at their party trying to screw my courage up to the point of going to Frederick Von Veh's."

"Manning Colby knows that I came out of the Morons' studio just a few minutes before Von Veh was killed."

"One of them got sort of unmanageable and I climbed out onto the fire escape and into Manning's studio."

"He was too busy to talk to me. So I went back to the Morons'. That is all, but I know that no one, except you, perhaps, would believe it was all. If it were known that I quarrelled with Von Veh, and that I was out on the fire escape at the time he was killed, and that I am to receive a third of the money from the estate, no one would believe I was innocent."

"The letter, by the way, is from a lawyer and informs Von Veh that he and his two sisters, or their descendants, are each to receive a third of the estate. That would mean that Frederick Sprague, Von Veh and I each were to receive a share."

"I don't believe Von Veh intended to let either one of us know that if he could help it. And what about the person who was to have received the other third, my mother's third—the model? I have made an attempt to hunt through Von Veh's papers in the basement to see if I could find out anything about that other person. If I should have to go away perhaps you can hunt for that model. If the police should hear of my going that night and my connection with Von Veh, I don't believe they will attempt to go much farther. But I believe you would."

"That is one reason I am writing you. The other is that I'm afraid they will discover that Manning Colby was in his studio when the thing happened. He has told them he was not. In time, it will probably be discovered that he has lied and that would cause suspicion. They will believe he was the only person who had access to Von Veh's studio. If they were to know about me, however, and that I might have some sort of motive, they couldn't possibly believe him guilty. And so Papa Marat, if anything should happen to him, I want you to turn over to the police all this information. Please do not fail me!"

"NICE little touch of romance!"

Manning looked up to see Papa Marat bending over him.

"I've got to find her . . ." Manning spoke in, "now . . . now! I have just half an hour more—Dan's been to see me. I have only half an hour left. I must do something! I must! You must help me."

"My dear boy," Papa Marat said, "I've worked all day and all last night to find some trace of her. Do you suppose for a minute that I want the police to find her, and by finding her get something that may ruin my scoop? If she hadn't been taken, I think I'd have had my

story in the first edition last night—a scoop for Joseph Marat—Old News Hound Finds the Criminal Single-handed, et cetera. It's a nuisance—this kidnapping—a perfect nuisance!"

And then one of the restaurant patrons came looking for Papa Marat, and the old man followed her out into the restaurant.

Manning went after him frantically. Half an hour—just half an hour! He must make the old fellow realise! Just half an hour! Ah, there was Quirt! He must have just come in. He was sitting at a table over by the door. He would go over and ask him if he had seen Sprague. He started towards him and then halted abruptly. For Quirt was leaning back so that the glare of a wall lamp fell directly on his face and on his chin. Just to one side of the closely-cropped sheikish little moustache, was—yes—Manning was sure of it—a cigarette burn!

For a moment Quirt's and Manning's glances caught and held. Quite carelessly Quirt picked up a glass of water from the table and sipped it. But his goatlike eyes had widened and turned to yellow glass. Then, with a sudden swift movement, he sprang to his feet and darted through the door.

Regardless of the other diners Manning made a lunge for him. He fell over one of the silly little painted tables and sprawled on the floor. Someone screamed and then someone giggled. He picked himself up and stumbled to the door and up the three steps that led to the street.

Quirt was not in sight, but three doors down a small black automobile moved away from the curb. Manning ran after it—ran into the street with hands outstretched as though to hold it back. For a moment, it almost seemed as though he were going to touch it, and then as the car gradually gathered speed the distance between him and it widened. He ran to the corner and stood there in the middle of the street gasping, and with lungs burning from his running. The car had turned into a crowded business street, and he had lost it just as he had the day before.

He was aware of someone running towards him down the middle of the street, then of a hand clutching at his sleeve—it was Sprague, with his pale eyes bulging and his yellow hair standing on end as though in a wind.

"Virginia!" Manning jerked out. "They've taken her! Yesterday afternoon—in that car. Quirt has a cigarette burn on his face."

For a fleeting second he had an impression that Sprague was falling, that he was sinking to the ground. He heard him whisper, "Quirt—The Mole Hill—hurry!"

Then he was running again—towards the main thoroughfare. He was dimly conscious that Sprague called after him feebly, that Sprague's voice was joined by another's, Papa Marat's, but he did not turn.

"Quirt—The Mole Hill—hurry!" he repeated. He rounded a corner into another street and hailed a passing taxi. "East Avenue—quick!" he ordered. He knew where The Mole Hill was. He had never been to the artists' camp, but its entrance had been pointed out to him—in a summer camp district about five miles from the city—a half defined lane leading from a sort of side road down towards the river.

"Step on the gas!" he commanded the driver.

"Can't," the man replied. "Too many cops in this part."

Cops! The last persons he wanted to encounter just then! Virginia was too ready now to give herself up to them! And he knew what that would mean. Yet she would do it—for him—for him! That thought stood—solemn and wonderful and apart—amid the ideas, conjectures, fears that shot comet-like through the chaos in his mind.

They must hurry—hurry! . . . if only they could get out of this hideously crawling procession of cars . . . that big truck in front of them, like a great solid wall holding them back.

A red traffic light! How long they held them . . . how interminably long! Was Quirt also being held up or was he having better luck? When you struck the lights wrong at one crossing you were likely to strike them wrong all along the way. There—the yellow light! But why did they hold the yellow light? Why didn't it switch to green? There! The green light! On again!

ANOTHER traffic light . . . those terrible moments of waiting . . . she was a gallant little person, anyway—gallant and pathetically alone—using her cigarette as a weapon of defence—ugliness against ugliness. But why had she used it on Quirt? Quirt was like an animal—strange—cold. He would be cruel, like an animal, without knowing it. They must hurry . . .

The green light again! But no small black car ahead . . .

"To the left and we'll get away from these traffic lights," he said to the driver.

Ah—an empty back street! . . . blocks and blocks of warehouses . . . tenements—miles of them . . . a brightly lighted corner of small stores—that was about a mile from the edge of the city . . . why didn't they come up with Quirt's car! . . . what did Quirt have to do with all this, anyway? Sprague—Sprague—of course one would suspect Sprague—but who took Sprague's papers yesterday afternoon? Was it yesterday? Yes, it seemed a week ago, but it was yesterday! Virginia—Virginia could, might . . .

The houses were thinning out now. There were wide vacant places between them . . . that corner refreshment stand . . . that was just two miles from The Mole Hill . . . now there were patches of wild land . . . a hill before them . . . perhaps over the hill they might catch sight of that other car.

"The next small road to the left," he said to the driver.

They turned into a narrow, bumpy little road where weeds and bushes brushed against the running-board, and overhanging branches slapped the roof of the car and knocked against the windshield.

The driver slowed down. "These summer camp roads aren't so good. I don't know what's ahead."

"There's a house a little way farther on," Manning said. "Let me out there."

Good idea! If Quirt were already there and heard the car he would think someone was going into the house.

At the house he sent the taxi back to town, and walked on. He followed the road, staring intently into the black density of the trees that walled it in, until he found a spot blacker than the others.

That would be the lane leading to The Mole Hill. It was as dark as an underground tunnel. He had no notion of its

turnings or how long it was or what lay at the other end. It was muddy. He could feel its stickiness beneath his feet. Overhead he could see small segments of sky between the interlaced branches; beneath him and on either side was the dead, impenetrable blackness. He walked a few steps and ran into a wall of bushes and undergrowth.

Then he heard the sound of an automobile engine and the outside lane was suddenly alight. He flung himself into the bushes and lay there flat on the ground.

A shaft of light moved in an arc among the column-like tree trunks, then pointed itself down the little lane. For an instant Manning saw the lane leading down a steep slope to a turn at the bottom, then the running-board of the car brushed the bushes where he lay. He flattened himself to the earth, then rose to see the car make the turn.

He had a keen natural sense of direction. He walked cautiously down the slope to the turn. Ahead was a faint glimmer of water framed in an inky silhouette of branches—that would be a small stream. The black car was not to be seen. With hands outstretched before him, he moved slowly forward—a step—a pause—then a step—until he made out ahead of him its square silhouette. It stood close to the stream. The road seemed to end there. What had become of the driver? Was he still sitting in the car? He must not alarm him or he might turn away from the place where he had hidden Virginia. And yet he must reach Virginia as soon as Quirt did—as soon as a sickening horror clutched at his heart—he leaped forward, hands clenched, eyes straining into the darkness—ears attuned for the slightest human sound. But there was nothing but a light ghostly stirring of leaves.

He turned from the road into the underbrush. It smelled rank and weedy. It reached out myriads of tiny hands which clutched at him and scratched him like small, live, vindictive things. He came out on the edge of the water. The stream was fairly wide. Under the moonless sky it was black and glassy, save where the stars picked out phosphorescent flickers of light. There were small shreds of mist like ghostly garments laid over it. A few feet from where he stood a narrow foot-bridge crossed it. It lay flat on the water. At its other end was a small hummock, and on top of it a black bulk. That would be the cottage—The Mole Hill.

He waited for a light to appear in the windows. There was not a glimmer. He listened—no sound but the water making little sucking sounds against the foot-bridge. He moved nearer to the bridge.

There was a creaking of rusty hinges—then a sound of something falling—someone had bumped into something—boards or boxes, or something of that sort. It came from the cottage. There were other sounds of the same sort, but no light. The door remained closed. Somewhere someone was dragging things about. Then somebody came down the steps leading from the cottage to the river bank. The person walked clumsily. Manning sprang forward to the bridge. By the time he reached it the other was upon it. Still walking clumsily—for he carried a burden—a large burden—which squirmed and twisted in his arms. He was going to bring it across the bridge towards—the car?—the black hole in the water?

Manning sprang forward. The other stopped on the other end of the bridge

and set his burden down on the wooden planking. His right hand reached for his hip pocket—but Manning was upon him. He grasped the wrist and held it, and with his own right hand he beat back that other arm that struck at him—struck with the force of driven steel—delicate—tremendously strong—precise. Again and again he warded off that arm. Again and again he sought to break the other's guard—to get at that empty beautiful face. He had a savage desire to destroy that face—to beat its beauty to a pulp—to crush—to break that supple steel-like body. Queer—the strength in the slim wrist he held! Queer how it seemed to grow smaller, to grow limp in his grasp. Suddenly it wrenched free. It went again towards the hip pocket, but before it reached it Manning had struck him in the temple. Quirt reeled and slipped and fell into the shallow stream. And Manning was upon him. He forced him down so that he lay on his back with water half covering him.

"Here now—that's enough—that'll do."

THE voice came to Manning as from a vast distance—from some other world. He turned his head slowly without losing his grip on that throat. Above him, there on the foot-bridge, stood a tall figure. It looked amazingly tall, silhouetted against the sky in a gap of the trees—amazingly tall and unreal—a black shape cut from cardboard with an enormous tilted hat, long moustaches and broad shoulders.

"Here, stop it!" Papa Marat commanded. He leaped into the stream. "Stop it, I say. Here, I'll help you lift him out of the water. He's nearly gone now. We don't want another killing."

In a daze, Manning obeyed. They lifted the limp, dripping body into the foot-bridge. Queer—how its hair fell across its face in a long wet strand—like the hair of some dead water creature.

And then he forgot Quirt as completely as though he had never encountered him. He was aware only of the bound figure lying there on the wet planking—towsled hair, eyes moving wildly above strips of white cloth bound over the face—shoulders moving, body twitching as she struggled to sit up.

He stepped over Quirt's inert body and knelt beside her. For a reassuring second his arms were about her. Then he fumbled for the knots in the bands of cloth bound over her face.

"No," Papa Marat commanded. "No, her hands first. I want that rope. I want to tie this rat up before he comes to." Here, he handed him a knife. "Cut that rope. He's tied enough around her to hang a man."

Manning obeyed. He tossed the rope over to Papa Marat. He chafed Virginia's wrists. He stroked her hands. He tugged again at the cloth strips over her face.

"Now, wait," Papa Marat commanded. "Wait! Wait! Untie her ankles. I need that, too."

The rope was transferred from Virginia's ankles to Quirt's. And while Papa Marat worked over Quirt, Manning removed the dirty strips of stuff Quirt had bound over her mouth.

"The rat—the dirty rat! He stuffed her mouth with cotton waste!"

"Good," Papa Marat exclaimed. "Pass it over. I need it. When I get through

with this man he'll be a perfect imitation of an Egyptian mummy."

Virginia attempted to speak but her voice was only a choked whisper. Manning supported her with his arm while he dipped water from the stream in his hand and held it to her lips.

"Her tongue's probably swollen," Papa Marat said. "Here, give her this." He handed him a small flask.

Manning held it to her lips. She drank hastily. Then she again tried to speak in that painful throaty voice. Manning gathered her to him. He kissed her hair and her forehead. "Don't try to talk, dear. You'll be all right. Try to be quiet. Everything's all right now."

"He put me under the cottage," she choked. "I lay there in the dirt. And I couldn't move. Things ran over me—over my face. It was—terrible!"

"Don't, don't!" Manning begged again. But she would not be still. "He thought I had it," she went on. "He thought I had it... he thought I had it."

Papa Marat looked up suddenly from the prostrate Quirt. "Thought you had what?" he demanded sharply.

"The will," she said, querulously. "V.V.'s. He thought I took it. I told him I did. I lied. I said it was in the studio building. I said it so that he would go back. I thought while he was gone I could get away but I couldn't. She shivered convulsively. "I couldn't—things kept crawling over me."

"Don't, darling," Manning begged. "Don't think about it."

"And now," Papa Marat suggested, "if you will just lend a hand, we will take this mummy up the stairs to the cottage. I can't think of a better place for him to rest temporarily than the one he chose for the lady."

Without question Manning helped him carry Quirt up the steps. With the brighter light now that the moon was up, they could see that the cottage was built on the slope of the mound so that the back was level with the ground and the front held up with stilt-like supporters. Papa Marat's flashlight showed them that underneath it were a lot of rank weeds, empty boxes and bottles, a broken-in canoe, old bed springs, and a cast-off mattress. Behind a pile of this junk they laid Quirt on the ground.

He moved slightly now and his yellow eyes watched them, widening strangely.

"We'll leave him here until we need him," Papa Marat said. Manning hurried back to the bridge. He found Virginia huddled on the bottom step of the stairs. She had managed to get that far but when she attempted to rise she swayed and would have fallen if he had not caught her and held her. Papa Marat called to him and he carried her up the steps to the porch. There she tried to wiggle to the floor, but he stood there holding her in his arms while Papa Marat opened the door.

"Somebody's broken the lock," he remarked.

Virginia half-whispered, "Sprague." Papa Marat, in the act of flashing his light about the interior, stopped to ask, "Sprague? He was out here then?"

"Yes," she said. "Last night. He came and called Quirt—several times. Then he called me. But I was under there. I couldn't answer!"

Papa Marat had discovered the light and turned it on.

Manning laid Virginia on the bed, but

she immediately sat up, white and shaky, and with eyes overbright with excitement. He brushed her tousled red hair back from her face gently and pulled a burr from the shoulder of her mud-stained black satin dress. He could not leave her alone.

Papa Marat examined the oil stove, and with a box of matches and a liberal supply of imprecations tried to coax a flame from it.

"There's enough oil here to make a cup of coffee for this girl," he said. "She needs something to brace her up. See what you can find on that shelf in the corner."

"There's coffee," Virginia informed them. "He gave me some early in the morning and again at noon."

The oil stove at last yielded to Papa Marat's efforts and as a small blue flame appeared he took coffee from a can, which Manning handed him, and dipped water from a pail into the percolator.

He placed the coffee pot on the fire, and settled himself in the wobbly old red chair.

"And now," he said, "while we wait for the coffee to boil, I'd like to ask the young lady a few questions."

"She's not able to answer questions now," Manning protested. "Let her wait until..."

"We won't have much time," Papa Marat interrupted curtly. "Perhaps later the police won't allow me to question her!"

"The police!" Manning began.

"Sit down young man," the old man commanded. "Sit down there on the edge of the bed. You realise, of course, that the police are after both of you—you, too, by this time. Undoubtedly old Dan has made his report. His 'evidence' wouldn't allow him to postpone it. Now, if you'll allow me..."

Manning looked at the strange long figure that managed to maintain a certain dignity, even sprawled in the sagging old chair, at the hawklike eyes under the broad-brimmed hat, and was inexplicably moved to trust—absurd though it might be. He seated himself on the bed beside Virginia and watched her anxiously as she answered questions.

"When did Quirt get hold of you? There on the road near Smith's when Manning left you?"

She nodded. "Yes, I saw that little black car—and I thought it was just a farmer's car, so I didn't try to run away—and then he leaned out—he had a pistol—he made me get in..."

"Papa Marat nodded. "Yes. And then he brought you here?"

"Yes, he wanted to know about some papers that Sprague got from Von Voh's studio yesterday noon. Sprague told him I took them. I said I didn't, but he wouldn't believe me. I really didn't. I don't even know what..."

"I KNOW you didn't," Papa Marat interrupted. "I did!" Manning and Virginia stared, but he got up, quite unperturbed, and peered into the coffee pot before he resumed. "He wouldn't believe you, then? Kept you out here?"

"Yes," said Virginia, "he put me under the house—and bound me and gagged me and went off. And then Sprague came and then someone else. I could hear someone walking up above me."

"That was I," Papa Marat replied. "I didn't think of looking under the house. I didn't think he'd leave you in such an obvious place. I suppose that's what fooled Sprague, too. Although to-night, after Manning left, Sprague insisted that I come out here. He was afraid to come himself. Sprague's a coward. And so Quirt didn't keep you tied all the time? You said he gave you coffee."

"Yes, he untied me in the morning and gave me a breakfast. He watched me with a pistol while I ate it. He even offered me a cigarette. I managed to burn him. I thought that would rattle him and make him drop his pistol, but it didn't. He's..." she shuddered, "he's strong."

Manning demanded fiercely, "He didn't—he didn't try to harm you?"

She shook her head emphatically. "No, he only wanted to know about those papers. He wouldn't believe I didn't know. He brought me dinner at noon and tried again to make me tell, and again late in the afternoon. Then I had an idea that if I told him they were in your restaurant, Papa Marat, he'd go there and somebody would notice..."

"We did," Papa Marat said. "But Manning went after him. Foolish move. Absurd quixotism in this day of efficient police service to rescue a lady in distress. Much better if he'd let Quirt sit there at that table and called the police. Perhaps not, either. Perhaps he wouldn't have told them where you were. I suppose Quirt's idea was to get you and dispose of you before anyone found you."

Manning felt a recurrence of the sickening fear that had come to him when he saw Quirt coming across the bridge with his bundle towards the black hole in the water. He reached for Virginia's hand, but Papa Marat moved briskly towards the stove.

"Coffee's boiling," he announced. "Get her a cup, Manning."

There did not seem to be any cups in the room, and Manning looked in the other room. He groped about for the light, which seemed to be a repository for artists' discards. By the half light that came in from the doorway he could make out old frames, rolls of papers or canvas, a skeleton-like old easel with an empty frame hanging on it, but the one small window in the room was like a bright picture hung on the wall. It showed a square of moonlight sky, clear and blue, and against it, sharply outlined, was a head in profile. It was—he stared in unbelief—yes—there could be no doubt! It was the head of Quirt!

Manning stood for a moment, still unbelieving, waiting for the hallucination to pass away. But it did not. There was Quirt's head in the window. And yet just a short while ago they had left Quirt securely bound and gagged underneath the cottage floor.

He expected the head to turn toward him or to disappear, but it remained there a motionless, ghostly profile, blue-white in the moonlight. Even in those few bewildered seconds it occurred to him that Quirt must be standing in a queer position to hold his head at that angle or he must be crouched on the floor just inside.

He moved toward him cautiously, but still the head did not move. He moved closer—and then he knew. But he touched the head with a shrinking, quivering hand. It felt cold and hard, like stone.

"Come here!" he called to the two in the other room. "Come here." Papa Marat hurried in and Virginia came hobbling after him.

"Quirt!" Manning said.

And Virginia gasped, "Quirt!"

Manning switched the light on. It was a plaster of paris head, perfect on one side, the side turned toward them, but the other side was broken away.

"It's Quirt," Manning repeated.

"Yes, it's Quirt," Papa Marat said. "It is also that statue of Von Voh's that Sprague was so careful to break on the stairs yesterday. You remember, Quirt gathered up the remains."

PAPA MARAT shook his head. "Vanity, vanity! The vanity of Narcissus! He must gaze upon himself."

Both Manning and Virginia looked at him in dazed wonder.

"Come on," he commanded. "Come on into the other room. I may as well explain before you begin to conjecture. It'll put your minds at ease. But you must give me your word not to repeat a thing I've told you until I'm ready."

They both agreed and followed him into the other room. He removed a stack of old chipped dishes and tin pans from the table to the floor, and placed the head and the hand on the brown oilcloth. They looked oddly white and exquisite and out of place.

"Now coffee!" He rummaged around and found two old tin cups and filled them from the pot on the stove.

"Now, you two sit down and drink this," he commanded.

They sat down, cups in hand, on the edge of the bed like two obedient children.

He picked up the hand. "Beautiful thing, isn't it? Quirt's hand—except that he always wore a long fingernail on the little finger of his left hand. I never saw him without it except on the night of the murder. I noticed then that it was gone. I wondered why. I asked him. 'That's the first question I put here.' He ran his hand over the rolls of tattered paper in his buttonhole. 'I wrote, 'Quirt wants to change the appearance of his hand.' You will remember I found the finger-nail afterwards in the waste-basket. Brent was much amused. Then Quirt came back from camp needing a shave and announced that he was going to grow a moustache. Then I added another note to my file. 'Quirt wants to change the appearance of his face.' That reminded me of something I saw when I was Paris correspondent for one of our metropolitan dailies about twenty years ago. I began to look..."

"But the finger-nail?" Manning interrupted. "I don't understand about the finger-nail."

"This hand," Papa Marat said, "is the left hand of the statue. It was held out conspicuously. Wouldn't it have looked queer with a long finger-nail on the little finger? Wouldn't Von Voh have noticed it? It is, to say the least, unusual for a statue to need a manicure. Wouldn't he have examined his Narcissus quite closely perhaps?"

"You mean that statue..." Manning began. "You mean Quirt?"

"Exactly," Papa Marat replied. "Exactly. For a short while that night, that statue was Quirt. Or Quirt was that statue, whichever way you care to put it."

"But," Manning remembered, "but that

man—that statue was standing on one foot!"

"Yes," said Papa Marat. He put his hand into his side pocket and, this time without searching, drew forth a folded paper. He handed it to Manning.

Manning unfolded it and Virginia huddled close to him as they looked it over together. It was a yellowed page from an old French newspaper. In the centre of it was a picture of a sculptor working on a statue. It was Von Veh, twenty years younger but undoubtedly Von Veh, modelling his Narcissus. And on a platform near him was his model—a beautiful boy posed on one foot—Quirt!—also twenty years younger—but undoubtedly Quirt.

"In case you do not read French," said Papa Marat, "the feature story that goes with the photograph is that of a model, a beautiful boy who could stand on one foot for half an hour at a time."

"Then," Manning asked, "then he was standing there like that when Sprague and Mathewson and Brent were in the studio?"

"Yes," Papa Marat said. "He was there. He was posing on one foot like that statue—remember there was just a dim blue lantern—he had probably been posing for a good ten minutes. He was rather shaky. He hadn't counted on those men coming in. He had been expecting to be released any minute. But when they came in he found it difficult to hold his pose. And when they left, just as they stood talking outside the door, he slipped. Imagine Von Veh's terror when he saw his statue move on its pedestal. He probably knew Quirt was in the building. He'd refused to talk to him—but he didn't have time to think—he was petrified with terror. Quirt had the second yellow dagger of mine—he'd taken it from Sprague's studio and laid it some place nearby as a sort of precaution. He jumped from the pedestal before Von Veh recovered himself and the thing was done. Then he smeared blood on the dagger in the hand of the statue. Von Veh was working on—he's the weakly artistic sort that would do that—and dropped his own dagger through the grating in the fireplace and it fell down the old flue to the basement, where I found it. When the others returned to the room he was back on his pedestal. That explains why they couldn't find the murderer. They didn't touch anything, you'll remember."

"But the statue was examined when the police inspector came," Manning protested.

"PERHAPS you will recall," Papa Marat said, "that Brent and Mathewson left Sprague on guard while they went down to telephone the police. The real statue was in Quirt's room. Quirt went back to his own room. Sprague returned the statue."

"Sprague!" Virginia exclaimed.

"But why?" Manning asked. "Why did they do it?"

"You interrupted me before I had finished telling you of that feature story, in the Paris newspaper of twenty years ago," Papa Marat said. "It tells how Von Veh got the model, the beautiful boy, from a carnival show—or did I tell you that?—anyway, it goes on to say that Von Veh was very much devoted to him—adopted him almost as a son—credited him with his own big success—was almost superstitious about it. Von Veh's father felt that same way. They took the boy in, gave him money, spoiled him. The father even willed a third of

his estate to him. The story does not relate that the model grew into an unattractive sort of a man. . . ."

"Oh," Virginia said. "Oh, I see."

"Yes," Papa Marat told her. "Your letter helped me greatly. It explained why nothing was heard from Quirt in all these years. He thought the estate was lost and he himself lost interest in his benefactors. And that explains why, when the estate was recovered, your grandfather made a new will—leaving Quirt's portion to your mother. I suppose Quirt got wind of it. This part is, of course, assumed. He came to America to hunt Von Veh, Von Veh refused to receive him—refused to tell him anything. He made friends with Sprague. He told Sprague of the change in the will—made him think he was to lose also. Von Veh refused to tell Sprague anything. He treated him exactly as he had treated you. Neither of them could get any definite information. They saw that letter from Poland in Von Veh's mailbox. They thought it might contain something of interest to them. They knew Von Veh would never let them see it. Didn't Sprague complain that his uncle was secretive with his mail? They wanted to find out if possible what he did with the letter and get hold of it later."

"They conceived a childish theatrical way of doing it. But that was like both of them—to be childish and theatrical. They would make Quirt up, with white powder, etc., so that he looked exactly like the statue. They would watch and see when Von Veh went down for his mail. They would put the statue in Quirt's studio and Quirt would take its place on the pedestal. He would discover what Von Veh did with that letter, then in due time Sprague would come and get Von Veh out of his studio on some pretext or other. Then Quirt could get out and put the statue back. They counted, you see, on the isolation of that fifth floor."

"It was an unpleasant surprise when those two men, Mathewson and Brent, came into the studio. Sprague was glad when they left. He stepped out into the hall to make sure they were out of the way before going back for his uncle. In the meantime Quirt slipped on the pedestal. He hadn't intended to kill Von Veh, but he had to do it to keep from being discovered. Of course, discovery wouldn't have had very serious consequences, but in that moment he didn't reason it out. The singing in the Morons' studio downstairs prevented the men outside the door from hearing the fall. Of course, a part of this is conjecture, but I think—oh, I expected you sooner!"

Inspector Morris stood in the doorway. There were two men directly behind him and a sudden flash of light in the smaller room showed that someone had turned a flashlight into the window.

Papa Marat rose slowly and bowed with elaborate grandeur, something like the debonaire dictator of one of those romantic little Republics of fiction about to address his fellow countrymen in a moment of victory.

"I asked Sprague to tell you to come here," he said, "but I was somewhat afraid he might fail me."

The inspector was, as usual, calm and courteous.

"No," he said. "He came to us. He seemed to be worried about the safety of this young lady—said you thought she

might be out here and that Colby had gone out here. I'm sorry, Colby, but I'll have to . . ."

"Arrest him?" asked Papa Marat, "and the young lady also?"

Both of them had risen and stood uncertainly by the bed. Virginia, with her wild, shaggy hair and muddy dress, looked the part of the "Girl Involved in Murder Case" described in the papers, and Manning, with wet clothes and a bruise across his cheek, looked a fitting accomplice.

"Arrest them?" Papa Marat repeated. "Before you do anything so drastic I beg you to talk things over with me. I have the murderer of Frederick Von Veh nicely wrapped in a package and tied ready for delivery."

The two men standing behind the inspector smiled, but the inspector was grave but courteous.

"You have?" he asked.

"I have," pompously, "together with the evidence I've collected. I am willing to turn it all over to you on one condition."

THE two men smiled even more broadly, but the inspector remained grave. "And what is that?" he asked.

"That you won't give a word of this to any newspaper man until my story has appeared in the papers and gone out on the A.P. wires. It's to be my story—exclusively mine!"

The inspector smiled for the first time. "Is that all?"

"All!" Papa Marat exploded. "All! Haven't the police refused to give me a thing since the first night! Haven't they ignored me—all my past experience—all my knowledge of this sort of thing! Haven't the papers done the same thing! Haven't a lot of cubs insulted me—crowded over me—"

"Sorry," the inspector said.

"Sorry to trim you," Papa Marat replied. "But I had some things you couldn't possibly have gotten hold of. Then it's a bargain. My scoop?"

"Your scoop, Mr. Marat."

The next day a sign across the door of Papa Marat's basement restaurant announcing "Closed Until Further Notice" turned away coffee and sandwich enthusiasts. But habits of the old building were not so easily disposed of.

Then Manning appeared with Virginia—a new Virginia dressed in conservative autumn clothes but with red hair as madly rampant as ever.

"I wanted to talk to you two," said Papa Marat. "Now, Manning, as to your activities in this affair—shall I say you did it all for your fiancée?"

Manning nodded.

"All right with you, young lady?"

"Yes," she said.

"I suppose the fact that you inherit a third of the estate doesn't interest you particularly just now, does it?"

She smiled absently. "Oh, no."

"Nice little touch of romance," commented Papa Marat. "Very nice." He curved his hat into a world-conquering angle and began pounding on the typewriter.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.